431.



As Statues wonder into Worth P. W.

To Nature and your self appeal,
Nor learn of others what to feel. Anon:

Sparrow Sculp. Barker Excudit.

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HOGARTH

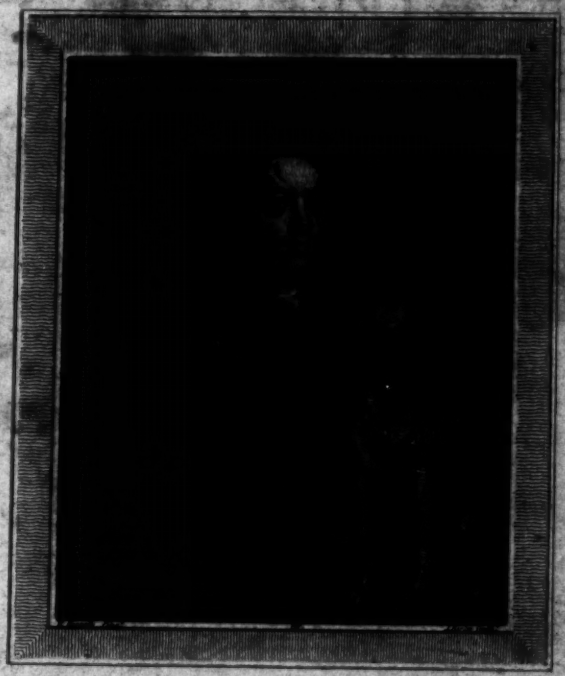
ILLUSTRATED.

BY

JOHN IRELAND.

VOL. I.

William Hogarth.



From the original Picture in the Shakspeare Gallery.

Pub: June 1. 1791. by J. & J. Boydell, Cheapside, & at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

INTRODUCTION.

MR. HOGARTH *frequently asserted, that no man was so ill qualified to form a true judgment of pictures as the professed Connoisseur; whose taste being originally formed upon* IMITATIONS, *and confined to the* MANNERS *of Masters, had seldom any reference to Nature. Under this conviction, his subjects were selected for the crowd, rather than the critic;* and explained in that universal language common to the world, rather than in the* lingua technica *of the arts, which is sacred to the scientific.*

Without presuming to support his hypothesis, I have endeavoured to follow his example; and not being vain enough to think I can make any material addition to the

* Two of the prints must be excepted: Time smoking a Picture, and the Bathos, are addressed to the *Connoisseur.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

knowledge of either VIRTUOSO *or* COLLECTOR, *with all due deference, make my apology.*

My original design was to have comprised, in two hundred pages, a moral and analytical description of about eighty prints; and, during the progress of the first series, this plan was adhered to. As the work advanced, such variety of anecdote, and long train of etcetera, *imperceptibly clung to the narrative, that the limits were found too narrow. With the explanation of fifteen new plates, the letter-press has expanded to more than seven hundred pages.*

Where the artist has been made a victim to poetical or political prejudice, without meaning to be his panegyrist, I have endeavoured to rescue his memory from unmerited obloquy. Where his works have been misconceived, or misrepresented, I have attempted the true reading. *In my essay at an illustration of the prints, with a description of what I conceive the comic and moral tendency of each, there is the best information I could procure, concerning the relative circumstances, occasionally*

interspersed with such desultory conversation, as occurred in turning over a volume of his prints. Though these notes may not always have an immediate relation to the engravings, I hope they will seldom be found wholly unconnected with the subjects.

Such mottos as were engraved on the plates, are inserted; but where a print has been published without inscription, I have either selected or written one. Errors in either parody or verse, with the signature E. *the writer submits to that tribunal, from whose candour he hopes pardon for every mistake, or inaccuracy, which may be found in his volumes.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

Page 554, line 12, *for* se venth, *read* eighth.
—— 599, — 9, *for* Prologomena, *read* Prolegomena.
—— 601, — 28, *for* ensnared, *read* ensured.

&c. &c. &c.

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William Hogarth.

HOGARTH.

ANECDOTES OF AN ARTIST.

"By heav'n, and not a master, taught."

WHEN *Leonardo da Vinci* lay upon his death-bed, *Francis* the First, actuated by that instinctive reverence which great minds invariably feel for each other, visited him in his chamber. An attendant informing the painter that the king was come to inquire after his health;—he raised himself from the pillow;—a lambent gleam of gratitude for the honour, lighted up his eyes, and he made an effort to speak. The exertion was too much: he fell back; and *Francis* stooping to support him, this great artist expired in his arms. Affected with the awful catastrophe, the king heaved a sigh of sympathetic sorrow, and left the

bedchamber in tears. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of those kind-hearted nobles, who delight in soothing the sorrows of a sovereign; and one of them entreating him not to indulge his grief, added, as a consolatory reflection, "Consider, sire, "this man was but a painter!" "I do," replied the monarch, "and I at the same time "consider, that though as a king I could "make a thousand such as you,—the Deity "alone can make such a painter as *Leo-* "*nardo da Vinci.*"

Shall I be permitted to adopt this remark, and without any diminution of the Italian's well-earned fame, assert that the eulogy is equally appropriate to the Englishman, whose name is at the head of this chapter; for he was not the follower, but the leader of a class, and became a painter from divine impulse, rather than human instruction.

The biographers who have written of artists, especially if the hero of their history was of the Dutch school, generally begin by informing us that he received the

rudiments of his art from the great *Van A.* —who was a pupil of the divine *Van B.*— first the disciple, and afterwards the rival of the immortal, and never enough to be admired *Vander C!*

This *palette pedigree* was not the boast of *William Hogarth*; he was the pupil,— the disciple,—the worshipper of Nature!

I do not learn that his family either obtained a grant of lands from our first William, or *flourished* before the conquest, but from Burn's History of Westmoreland it appears, that his grandfather was an honest yeoman, the inhabitant of a small tenement in the vale of *Bampton*, a village about fifteen miles north of Kendal; and had three sons.

The eldest, in conformity to ancient custom, succeeded to the title, honour, and estate of his father, became a yeoman of *Bampton*, and proprietor of the family freehold.

The second was not endowed with either land or beeves; but had in their stead a

large portion of broad humour, and wild original genius. Like his nephew, he grasped the whip of satire, and though his lash was not twisted with much skill, nor brandished with much grace, it was probably felt by those on whom his strokes were inflicted, more than would one of the most exquisite workmanship.

He was the *Shakspeare* of his village, and his dramas were the delight of the country; though being written by an uneducated yeoman, it may naturally be supposed they were sufficiently coarse. Mr. Nicholls, in his Anecdotes, tells us that he has seen a whole bundle of them, and *want of grammar, metre, sense, and decency, is their invariable characteristic*. This may possibly be true, for in refinement Westmoreland was many, many years behind the capital; and our libraries contain *sundrie black-letter proofs*, that those *pithie, pleasaunte*, and *merrie comedies*, which were in the same century enacted, by the *kingis servantes*, with universal applause, had similar *wants*;

notwithstanding which, these unalloyed chronicles of our ancestors' dullness, are *now* purchased at a price considerably higher than virgin gold. Let it not from hence be imagined that I mean to sanction one folly by the mention of another; but as every human production is *relative*, if *auld Hogart*,* under the circumstances he wrote, was the admiration of his neighbours, we may fairly infer, that his talents, properly cultivated, would in a more polished situation, have ensured him the admiration of his contemporaries. †

* So was the family name originally spelt.

† Mr. *Walker*, who has so eminently distinguished himself by his lectures on natural philosophy, has in the following letter described the effect resulting from one of this rude bard's productions.

"*To Mr. Nicholls.*

"I must leave you to the annals of fame for the rest of "the anecdotes of this great genius, and shall endeavour to "shew you that his family possessed similar talents; but "they were destined, like the wild rose,

"To waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Richard was the third son, and seems to have been intended for a scholar,—the scholar of his family!—for he was educated at St. Bees, in Westmoreland, and afterwards

"Happy should I be to rescue from oblivion the name of "auld *Hogart*, whose songs and quibbles have so often de- "lighted my childhood! these simple strains of this moun- "tain Theocritus were fabricated while he held the plough, "or was leading his fuel from the hills. He was as critical "an observer of nature as his nephew, for the narrow field "he had to view her in: not an incident or an absurdity in "the neighbourhood escaped him. If any one was hardy "enough to break through any decorum of old and estab- "lished repute, if any one attempted to over-reach his "neighbour, or cast a leering eye at his wife; he was sure "to hear himself sung over the whole parish, nay, to the "very boundaries of the *Westmoreland* dialect! so that his "songs were said to have a greater effect on the manners of "his neighbourhood, than even the sermons of the parson "himself. But his poetical talents were not confined to the "incidents of his village; I myself have had the honour to "bear a part in one of his plays (I say *one*, for there are se- "veral of them extant in *MS.* in the mountains of West- "moreland to this hour). This play was called *The De- "struction of Troy*; it was written in metre, much in the "manner of *Lopez de Vega*, or the ancient French drama. "The unities were not too strictly observed, for the siege "of ten years was all represented; every hero was in the

kept a school in the same county. Of learning he had a portion more than sufficient for his office, for he wrote a Latin and English dictionary, which still exists in

" piece, so that the dramatis personæ consisted of every " lad of genius in the whole parish. The wooden horse; " ——Hector dragged by the heels;——the fury of Dio- " med;——the flight of Eneas;——and the burning of " the city, were all represented. I remember not what " fairies had to do in all this; but as I happened to be " about three feet high at the time of this still talked of ex- " hibition, I personated one of these tiny beings. The " stage was a fabrication of boards, placed about six feet " high on strong posts; the green-room was partitioned off " with the same materials; its ceiling was the azure canopy " of heaven; and the boxes, pit, and galleries were laid into " one by the great Author of nature, for they were the green " slope of a fine hill. Despise not, reader, this humble " state of the provincial drama; let me tell you, there were " more spectators for three days together than your three " theatres in London would hold; and let me add, still more " to your confusion, that you never saw an audience half " so well pleased.

" The exhibition was begun with a grand procession " from the village, to a great stone (dropped by the Devil " about a quarter of a mile off, when he tried in vain to " erect a bridge across *Windermere*; so the people, unlike " the rest of the world, have remained a good sort of people

MS, and one of his Latin letters, dated 1657, is preserved in the British Museum. However well he might be qualified for a teacher, he had few pupils; and finding

" ever since.) I say, the procession was begun by the " minstrells of five parishes, and followed by a yeoman on " bull-back. You stare——stop then, till I inform you that " this adept had so far civilized his bull, that he would suf- " fer the yeoman to mount his back, and even to play upon " the fiddle there. The managers besought him to join the " procession; but the bull not being accustomed to much " company, and particularly to so much applause; whether " he was intoxicated with praise, thought himself affronted " and made game of, or whether a favourite cow came across " his imagination, certain it was that he broke out of the " procession, erected his tail, and, like another *Europa*, " carried off the affrighted yeoman and his fiddle over hedge " and ditch, till he arrived at his own field. This accident " rather inflamed than depressed the good humour arising " from the procession; and the clown, or Jack Pudding of " the piece availed himself so well of the incident, that the " lungs and ribs of the spectators were in manifest danger. " This character was the most important personage in the " whole play; for his office was to turn the most serious " parts of the drama into burlesque and ridicule; he was a " compound of Harlequin and the Merry Andrew, or rather " the arch-fool of the ancient kings. His dress was a white " jacket covered with bulls, bears, birds, fish, &c. cut in va-

that his employment produced neither honour nor profit, removed to London, and in Ship-court, Old Bailey, renewed his profession.

" rious-coloured cloth; his trowsers were decorated in like " manner, and hung round with small bells, and his cap was " that of folly, decorated with bells, and an otter's brush " impending. The lath sword must be of great antiquity in " this island, for it hath been the appendage of a Jack Pud- " ding in the mountains of Westmoreland time out of " mind.

" The play was opened by this character with a song, " which answered the double purpose of a play-bill and a " prologue, for his ditty gave the audience a foretaste of the " rueful incidents they were about to behold; and it called " out the actors one by one to make the spectators acquaint- " ed with their names and characters, walking round and " round, till the whole dramatis personæ made one great " circle on the stage. The audience being thus become " acquainted with the actors, the play opened with *Paris*, " running away with *Helen*, and *Menelaus* scampering after " them. Then followed the death of *Patroclus*, the rage of " *Achilles*, the persuasions of *Ulysses*, &c. &c. and the whole " was interlarded with apt songs, both serious and comic, " all the production of *auld Hogart*. The bard, however, " at this time, had been dead some years, and I believe this " *fête* was a jubilee to his memory: but let it not detract " from the memory of Mr. *Garrick* to say, that his at *Strat-*

It was fortunate for literature, that Doctor Samuel Johnson was not successful in an application for the place of a provincial schoolmaster. It was fortunate for the arts, that Richard Hogarth was not able to establish a village school; in which situation he would probably have qualified his son William for his successor, and those talents which were calculated to instruct, astonish, and reform a world, might have been wasted in teaching some half a hundred of the young Westmoreland gentry to scan verses by their fingers, and call English things by Latin names. The fates ordained otherwise; it was his destiny to marry and reside in London, where were born unto him one son, and two daughters.

The girls had such instructions as enabled them to keep a shop; and the son,

"*ford* was but a copy of one forty years ago, on the banks "of *Windermere*. Was it any improvement think you, to "introduce several bulls into the procession instead of one? "—but I love not comparisons, and so conclude.

"Yours, &c.

"ADAM WALKER."

who drew his first breath in this bustling world, about the year 1697, was author of the prints, which copied *in little*, form the basis, and give the value to these volumes.

Of his education we do not know much; but as his father appears to have been a man of understanding, I suppose it was sufficient for the situation he was intended to be placed in. That it was not more liberal, might arise from the old man finding erudition answer little purpose to himself, and knowing that in a mechanic employment, it is rather a drawback than an assistance. Added to this, I believe *young Hogarth* had not much bias *towards what has attained the name* of learning. He must have been early attentive to the appearance of the passions, and feeling a strong impulse to attempt their delineation, left their names and derivations to the profound pedagogue, the accurate grammarian, or more sage and solemn lexicographer. While these labourers in the forest of science, dug for the root, inquired into the

circulation of the sap, and planted brambles and birch round the tree of knowledge,—Hogarth had an higher aim;—an ambition to display in the true tints of nature, the rugged character of the bark, the varied involutions of the branches, and the minute fibres of the leaves.

The first notices of his prints were written in French, by a Swiss named Rouquet, who in 1746 published "*Lettres de Monsieur * * à un de ses Amis à Paris, pour lui expliquer les Estampes de Monsieur Hogarth.** This pamphlet describes the Harlot's and Rake's Progress, Marriage à la Mode, and the March to Finchley. In the remarks, there is great reason to believe *Rouquet* was assisted by *Hogarth*, who long afterwards expressed an intention of having them translated and amplified. From such a junction the reader will naturally expect this book to contain more information than he will find.

* It was written for the information of Marshal Belisle, then a prisoner in Windsor castle.

The second publication was by the *Reverend Doctor Trusler*, and extends farther than the preceding. It was began immediately after the artist's death, is baptized *Hogarth Moralized*, and interspersed with seventy-eight engravings, printed upon the same paper with the letter-press.* It contains about two hundred pages, built upon Rouquet's pamphlet, and the information he received from Mrs. Hogarth, who conceiving her property would be essentially injured by such a publication, purchased the copy right. As the Doctor does not profess *an intimate acquaintance* with the arts, and confines himself to *morality!*—I hope, and believe my work will *not much* clash with his.

Of the artist and his prints, we had no regular narrative until the appearance of Mr. *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*; a work in which refined taste, and elegant diction, gave rank and importance to a class of men, whose history in the writings of pre-

* All of them are retained in these volumes.

ceding biographers exhibited little more than a catalogue of names, or a dry uninteresting narrative of uninteresting events. To the pen of this highly accomplished writer *William Hogarth* owes a portion of his deserved celebrity; for in near fifty pages, devoted to his name, we find the history of *a great man's excellencies and errors*, written with the warmth of a friend, and the fidelity of a chronologist. With the first tolerably complete catalogue of his works, there were such remarks upon their meaning and tendency, as have given the artist a new character, for though his superlative merit secured him admiration from the few who were able to judge, he was considered by the crowd as a mere *caricaturist*, whose only aim was to burlesque, and render ridiculous whatever he represented.

The *Reverend Mr. Gilpin*, in his very valuable Essay on Prints, has made some observations on one series by *Hogarth*. The remarks were evidently written in haste,

and though in a few instances I cannot coincide with a gentleman for whose worth and talents I have the most unfeigned respect, I am convinced that the candour of *the Vicar of Boldre*, will forgive the freedom taken with *the Critic on the Rake's Progress*.

In 1781, Mr. *Nicholls* published his *Anecdotes*, which since that time have been considerably enlarged. This work contains much useful information relative to the artist; and much monumental miscellany, from the Grub-street Journal, and other *auncient* sources, concerning his contemporaries, that were it not there en-niched, would in all probability have sunk in dark and endless night. Where Mr. Walpole and preceding writers threw a hair line, he cast *the antiquarian drag-net*, and brought from the great deep, a miraculous draught of aquatic monsters, and web-footed animals, that swam round the triumphal bark of *William Hogarth*. For the information I received from his volume he has my best

thanks; where I depart from his authorities, it is upon the presumption that my own are better. It is more than possible, both are frequently wrong.

In this, I believe we agree,—*that young Hogarth had an early predilection for the arts*; and his future acquirements give us a right to suppose he must have studied the *curious sculptures* which adorned his father's *spelling books*, though he neglected the letter-press; and when he ought to have been storing his memory with the eight parts of speech, was examining the *allegorical apple-tree*, which decorates the grammar. These *first lines* of nature inclined his father to place him with an engraver; but *workers in copper* were not numerous, neither did the demand for English prints warrant a certainty of any additional number obtaining constant employment. Engraving on silver plate seemed likely to afford a more permanent subsistence, required some taste for drawing, and had a remote alliance with the arts. These

reasons being seconded by his own inclination, our juvenile satirist was apprenticed to a Mr. Ellis Gamble, who kept a silversmith's shop in Cranbourn-alley, Leicester-fields. This vender of salvers and sauce-boats, had in his own house two or three *rare artizans*, whose employment was to engrave cyphers, and armorial symbols, not only on the articles their master sold, but on any that he might have to mark from *cunning workmen*, in silver or meaner metals. In this branch he covenanted to instruct William Hogarth, who about the year 1712, became a practical student in Mr. Gamble's *Attic Academy*. In this *school of science*, we may fairly conjecture his first essays were the initials on tea-spoons: he would next be taught the *art* and *mystery* of the double cypher, where four letters in opposite directions are so skilfully interwoven, that it requires almost an apprenticeship to learn the art of decyphering them. Having conquered his alphabet, he ascended to the representation

of those heraldic monsters which first grinned upon the shields of the holy army of crusaders, and were from thence transferred to the massy tankards, and ponderous two-handled cups of their stately descendants. By copying this legion of *hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire,* he attained an early taste for the ridiculous, and in the grotesque countenance of a baboon or a bear, the cunning eye of a fox, or the fierce front of a rampant lion, traced the characteristic varieties of the human physiognomy. He soon felt that *the science which appertaineth unto the bearing of coat armour,* was not suited to his taste or talents; and tired of the amphibious many-coloured brood that people the fields of heraldry, listened to the voice of Genius, which whispered him *to read the mind's construction in the face,*—— to study and delineate MAN.

As the first token of his turn for the *satirical,* it may be worth recording, that while yet an apprentice, when upon a sultry Sunday he once made an excursion

to *Highgate*, two or three of his companions and himself sought shelter and refreshment in one of those convenient *caravanseras* which so much abound in the vicinity of the metropolis. In the same room were a party of thirsty pedestrians, washing down the dust they had inhaled in their walk, with *London porter*. Two of the company debating upon politics, and the palm of victory being, at the moment Hogarth and his companions entered, adjudged to the taller man, he very vociferously exulted in his conquest, and added some sarcastic remarks on the diminutive appearance of his adversary. The *little* man had *a great soul*, and having in his right hand a pewter pot, threw it with fatal force at his opponent.—It struck him in the forehead,—and

——— " As the mountain oak
" Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound
" It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground,"—

he sunk to the floor, and there,—as the divine Ossian would have sublimely ex-

pressed it, *The grey mist swam before his eyes. He lay in the hall of mirth as a mountain pine, when it tumbles across the rushy Loda.—He recovered; lifted up his bleeding head, and rolled his full-orbed eyes around. He ascended as a pillar of smoke streaked with fire, and streams of blood ran down his dark brown cheeks, like torrents from the summit of an oozy rock, &c. &c.*

To descend from the *pinnacle of Parnassus*, to the *plain of common sense*,——The fellow being deeply, though not dangerously wounded in the forehead, extreme agony excited a most hideous grin. His *woe-begone* figure, opposed to the pert triumphant air of his tiny conqueror, and the half suppressed laugh of his surrounding friends, presented a scene too ridiculous to be resisted. The young Tyro seized his pencil, drew his first group of portraits from the life, and gave, with a strong resemblance of each, such a grotesque variety of character as evades all description.

When we consider this little sketch was

his *coup d'essai*, the loss of it is much to be regretted.

He probably made many more during his apprenticeship; but that expired, bidding adieu to red lions and green dragons, he endeavoured to attain such knowledge of drawing as would enable him to delineate the human figure, and transfer his *burin* from silver, to copper-plate. In this attempt he had to encounter many difficulties; engraving on copper was so different an art from engraving on silver, that it was first necessary he should unlearn much which he had already learned; and at twenty years of age, habits are too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated; so that he never attained the power of describing that clear, beautiful stroke which was then given by some foreign artists, and has since been brought, I believe, to its utmost perfection by *Sir Robert Strange*.

In his first efforts he had little more assistance than could be acquired by casual communications, or imitating the works of

others;* those of *Callot* were probably his first models; and shop-bills and book-plates his first performances. Some of these, with impressions from tankards and tea-tables which escaped the crucible, have, by the laudable industry of collectors, been preserved to the present day. How far they may add to the artist's fame, or are really of the value at which they are sometimes purchased, is a question of too high import for me to decide. By the connoisseur it is

* In Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv. p. 161. we are told that "*his apprenticeship was no sooner expired, "than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's-lane, "and studied drawing from the life.*" In this circumstance, which is in itself trifling, I think the Honourable Author has not displayed his usual accuracy. Hogarth was emancipated from his Cranbourn-alley confinement about the year 1718, at which time, I believe, there was not an academy either in that, or any other part of London. The first for the use of students in drawing, was opened in 1724, by Sir James Thornhill, at his house in Covent-Garden. On his death, which was in May 1734, the casts, models, benches, &c. were sent to Mr. Hogarth (who had four years before married Miss Thornhill); by whom they were afterwards presented to an academy established at what had previously been *Roubiliac's workshop*, in *St. Martin's-lane*.

asserted, that the earliest productions of a great painter ought to be preserved, for they soar superior to the mature labours of plodding dullness, and though but seeds of that genius intended by nature to tower above its contemporaries, invariably exhibit *clear marks of mind*; as every variety in the branches of a strong-ribbed oak is, by the aid of a microscope, discoverable in the acorn.

By the opposite party it is urged, that collecting these *blotted leaves of fancy*, is burying a man of talents in the ruins of his *baby-house*, and that for the honour of his name, and *repose of his soul*, they ought to be consigned to the flames, rather than pasted in the *port-folio*.

I must candidly acknowledge that for trifles by the hand of a Hogarth, or a Mortimer, I have a kind of religious veneration; but like the rebusses and riddles of Swift, they are still trifles; and except when considered as tracing the progress of the mind from infancy to manhood, are not

entitled to much attention. If examined with this regard, especial care should be taken that their names are not dishonoured by the unmeaning productions of inferior artists, some of whose prints have found a place in the catalogue of *Hogarth's works*. Mr. *Nicholls* very properly questions the plate of *Eneas in a Storm:* he might safely put the same query to *Riche's triumphal Entry into Covent-Garden*, and a few other plates which collectors very positively assert to be his. The *Jack in office*, and *Pug the Painter*, I believe belong to other artists. That the *design for General Wolfe's monument* should ever be supposed the work of Hogarth, has often astonished me: I do not see the most distant resemblance of his manner, in either conception, design, or execution.

Many stories, similar to those which are told of the manner that other painters revenged an insult, or supplied the exigence of the moment, are related of young Hogarth. If true, these volumes would gain

little interest by their insertion, for few of them are worthy a memorial; and if false, ought not to be admitted.

That a young artist, just emancipated from the obscurity of a silversmith's garret, should be unknown, we naturally suppose; that talents, however exalted, should not be distinguished until the possessor gave some proofs of superiority, may be readily credited. That the youth of volatile dispositions, who had neither inheritance nor protection, must frequently want money, follows as certainly as night to day; and we place full confidence in the assertion, when told he has frequently "said, I remember the time I have gone "moping into the city, with scarce a shil-"ling in my pocket; but having received "ten guineas there for a plate, returned "home, put on my sword and bag, and "sallied out again, with all the confidence "of a man who had ten thousand pounds "in his pocket."

I can believe that the elder Mr. Bowles

was his first patron; but when Mr. Nicholls informs us, on the authority of Doctor Ducarrell, this *patron* offered the young engraver half-a-crown a pound for a plate just finished, we rejoice that the inauspicious period when such talents had such patronage,* is past.

Mr. Walpole well observes that the history of an artist must be sought in his works. The earliest date I have seen on any of Hogarth's engravings, is his own shop bill, bordered with two figures, and two Cupids, and inscribed April 20, 1720. From this, and similar mechanic blazonry, he ascended to prints for books, in the execution of

* This gentleman was also *a patron* to Mr. Major, the engraver, who told me, that when very young, and on the point of going to France for improvement in his profession, he took two plates of small landscapes, which he had just finished, to Mr. *Bowles*, who expressed himself much pleased with the performance, and *generously* proffered him two pieces of plain copper, of the same size and weight,—by practising on which *he might still farther improve himself*. When I add that one of these was that very pretty little landscape inscribed EVENING, it is scarce necessary to say the offer was rejected.

which it was not necessary to have much knowledge of the arts. If they were *copper-plates*, the public were satisfied; neither spirit of design, accuracy of drawing, nor delicacy of stroke were demanded. Six engravings, containing six compartments each, for *King's History of the Heathen Gods*,* I should apprehend were among the earliest; I have heard them doubted, and they are not mentioned in either Mr. Walpole's or Mr. Nicholls's list; but I believe them to be as certainly *Hogarth's*, as the Rake's Progress.

In two emblematical prints on the lottery, and the South-Sea bubble, published in 1721, there is not much merit; and in the fifteen for Aubrey de la Mottraye's Travels, dated 1723, we only regret that so much time and copper should be wasted.

The *Burlington Gate*, which appeared in 1724, is in a very superior style, and in the spirit of Callot. With some very well

* Three of the drawings are in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ireland.

pointed satire on the general passion for masquerades, and other ridiculous raree-shows, it unites a burlesque of Kent the architect, who, upon the pediment of his patron's gate, is exalted above Raphael and Michael Angelo. From this circumstance I think it probable that the print was engraved as a sort of admission-ticket to Sir James Thornhill's academy, which was opened that year. The knight would unquestionably be gratified by this ridicule of his rival, and might in consequence admit the young artist to such a degree of intimacy as enabled him to gain the heart and hand of Miss Thornhill. The burlesque copy of Kent's altar-piece at *St. Clement's church*, was published in 1725; and fifteen head-pieces for *Bever's* Military Punishments in the same year.*

* On a piece of newspaper, dated 1786, and pasted in one of Dr. Lort's books, was the following remark:

"The *Hogarth mania* is as strong as ever. On Thurs-"day, the 6th of April,—it should have been the first,—the "Roman Military Punishments, a paltry work, for which no

By seventeen small plates, with a head of the author, for *Butler's Hudibras*, printed in 1726, he first became known in his profession. In design, these are almost direct copies from a series inserted in a small edition of the same book, published sixteen years before. Whether this originated in a wish to save himself the trouble of making original designs, or in the twenty booksellers, for whom this edition was published, is not easy to determine. These *midwives to the muses* might think, he was upon safer ground while copying the designs of an artist, sanctioned by public approbation, than in following *his own inventions*, and in

" bookseller seven years ago would have offered more than " a few shillings, was sold at Greenwood's for six pounds, " on account of some trifling plates in it by Hogarth. The " same auction is also said to have exhibited an impression " from a piece of plate, pretended to have been Mr. *Pope*'s, " with somewhat about the *Rape of the Lock* engraved on " it."

In the sale of *Doctor Lort*'s library at Leigh and Sotheby's, in 1790, a copy of *Bever*'s book produced a still larger sum.

this opinion our young engraver might possibly join. Taking these circumstances into the account, I do not agree with Mr. Walpole, when he observes that *we are surprised to find so little humour in an undertaking so congenial to his talents.* If these prints are considered as copies, they ought not to be produced as a criterion; if compared with those from which they are taken, it is not easy to conceive a greater superiority than he has attained over his originals. Neatness was not required, and for such subjects I prefer the coarse etchings of a *Hogarth*, to the most delicate finishing of a *Bartolozzi*.

Copies of them are inserted in Gray's Hudibras, published 1744, and Townley's French translation, printed *à Londres*, 1757. In Gray's edition, the head of Butler is not copied from Hogarth, who certainly had for his pattern, White's mezzotint of John Baptist Monoyer, the flower painter, from Sir Godfrey Kneller: to any portrait that I have ever seen of Samuel Butler, it has

not the faintest resemblance; and how the artist came to give it that name, it is difficult to guess.*

The large series on this subject were published the same year, and are thus entitled:—*Twelve excellent and most diverting prints, taken from the celebrated poem of Hudibras, written by Mr. Samuel Butler, exposing the villainy and hypocrisy of the times, invented and engraved on twelve copper-plates, by William Hogarth, and are humbly dedicated to William Ward, Esq. of Great Houghton, in Northamptonshire, and Mr.*

* In this *improved æra* we have seen examples of striking portraits which every year assume a new title. A head of Doctor Franklin was lately transferred from the book for which it was engraven, to the *life* of a man executed for forgery, whose inscription it now bears: *another age* may see the same print honoured with the name of some eminent *pugilist*, who at the close of the eighteenth century, WORE THE COLLAR OF HIS ORDER! Such are the transmigrations of the arts, or if it better pleaseth the reader,—the arts of transmigration. Among the *Paternoster-row classics*, there is no other distinction between a bruiser, a felon, or a philosopher, than arises from the sale of their memoirs.

*Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh.** The first print is thus inscribed.

"What excellence can brass or marble claim!
"These papers better do secure thy fame:
"Thy verse all monuments does far surpass;
"No mausoleum's like thy *Hudibras*."

Mr. Walker, of Queen Anne-street, has a sketch of Hudibras and Ralpho, by Isaac Fuller, very much in the manner of Hogarth, who I think must have seen, and early studied Fuller's pictures.

Seven of the drawings are in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ireland; three are in Holland; and two are said to have been in

* On the print of Hudibras and the Lawyer, is *William Hogart delin. et sculp.*—This Mr. Nicholls considers as a *proof* that *Hogarth had not yet disused the original mode in which he spelt his name.*

From his shop-bill, and every preceding print, I am inclined to think he never had more than *one mode* of spelling his name. The *h* being in this instance omitted, might arise from carelessness, or a failure of the aqua-fortis. His father's Latin letter, dated 1697, proves that *he* inserted the final *h*, and I can discover no reason why his son should discard it.

the collection of a person in one of the northern provinces about twenty years ago, but are now probably destroyed. Thus are the works of genius scattered like the *Sybil's leaves*.

In a masquerade ticket, published 1727, he has a second time introduced John James Heidegger, of ill-favoured memory. Notwithstanding Lord Chesterfield's wager, that this *Surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre*, did not produce a man with so hideous a countenance as his own, and Pope having honoured him with a place in his Dunciad, when describing

——" A monster of a fowl,
" Something between a *Heidegger* and owl,"

and his ugliness being in a degree proverbial; an engraving of his face from a mask, taken after his death, and inserted in Lavater's Physiognomy, has strong marks of a benevolent character, and features by no means displeasing or disagreeable.

The print of our *decollating* Harry and Anna Boleyne, is engraved from a paint-

ing once in Vauxhall-gardens.* Whatever might be the picture, the print is in every point of view contemptible. His frontispieces to Apuleius and Cassandra, Perseus and Andromeda, John Gulliver, and the Highland Fair, come in precisely the same class. Those to *Terræ Filius*, the Humours of Oxford, and Tom Thumb, have some traces of comedy.

Various temporary satires on the local follies and vices of the day, which he engraved about this time, are enumerated by Mr. Walpole and Mr. Nicholls, but have not in general much merit. The compliments he paid to Sir James Thornhill, by

* For this, and some other assistance, Mr. *Tyers* presented *Hogarth* with a gold ticket of admission for himself and friends. On the face, two figures, one nearly naked, the other armed with a helmet and shield, are represented on the point of joining hands:—*motto* round them, VIRTUS VOLUPTAS; and at the lower part, FELICES UNA. On the reverse, HOGARTH——IN PERPETUAM BENEFICII MEMORIAM.

This ticket is now in the possession of Mrs. Lewis, of Chiswick.

ridiculing William Kent, have been noticed in the preceding pages; but Hogarth's partiality was not confined to the knight; he extended it to the knight's daughter, and finding *favour in her sight*,—without the formal ceremony of asking consent, or the tedious process of a settlement, *took her to wife*. This union being neither sanctioned by her father,* nor accompanied with a fortune, compelled him to redouble his professional exertions.

His first large print was Southwark Fair,† a natural and highly ludicrous representation of the plebeian amusements of that period; but by the Harlot's Progress, he in 1734, established his character, as a

* It seems probable that Sir James was very soon reconciled, for we find in the Craftsman of March 10, 1732-3, that when Hogarth painted the portrait of Sarah Malcolm, Sir James Thornhill was present.

† In my description of this plate, I have suggested that the tower, &c. with a lozenge-dial, was intended for Newington church.—To save any good-natured critic the trouble of pointing out this mistake,——I with all humility acknowledge myself wrong.

painter of domestic history. When his wife's father saw the designs, their originality of idea, regularity of narration, and fidelity of scenery, convinced him that such talents would force themselves into notice, and when known, must be distinguished and patronized. Among a great number of copies which the success of these prints tempted obscure artists to make, there was one set printed on two large sheets of paper, for G. King, Brownlow-street, which being made with the author's consent, may possibly contain some additions suggested and inserted by Hogarth's directions. In plate I. beneath the sign of the Bell, PARSONS INTIER BUTT BEAR. In plate II. to the picture of Jonah under a gourd, a label, *Jonah, why art thou angry?* and under one of the portraits is written, *Mr. Woolston.* Below each scene an inscription, describes, in true *beaux' spelling*, the meaning of the prints, and points out two of the characters to be Colonel Charteris, and Sir John Gonson. To the strong

resemblance the latter of these delineations bore to the original, Mr. Hogarth is said to be indebted for much of his popularity. The magistrate being universally known, a striking portrait *in little* would then, as now, have a more numerous band of admirers than the best conceived moral satire.

In 1735, when he published his Rake's Progress with a view of *stranding the pirates of the arts*, he solicited and obtained an act to vest an exclusive right in designers and engravers, and restrain the multiplying copies of their works, without their consent.

Like many other *acts of parliament*, it was inaccurately worded, and very inadequate to the evil it professed to cure; for Lord Hardwicke determined that no assignee, claiming under an assignment from the original inventor, could receive advantage from it: though after Hogarth's death, the legislature, by stat. 7th, Geo. III. granted to his

widow a farther term of twenty years in the property of her husband's works.

In 1736, at the particular desire of a nobleman, whose name deserves no commemoration, he engraved two prints, entitled *Before* and *After*. There are few examples of this artist making designs from the thoughts of others. The Sleeping Congregation, Distressed Poet, Enraged Musician, Strolling Actresses, Modern Midnight Conversation,* and many genuine comedies of a new description, where the humour of five acts is brought into one scene,

* Mr. Paul Sandby has a grotesque painting by one of the Hemskirks, which represents a scene exactly similar. Every figure is introduced in the same attitude and situation, but with the head of a baboon, bear, or some other beast. Pilkington records three Hemskirks, and dates the death of the last, *Albert Hemskirk the younger*, in 1704, from which it has been conjectured, that Hogarth copied his print from this picture. In answer to which, I have to object, that although *Albert* died in 1704, he left a son who was a good painter, and adopted the style of his father. This person lived in London, long after the Midnight Conversation was engraved; upon which ground I think it is fair to infer, he copied the picture from Hogarth's print.

were the productions of his own mind. From these, and other mirrors of the times, he was considered as an original author, and being now in the plenitude of his fame,—conceiving himself established in reputation, and conscious of being first in his peculiar walk, he on the 25th of Jan. 1744-5, printed proposals, offering the paintings of his Harlot's and Rake's Progress, Four Times of the Day, and Strolling Actresses, to public sale, by an auction of a most peculiar nature. The biddings were to remain open from the first to the last day of February, and these were the conditions:

"I. Every bidder shall have an entire "leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the "top of which will be entered his name "and place of abode, the sum paid by him, "the time when, and for which picture.

"II. That on the last day of sale, a clock "(striking every five minutes) shall be "placed in the room; and when it hath "struck five minutes after twelve, the first "picture mentioned in the sale-book will

" be deemed as sold; the second picture,
" when the clock hath struck the next five
" minutes after twelve; and so on succes-
" sively till the whole nineteen pictures are
" sold.

" III. That none advance less than gold
" at each bidding.

" IV. No person to bid on the last day,
" except those whose names were before
" entered in the book. As Mr. Hogarth's
" room is but small, he begs the favour
" that no person, except those whose names
" are entered in the book, will come to view
" his paintings on the last day of sale."

A method so novel possibly disgusted the town: they might not exactly understand this tedious formulæ of entering their names and places of abode, in a book open to indiscriminate inspection: they might wish to humble an artist, who, by his proposals, seemed to consider that he did the world a favour in suffering them to bid for his works: or the *rage* for paintings might be confined to the admirers of

old masters; be that as it may, for his nineteen pictures, he received only four hundred and twenty-seven pounds seven shillings; a price by no means equal to their merit.*

The *prints* of the Harlot's Progress had sold much better than those of the Rake's, yet the *paintings* of the former produced only fourteen guineas each; while those of the latter were sold for twenty-two! That admirable picture *Morning*, twenty-guineas, —*Night*, in every point inferior to almost any of his works,—six-and-twenty!

As a ticket of admission to this sale, he engraved the annexed plate,

* The sum and purchasers of each are noticed in the accounts of the engravings.

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THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

" In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
" And know their several beauties by their price.
" Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
" But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.
" Originals and copies, much the same;
" The picture's value is the painter's name."

In one corner of this very ludicrous print, he has represented an auction-room, on the top of which is a weather-cock, in allusion perhaps to Cock the auctioneer. Instead of the four initials for North, East, West, and South, we have P, U, F, S, which, with a little allowance for bad spelling, must pass for *Puffs!* At the door stands a porter, who from the length of his staff may be high-constable of the old school, and gentleman-usher to the modern connoisseurs. As an attractive show-board, we have an high-finished Flemish head, in one of those ponderous carved and gilt frames, that give the *miniatures* inserted in them, the appearance of a glow-worm in a gravel pit. A catalogue and a

The Bearer hereof is entitled (if he thinks proper) to be a Bidder for
Mr. Hogarth's Pictures. *which are to be Sold on the last day of this Month.*



BRITISH MUSEUM

carpet (properly enough called *the flags of distress)*, are *now* the signs of a sale; but *here*,—at the end of a long pole, we have an unfurled standard, emblazoned with that *oracular talisman* of an auction-room, the *fate-deciding hammer*. Beneath, is a picture of St. Andrew on the cross, with an immense number of *fac similes*, each inscribed *ditto*. *Apollo*, who is flaying *Marsyas*, has no mark of a deity, except the rays which beam from his head; he is placed under a projecting branch, and we may truly say, the tree shadows what it ought to support. The coolness of poor Marsyas is perfectly philosophical; he endures torture with the apathy of a stoic. The third tier is made up by a herd of Jupiters and Europas; of which *interesting* subject, as well as the foregoing, there are *dittos*, *ad infinitum*. These invaluable *tableaus* being unquestionably painted by the great Italian masters, is a proof of their unremitting industry;—their labours evade calculation! for had they acquired the *polygraphic* art of striking off

pictures with the facility that printers roll off copper-plates, and each of them attained the age of Methusaleth, they could not have painted *all* that are exhibited under their names. Nothing is therefore left us to suppose, but that *some of these undoubted originals* were painted by their disciples.* Such

* Among the papers of a lately deceased Virtuosi, I met with a few MS. sheets, entitled, *Hints for a History of the Arts in Great Britain, from the Accession of the Third George.* The following extract proves that painting pictures, called after the ancient masters, was not confined to Italy: we had in England some industrious and laborious artists who, like the unfortunate Chatterton, gave the honours of their best performances to others. The narrative has no date, but some allusions to a late sovereign, determine it was a short time before we discovered that there were in our own poets, subjects as worthy of the pencil, as any found in the idle tales of antiquity, or the still more idle legends of popery.

——— "The late edict of the Emperor for selling the pictures, of which he has despoiled the convents, will be a very fortunate circumstance for many of the artists of this country, whose sole employment is *painting old pictures*, and this will be a glorious opportunity for introducing *modern antiques* into the cabinets of the curious.

"A most indefatigable dealer, apprehensive that there

are *the collections* of *fac similes*; the other pictures are drawn up in battle array; we

might be a difficulty, and enormous expence in procuring from abroad a sufficient quantity to gratify the eagerness of the English connoisseurs, has taken the more economical method of having a number painted here. The bill of one of his workmen, which came into my hands by an accident, I think worth preservation, and have taken a copy for the information of future ages. Every picture is at present most sacredly preserved from the public eye, but in the course of a few months will be smoked into antiquity, and may probably be announced in manner and form following:

"TO THE LOVERS OF VIRTU.

"Mr. —— has the heart-felt pleasure of congratulating the *amateurs* of the fine arts upon such an opportunity of enriching their collections, as no period, from the days of the divine Apelles to the present irradiated æra, ever produced; nor is it probable that there ever will be in any future age, so splendid, superb, brilliant, and matchless an assemblage of unrivalled pictures as he begs leave to announce to the connoisseurs, are now exhibiting at his great room in ——; being the principal part of that *magnificent bouquet*, which have been accumulating for so many ages, been preserved with religious care, and contemplated with pious awe, while they had an holy refuge in the peaceful gloom of the convents of Germany. By the edict of the Emperor they are banished from these consecrated walls, and are now emerged from obscurity with undiminished lustre! with all their

will begin with that of St. Francis, the corner of which is in a most unpropitious way

native charms, mellowed by the tender, softening pencil of Time, and introduced to this emporium of taste! this favourite seat of the arts! this exhibition-room of the universe! and when seen, must produce the most pleasing and delightful sensations.

"When it is added, that they were selected by that most judicious and quick-sighted collector, Monsieur D. it will be unnecessary to say more; for his penetrating eye, and unerring judgment! his boundless liberality, and unremitting industry! have ensured him the protection of a generous public, ever ready to patronize exertions made solely for their gratification!

"N. B. Descriptive catalogues, with the names of the immortal artists, may be had as above."

THE BILL.

"*Monsieur* VARNISH *to* BENJAMIN BISTER, *debtor.*

	£.	s.	d.
To painting the Woman caught in Adultery, upon a green ground, by Hans Holbein -	3	3	0
To Solomon's wise Judgment, on pannel, by Michael Angelo Buenorati - -	2	12	6
To painting and canvas for a naked Mary Magdalen, in the undoubted style of Paul Veronese - - - -	2	2	0
To brimstone, for smoking ditto - -	0	2	6
Paid Mrs. W— for a live model to sit for Diana bathing, by Tinteretto - - -	0	16	8

driven through Hogarth's Morning. The third painting of the Harlot's Progress suffers equal degradation from a weeping

Paid for the hire of a layman, to copy the robes of a Cardinal, for a Vandyke - -	0	5	0
Portrait of a Nun doing penance, by Albert Durer - - - - -	2	2	0
Paid the female figure for sitting thirty minutes in a wet sheet, that I might give the dry manner of that master * - - -	0	10	6
The Tribute-money rendered, with all the exactness of Quintin Metsius, the famed blacksmith of Antwerp - - -	2	12	6
To Ruth at the Feet of Boaz, upon an oak board, by Titiano - - -	3	3	0
St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes, by Salvator Rosa - - -	3	10	0
The Martyrdom of St. Winifred, with a view of Holywell bath, by old Frank - -	1	11	6
To a large allegorical altar-piece, consisting of men and angels, horses, and river gods; 'tis thought most happily hit off for a Rubens -	5	5	0
To Susannah bathing; the two Elders in the back-ground, by Castiglione - -	2	2	0

* Some of the ancient masters acquired a dry manner of painting from studying after wet drapery.

Webb on Painting.

Madona; while the splendid saloon of the repentant pair in Marriage à-la-Mode, is broken by the Aldobrandini Marriage. Thus far is rather in favour of the ancients; but the aerial combat has a different termination, for by the riotous scene in the Rake's Progress, a hole is made in Titian's Feast of Olympus, and a Bacchanalian, by Rubens, shares the same fate from the Modern Midnight Conversation. Considered as so much reduced, the figures are etched with great spirit, and have strong character.

In ridicule of the preference given to old

To the Devil and St. Dunstan, high finished, by Teniers - - - -	2	2	0
To the Queen of Sheba falling down before Solomon, by Morillio - - -	2	12	6
To a Judith in the tent of Holofernes, by Le Brun - - - -	1	16	0
To a Sisera in the tent of Jael, its companion, by the same - - - -	1	16	0
Paid for admission into the House of Peers, to take a sketch of a great character, for a picture of Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, in the darkest manner of Rembrandt, not yet finished" - - - -	0	2	6

pictures, he exercised not only his pencil, but his pen. His advertisement for the sale of the paintings of Marriage à-la-Mode, inserted in a Daily Advertiser of 1750, thus concludes:

"As according to the standard so righ-
"teously and laudably established by pic-
"ture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-
"frame makers (and other connoisseurs),
"the works of a painter are to be esteemed
"more or less valuable, as they are more
"or less scarce; and as the living painter is
"most of all affected by the inferences re-
"sulting from this and other considerations
"equally candid and edifying; Mr. Ho-
"garth, by way of precaution, not puff,
"begs leave to urge, that probably this
"will be the last sale of pictures he may
"ever exhibit, because of the difficulty of
"vending such a number at once to any
"tolerable advantage; and that the whole
"number he has already exhibited of the
"historical or humourous kind, does not
"exceed fifty; of which the three sets called

" the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress,
" and that now to be sold, make twenty ;
" so that whoever has a taste of his own to
" rely on, and is not too squeamish, and has
" courage enough to own it, by daring to
" give them a place in a collection (till
" Time, the supposed finisher, but real de-
" stroyer of paintings, has rendered them fit
" for those more sacred repositories, where
" schools, names, heads, masters, &c. attain
" their last stage of preferment), may from
" hence be convinced, that multiplicity, at
" least of his (Mr. Hogarth's) pieces, will
" be no diminution of their value."*

* The annexed letter, which was published about this time, I have been informed was written by Hogarth; added to this authority, of which I have no doubt, I think it carries internal evidence of his mind. It is printed in the London Magazine for 1737, and thus prefaced.

" The following piece, published in the St. James's Even-
" ing Post of June 7th, is by the first painter in England,—
" perhaps in the world, in his way.

" Every good-natured man and well-wisher to the arts in
" England, must feel a kind of resentment at a very indecent
" paragraph in the Daily Post of Thursday last, relating to

In the same year with the Battle of the Pictures, he etched the subscription-ticket for Garrick in Richard III.; where, in a festoon with a mask, a roll of paper, a pa-

" the death of *M. de Morine*, first painter to the French " king; in which very unjust, as well as cruel reflections, are " cast on the noblest performance (in its way) that Eng- " land has to boast of; I mean the work of the late Sir " James Thornhill in Greenwich Hall. It has ever been " the business of narrow, little geniuses, who by a tedious " application to minute parts, have (as they fancy) attained " to a great insight into the correct drawing of a figure, and " have acquired just knowledge enough in the art to tell ac- " curately when a toe is too short, or a finger too thick, to " endeavour, by detracting from the merits of great men, to " build themselves a kind of reputation. These peddling " demi-critics, on the painful discovery of some little inac- " curacy (which proceeds mostly from the freedom of the " pencil), without any regard to the more noble parts of a " performance (which they are totally ignorant of), with " great satisfaction condemn the whole as a bad and incorrect " piece.

" The meanest artist in the Emelian square,
" Can imitate in brass, the nails or hair;
" Expert at trifles, and a cunning fool,
" Able to express the parts, but not the whole.

" There is another set of gentry, more noxious to the art " than these, and those are your *picture-jobbers from abroad*,

lette, and a laurel, he combines the drama and the arts. A copy is on the last page of this volume.

Soon after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle,

" who are always ready to raise a great cry in the prints,
" whenever they think their craft is in danger; and indeed
" it is their interest to depreciate every English work as
" hurtful to their trade of continually importing ship loads
" of *dead Christs, holy families, Madonas,* and other dismal
" dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on
" which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some *Ita-*
" *lian* masters, and fix on us poor Englishmen the character
" of *universal dupes.* If a man, naturally a judge of paint-
" ing, not bigotted to those empyrics, should cast his eye
" on one of their sham virtuoso pieces, he would be very apt
" to say, Mr. *Bubbleman,* that grand *Venus,* as you are
" pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character
" of an English cook-maid.—Upon which the quack an-
" swers, with a confident air. " Sir, I find that you are no
" *connoisseur*; the picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Bald-
" minetto's second and best manner, boldly painted, and
" truly sublime: the contour gracious: the air of the head
" in the high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is."—
" Then spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with
" a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the
" room, and screams out in raptures,—" There's an amaz-
" ing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth
" in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!"

he visited France. A people so different from any he had before seen, and manners so inimical to his own, greatly disgusted him. Ignorance of the language, added to some unpleasant circumstances, that had

" The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is " beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion, by judging " for himself) with this cant, is struck dumb; gives a vast " sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed " quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth " fifty pounds on a frightful thing, which, without the hard " name, is not worth so many farthings. Such impudence " as is now continually practised in the picture trade " must meet with its proper treatment, would gentlemen " but venture to see with their own eyes. Let but the com- " parison of pictures with nature be their only guide, and " let them judge as freely of painting as they do of poetry, " they would then take it for granted, that when a piece gives " pleasure to none but these *connoisseurs*, or their adherents, " if the purchase be a thousand pounds, 'tis nine hundred " and ninety-nine too dear; and were all our grand collec- " tions stripped of such sort of trumpery, then, and not till " then, it would be worth an Englishman's while to try the " strength of his genius to supply their place; which now it " were next to madness to attempt, since there is nothing " that has not travelled a thousand miles, or has not been " done a hundred years, but is looked upon as mean and " ungenteel furniture. What Mr. Pope in his last work

their rise in his own imprudence, form a slight apology for these prejudices; he *told them to the world*, in a view of the Gates of Calais. Under that article I have inserted a cantata, written by his friend Forest. The

" says of poems, may with much more propriety be applied " to pictures:

" Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
" It is the rust we value, not the gold."

" *Sir James Thornhill*, in a too modest compliance with " the *connoisseurs* of his time, called in the assistance of " Mr. *Andre*, a foreigner, famous for the fullness of his " outline, to paint the royal family at the upper end of " Greenwich Hall; to the beauties or faults of which I have " nothing to say; but with regard to the ceiling, which is " entirely of his own hand, I am certain all unprejudiced " persons, with (or without) much insight into the mecha- " nic parts of painting are at the first view struck with the " most agreeable harmony and play of colours that ever de- " lighted the eye of a spectator. The composition is *al- " together* extremely grand, the groups finely disposed, " the light and shade so contrived as to throw the eye " with pleasure on the principal figures, which are drawn " with great fire and judgment; the colouring of the flesh " delicious, the drapery great, and well folded, and upon " examination, the allegory is found clear, well invented, and " full of learning: in short, all that is necessary to constitute " a complete ceiling-piece, is apparent in that magnificent

portrait in a cap, with a palette, on which is the waving *line of beauty and grace*, he this year engraved from his own painting, now in the Shakspeare Gallery. Beneath the frame, are three books, labelled, Shakspeare, Milton, Swift; and on one side his faithful and favourite dog Trump. As Hogarth afterwards erazed *the human face divine*, and inserted the *divine* Churchill in the character of a bear, it has become very scarce; a small copy adorns the title-page to this volume. Some despicable rhymes, on dog and painter were published in the Scandalizade. Thus do the lines conclude:

——" The very self same,——how boldly they strike;
" And I can't forbear thinking they're somewhat alike.—

" work. Thus much is in justice to that great English ar-
" tist.

BRITOPHIL.

" N. B. If the reputation of this work were destroyed, it
" would put a stop to the receipt of daily sums of money from
" spectators, which is applied to the use of sixty charity-
" children"

" Oh fie! to a dog would you Hogarth compare?
" Not so,—I say only, they're like as it were;
" A respectable pair, all spectators allow,
" And that they deserve a description below,
" In capital letters, BEHOLD WE ARE TWO."

Those who were personally acquainted with Hogarth, deem this print a strong likeness: the picture is remarkably well painted; better than any I have seen by this artist, except the head of Captain Coram, now in the *Foundling Hospital.* To that charity Hogarth, and several contemporary painters, presented some of their performances. The attention they received from the public, induced the members of an academy in St. Martin's-lane, to attempt an extension of the plan. With this view, a letter was printed, and sent to the different artists. As it was the corner-stone of that stupendous structure, now become a Royal Academy, I have inserted a copy, with which I was favoured by the gentleman to whom it is addressed.

" To Mr. Paul Sandby.

" *Academy of Painting, Sculpture, &c. St. Mar-*
" *tin's-lane, Tuesday, October the 23d,* 1753.

" Sir,

" There is a scheme set on foot, for erect-
" ing a public academy for the improvement
" of the arts of painting, sculpture, and ar-
" chitecture: and as it is thought necessary
" to have a certain number of professors,
" with proper authority, in order to the
" making regulations, taking in subscrip-
" tions, erecting a building, instructing the
" students, and concerning all such mea-
" sures as shall be afterwards thought ne-
" cessary, your company is desired at the
" Turk's-Head, in Greek-street, Soho, on
" Tuesday the 13th of November, at five
" o'clock in the evening precisely, to pro-
" ceed to the election of thirteen painters,
" three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers,
" and two architects; in all twenty-one, for
" the purposes aforesaid. I am, Sir,

your most humble servant,

" Francis Milner Newton, Sec.

" P. S. Please to bring the inclosed list, " marked with a cross before the names of " thirteen painters, three sculptors, one " chaser, two engravers, and two architects, " as shall appear to you the most able ar- " tists in their several professions; and in " all other respects the most proper for " conducting this design. If you cannot at- " tend, it is expected that you will send your " list, sealed and inclosed in a cover, directed " to me, and write your name in the cover, " without which no regard will be paid to it.

" The list in that case will be immedi- " ately taken out of the cover, and mixed " with the other lists, so that it shall not " be known from whom it came; all ima- " ginable methods being concerted for car- " rying on this election without favour or " partiality. If you know any artist of suf- " ficient merit to be elected a professor, " who has been overlooked in drawing out " the list, be pleased to write his name, " according to his place in the alphabet, " with a cross before it."

Their measures did not meet the approbation of Mr. Hogarth. He thought that the extension of an academy would attract a crowd of young men to neglect studies better suited to their powers, and depart from more profitable pursuits:—that every boy who could chalk a straight-lined figure upon a wall, would be led, by his Mamma discovering that it was *prodigious natural!* to mistake inclination for ability, and suppose himself born for *shining in the fine arts!* —that the streets would be crowded by lads with palettes and port-folios, and print-shops be as numerous as porter-houses; and finally, that which was ever considered as a science, become a trade; and what was worse than all, a trade which would not support its professors.

In near forty years, that have *sunk like a sun-beam in the sea*, the arts have assumed a new face; they at this period form a very profitable branch of our commerce, and his prophecy pertaining unto print-shops is partly fulfilled.

It has been before observed that Mr. Hogarth, in his own portrait, engraved as a frontispiece to his works, drew a serpentine line on a painter's palette, and denominated it—*The line of beauty*.

In the preface to his Analysis, he thus describes the consequence of this denomination.

" The bait soon took, and no Egyptian " hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did " for a time; painters and sculptors came " to me to know the meaning of it, being " as much puzzled with it as other people, " till it came to have some explanation: " then indeed, but not till then, some found " it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs; " though the account they gave of its pro- " perties was very near as satisfactory as " that which a day-labourer, who occasion- " ally uses the leaver, could give of that " machine as a mechanical power.

" Others, as common face-painters, and " copiers of pictures, denied that there " could be such a rule either in art or na-

" ture, and asserted it was all stuff and
" madness; but no wonder that these gen-
" tlemen should not be ready in compre-
" hending a thing they have little or no
" business with. For though the picture-
" copier may sometimes, to a common eye,
" seem to vie with the original he copies,
" the artist himself requires no more abi-
" lity, genius, or knowledge of nature, than
" a *journeyman weaver* at the *Gobelines*, who
" in working after a piece of painting, bit
" by bit, scarcely knows what he is about;
" whether he is weaving a man or a horse;
" yet at last, almost insensibly, turns out of
" his loom a fine piece of tapestry, repre-
" senting, it may be, one of *Alexander's*
" battles, painted by *Le Brun*.

" As the above-mentioned print thus in-
" volved me in frequent disputes, by ex-
" plaining the qualities of the line, I was
" extremely glad to find it (which I had
" conceived as only part of a system in my
" own mind) so well supported by a pre-
" cept of Michael Angelo; which was first

" pointed out to me by Doctor Kennedy, a " learned antiquarian and connoisseur, of " whom I afterwards purchased the trans- " lation, from which I have taken several " passages to my purpose."*

To explain this system, he in 1753 commenced author, and published his *Analysis*,

* The book alluded to is, " *A Tracte containing the* " *Artes of curious Paintinge, Carvinge, and Buildinge,* " *written first in Italian by Jo. Paul Lomatius, Painter* " *of Milan, and Englished by R. H. (Richard Haydocke)* " *Student in Physick.*" Published 1598.

From this visionary writer he could not borrow much; great part of his book treating of the different important consequences which had resulted from the study of the proportions of the human body. It is dedicated to the Right Worshipful Thomas Bodley, Esquire, warmly recommended by John Case, doctor of physic; and in the following quaint lines, the translator apologizeth for thus employing himself.

" TO THE INGENUOUS READER. R. H.

" How hard a matter it is to withstand any natural in- " stinct, and habitual inclination whatsoever, the storie of " the Syracusane Archimedes (besides divers others to this " purpose), may sufficiently persuade; who was so rapt with " the sweetnes of his mathematical conclusions, that even " then when the enemie had entered the gates of the citie he

the professed purpose of which was to fix the fluctuating ideas of *taste*, by establishing

" was found drawing of lines uppon the sand, when per-
" chance it had bin fitter for a philosopher to have bin advis-
" ing in the counsell house.

" Not much unlike to whome I may peradventure seeme,
" who at this time especially, when the unappeasable ene-
" mies of health, sicknesse and mortality, have so mightily
" prevailed against us, am here found drawing of *lines and*
" *lineaments, portraitures, and proportions*, when (in regard
" of my place and profession) it might much better have be-
" seemed mee to have bin found in the colledge of physi-
" cians, learning and counselling such remedies, as might
" make for the common health; or if I must needes be do-
" ing about *lines*, to have commented upon this proposi-
" tion, *mors ultima linea rerum*.

" Howbeit, as I find not him much taxed in the storie for
" this his diligent carelessness, because he was busied about
" matters which were not onlie an ornament of peace, but
" also of good use in warre, so my hope is (ingenuous
" reader) that my sedulous trifling shall meete with thy
" friendliest interpretation; insomuch as the arte I now deale
" in, shall be proved not onlie a grace to health, but also a
" contentment and recreation unto sickenes, and a kind of
" preservative against death and mortality; by a perpetual
" preserving of *their* shades, whose substances physicke
" could not prolong, no not for a season," *&c. &c.*

In his treatise of colours, he makes the following addresse to his faire countrie wommen.

a standard of beauty. This he expected would be considered by his contemporaries,

" Having intreated of so many and divers thinges, I could " not but say something of such matters as *woemen* use " ordinarilly in beautifying and imbelishing their faces; a " thing well worth the knowledge, insomuch as many wo- " men are so possessed with a desire of helping their com- " plexions by some artificial meanes, that they will by no " meanes be diswaded from the same." He then enume- rates ceruse, plume alume, juice of lemons, oil of tartarie, camphire, and sundry other cosmetics of the day, all which he takes many pages to prove are *enemies to health, and hurtful to the complexion,* and thus adviseth,—" Where- " fore if there bee no remedie, but women will be meddling " with this arte of *pollishing*, let them, instead of those mi- " neral stuffes, use the remedies following.

" *Of such helpes of Beauty, as may safely be used with- " out danger.*

" There is nothing in the world which doth more beauti- " fie and adorne a woman than chearfulness, contentment, " and good temper. For it is not the red and white which " giveth the gracious perfection of beauty, but certaine " sparkling notes and touches of amiable chearfulness ac- " companying the same. The truth whereof may appear in " a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who " atte that instant will seem yll favoured and unloovely: as " contrariwise, an hard-favoured and browne woman, being " merry, pleasaunte, and jocund, will seem sufficient beau- " tiful."

as the ancients considered the little soldier modelled by *Policletus*, the grammar of proportion, criterion of elegance, and rule of perfection. It must be acknowledged, that this was expecting somewhat more than his system deserved; but he received much less. Sheets of good copper were defaced to prove, in the first place, that *there was no such line*, and in the next, that *he had stolen it from the ancients*. Some called it the line of deformity, and others the line of drunkenness. By a lady he was more flattered: she told him it was precisely the line which the sun makes in his annual motion round the ecliptic.

His book is divided into chapters, treating of *fitness*, *variety*, *symmetry*, *simplicity*, *intricacy*, *quantity*, *lines*, *forms*, *composition with the waving line*, *proportion*, *light and shade*, *colouring*, *attitude*, *and action*. The hypothesis which he endeavours to establish, is illustrated by near three hundred explanatory figures, with references to each.

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

PLATE I.

"So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
"Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
"To lure her eye." *Milton.*

If the figures which compose this plate are considered independent of the volume, they will appear sufficiently incongruous. He has given us curves and curvatures, straight lines and angles, circles and squares. He has ransacked the garden for examples, and drawn from the shops of the blacksmith, founder, and cabinet-maker, illustrations of his doctrine. To the beauteous and elegant Grecian Venus,* he has oppo-

* Of this figure he thus writes in his chapter on *Compositions with the Serpentine Line*.

"We have had recourse to the works of the ancients, not "because the moderns have not produced some as excellent, "but because the works of the former are more generally "known; nor would we have it thought that either of them "have ever yet come up to the utmost beauty of nature. "Who but a bigot to the *antiques* will say, that he has not "seen faces and necks, hands and arms, in living women, "that even the Grecian Venus doth but coarsely imitate?"



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sed the venerable English judge, arrayed in an ample robe, with his head enveloped in a periwig like the mane of a lion. The naked majesty of the Apollo Python is contrasted with an English actor, dressed by a modern tailor and barber, to personate a Roman general. The elegant winding lines of an Egyptian sphynx, are opposed by a bloated, overcharged, recumbent Silenus. The uniform, coldly correct figures of Albert Durer's drawing-book, that never deviate into grace, to the antique *torso*, in which Michael Angelo asserted he discovered every principle that gave so grand a *gusto* to his own works. Three anatomical representations of the muscles which appear in a human leg when the skin is taken off, are placed close to a shapeless pedestal in a shoe and stocking, which by disease has, in the painter's phrase, *lost its drawing*.

A fine wire, properly twisted round the figure of a cone, represented in number 26, as giving that elegant wave which adds grace to beauty, is the leading principle on

which he builds his system of serpentine lines. Of this ancient *grace*, opposed to modern *air*, he could not have selected better examples than number 6, and 7, where Mr. Essex, an English dancing-master, places himself in such an attitude as he thinks the sculptor ought to have given the Antinous, who he is ludicrously enough handing out to dance a minuet.

Number 19, represents the *deep-mouth'd Quin!* dressed in all the dignity of a play-house wardrobe, to perform the part of *Brutus*. That this (and not *Coriolanus*) is the character meant by the artist, I am inclined to think, from the statue of *Julius Cæsar*, with a rope round his neck, immediately before him.* The rope is past through a pulley, inserted in one of those

* Hogarth might possibly have some oblique allusion to the manner in which *Cæsar suffered* in the Capitol *of an English theatre.*——*They might as well have hanged him*; or, *deserved hanging for so personating the character*;—which the reader likes best.

In an early impression of the print, I have seen written

triple supporters of great weights, which some of our provincial carpenters call a gallows, and passes to upright beams intersected by poles, in the front of a monument, on which is seated a judge, over whose head is another noosed pulley. How far this may hint at any connection between the *law* and the *rope*, I cannot determine, but a weeping naked boy who is seated below, has in his hand what may pass for the model of a gibbet, as well as a square.

(I believe by Hogarth) on the pedestal upon which the figure is placed, TU BRUTE'. That he greatly disliked Quin, is evident from the following epigram, with the injustice or justice of which I have nothing to do, but to the painter it is attributed.

" Your servant, Sir," says surly Quin.—
" Sir, I am yours," replies Macklin.——
" Why, you're the very Jew you play,
" Your face performs the task well."—
" And you are Sir John Brute, they say,
" And an accomplish'd Maskwell."
Says Rich, who heard the sneering elves,
And knew their horrid hearts,—
" Acting too much your very selves,
" You overdo your parts."

Over the judge's head is written, BIT DECEM. 1732, ÆTATIS; the O preceding BIT is covered: I apprehend the same judge may be found in a print of THE BENCH.

A *new order* was Hogarth's favourite idea: he has here made an attempt at a capital composed of hats and periwigs.* *An infant, with a man's wig and cap on,* is a miniature representation of Mr. Quin's Roman general; and a monkey child, led by a travelling tutor, gives the painter's opinion of those young gentlemen who visited Rome for improvement in *connoisseurship*. It is copied from a burlesque of *Cav. Ghezzi*, etched by Mr. *Pond*.

* In the Analysis he asserts, that a completely new and harmonious order of architecture, might be produced by making choice of variety of lines, and then again, by varying their situations with each other; in a word, that the art of composing well, is the art of varying well. In the frontispiece to Brook Taylor's perspective, he has given an example, by a broken sceptre, somewhat resembling the Roman fasces, and girt round with the Prince of Wales's coronet, as an astragal, through which the fasces rise, and swell into a crown adorned with embroidered stars.

BRITISH MUSEUM



W. Hogarth delin.

I. Basire sculp.

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

PLATE II.

" Though rosy youth embloom the sprightly fair,
" And beauty mold her with a lover's care,
" If motion to the form denies a grace,
" Vain is the beauty that adorns the face."

THE fatigued figures that labour through this dance, Mr. Hogarth in his 16th chapter thus explains:

OF ATTITUDE.

" Such dispositions of the body and limbs " as appear most graceful when seen at " rest, depend upon gentle winding con- " trasts, mostly governed by the precise " serpentine line, which in attitudes of au- " thority, are more extended and spreading " than ordinary, but reduced somewhat be- " low the medium of grace, in those of ne- " gligence and ease; and as much exagge- " rated in insolent and proud carriage, or " distortions of pain (see number 9, in " plate I.) as lessened and contracted into

" plain and parallel lines, to express mean-
" ness, awkwardness, and submission.

" The general idea of an action, as well
" as of an attitude, may be given with a
" pencil in very few lines. It is easy to
" conceive that the attitude of a person
" upon the cross, may be fully signified by
" the true straight lines of the cross; so
" the extended manner of St. Andrew's
" crucifixion is wholly understood by the
" X like cross.

" Thus, as two or three lines at first are
" sufficient to shew the intention of an at-
" titude, I will take this opportunity of
" presenting my reader with the sketch of a
" country-dance, in the manner I began to
" set out the design. In order to shew how
" few lines are necessary to express the first
" thoughts, as to different attitudes, see num-
" ber 71 (top of the plate), which describes
" in some measure the several figures and
" actions mostly of the ridiculous kind, that
" are represented in the chief part of
" plate II.

" The most amiable person may deform " his general appearance by throwing his " body and limbs into plain lines; but such " lines appear still in a more disagreeable " light in people of a particular make; I " have therefore chose such figures as I " thought would agree best with my first " score of lines, number 71.

" The two parts of curves next to 71, " served for the figures of the old woman " and her partner, at the farther end of the " room. The curve, and two straight lines " at right angles, gave the hint for the fat " man's sprawling posture. I next resolved " to keep a figure within the bounds of a " circle, which produced the upper part of " the fat woman, between the fat man and " the awkward one in the bag-wig, for " whom I had made a sort of an X. The " prim lady his partner, in the riding habit, " by pecking back her elbows, as they call " it, from the waist upwards, made a tole- " rable D, with a straight line under it, to " signify the scanty stiffness of her petti-

" coat; and the Z, stood for the angular po-
" sition the body makes with the legs and
" thighs of the affected fellow in the tie-wig;
" the upper part of his plump partner was
" confined to an O, and this changed into
" a P, served as a hint for the straight lines
" behind. The uniform diamond of a card
" was filled up by the flying dress, &c. of
" the little capering figure in the Spencer
" wig, whilst a double L marked the pa-
" rallel position of his poking partner's
" hands and arms: and lastly, the two
" waving lines were drawn for the more
" genteel turns of the two figures at the
" hither end."*

* " The dancing-room is also ornamented purposely with
" such statues and pictures as may serve to a farther illus-
" tration. Henry VIII. number 72, makes a perfect X
" with his legs and arms; and the position of Charles I. num-
" ber 51, is composed of less varied lines than the statue of
" Edward VI. number 73, and the medal over his head, is in
" the like kind of lines; but that over Queen Elizabeth, as
" well as her figure, is in the contrary; so are also the two
" other wooden figures at the end. Likewise the comical
" posture of astonishment (expressed by following the di-

Such is the author's alphabetical analysis of his serpentine system, which some of my readers may possibly think borders on the visionary: certain it is, that however he may have failed in his two specimens of grace, those of awkwardness, are carried as far as they could have been in a Russian dance, when Peter the Great ordained that no lady of any age should presume to get drunk before nine o'clock.

I have seen the print framed as a companion to Guido's *Aurora*; nothing surely can form a stronger contrast to the golden age, when

———" Universal Pan,
" Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance
" Led on th' eternal Spring."

They are said to represent the *Wanstead assembly*, and contain portraits of the first

" rection of one plain curve) as the dotted line in a French " print of Sancho (where Don Quixote demolishes the pup- " pet-show); number 75, is a good contrast to the effect of " the serpentine lines, in the fine turn of the Samaritan wo- " man, number 74, taken from one of the best pictures " Annibal Carrache ever painted."

Hogarth's Analysis, p. 137.

Earl Tylney, his countess, their children, tenants, &c. In the tall young lady he has evidently aimed at Milton's description of motion *smooth sliding, without step*; but her *air* is affected. Her noble partner was originally intended for a portrait of the present King, then Prince of Wales, and though I learn from Mr. Walpole, it was afterwards altered to the first Duke of Kingston, still retains so much of its original designation as to bear a resemblance.

The design was made about the year 1728, and might be a just representation of the Wanstead belles and beaux; but since that period we have had so many ship-loads of *grace* imported from the Continent, and such numbers of *well-educated gentleman*,*

* A print of 1781, has the following advertisement:

"MINUET DE LA COUR, DEVONSHIRE, LE ROI, STA-
"TUTE, SURPRISE.

"A gentleman of merit, well educated and properly qua-
"lified by seven of the best masters that ever trod on
"English ground, teaches the above minuets to noblemen

who have exerted their talents in perfecting this *divine art*, that the picture would not do for the present day.

The *sighing* Celadon, privately delivering a letter *fraught with love* to his fair Amelia,

" and real ladies only for the sum of five guineas, paid " down, with all the excelled graces of the head, body, arms, " wrists, hands, fingers, toes, sinks, risings, bounds, re- " bounds, twirls, twists, fourfold mercuries, coupees, borees, " flourishes, demi-corpus, curtseys à-la-mode, hat on, off, " giving hands and feet, in an advanced octagon adorned " style, and divided into one, two, three, or four steps exact " to time or bars; introducing at the same moment, the à- " la-mode form, Chassa's springs, five and nine orders of " the graces, and annexed with the rigadoon, Louvre, co- " tillion, and ancient and modern hornpipe steps, and ele- " gant country-dance positions.——The said gentleman is " no common dancing-master, has some character to lose, " *therefore* ladies of a common capacity may soon attain to " dance equal to the best French or Italian dancer in this " kingdom, only for five guineas, on applying to number " 79, in the Haymarket, between ten and eleven in the " morning, and four and six in the afternoon, and they will " be seen only by the aforesaid *gentleman* himself."

In his Analysis, Mr. Hogarth thus writeth:

" The minuet is allowed by dancing-masters themselves to " be the perfection of all dancing. I once heard an eminent " dancing-master say, that the minuet had been the study of

is evidently the native of a country that has furnished many of our English heiresses with *good* husbands. Her impatient father's watch is precisely twelve, which determines what were then thought late hours, on so particular an occasion as a wedding-ball, the sketch being originally designed for a series illustrative of *a happy marriage*.*

Hogarth is said to have boasted that each of the hats which lie upon the floor, are so characteristic of their respective proprietors, that any man who understood the form of the human *caput*, might assign each to its owner. Among them is a cushion, which was formerly part of the ball-room furniture, for what was called *the cushion-dance*,

" his whole life, and that he had been indefatigable in the " pursuit of its beauties, yet at last could only say with " Socrates, *he knew nothing*; adding, that I was happy in " my profession as a painter, in that some bounds might be " set to the study of it."

* Mr. Wilkes informs us, that this subject was not thought of until *after* the publication of Marriage à-la-Mode. *In* CHRONOLOGY, *the Chamberlain is not so accurate as Doctor Trusler!*

in the progress of which the gentleman kneels down and salutes his partner.

The light diffused from the chandelier, shews an attention to nature, worthy the study and imitation of many modern painters, whose figures are illuminated by *beams unaccountable!*

Thus much may suffice for the prints,—as to the book,—a pen was not Hogarth's instrument; his life had been devoted to the study of the pencil, and however clear in idea, he felt a consciousness that his language might be rendered more worthy public attention by the advice and assistance of literary friends. This he acknowledges, in the style of a man who felt that his character did not depend on the power of constructing a sentence, in which branch of the work he was aided by Doctor Hoadley, Doctor Morrell, and his friend the Reverend Mr. Townley;* whose son told me,

* Mr. Townley, under the signature of a Connoisseur, wrote the following lines to Mr. Hogarth, on his Analysis of Beauty.

that when his father corrected the first sheet, he found *a plentiful crop of errors*; the

" How could you dare, advent'rous man,
" To execute so bold a plan,
" Or such unheard of truths advance?
" At once so rashly to oppose
" Those fierce, outrageous, hardy foes,
" *Fraud, Prejudice,* and *Ignorance!*

" To their despotic, cruel sway,
" Fair Science long has been a prey,
" All *modern art* they trampled down;
" The rising genius they deprest,
" The British taste they turn'd to jest,
" And damn'd at once—because our own.

" The slavish principle *I* caught,
" The southern land of merit sought,
" And learn'd to think, to see, to say;
" Eager I ran through every town,
" Penn'd every observation down,
" And gather'd judgment by the way.

" On foreign tales and terms of art,
" On scraps of French, got well by heart,
" And *learned guides,* was my reliance;
" With light and shade my head I fill,
" The *style* of schools was all my skill,
" *The painter's name,* was all my science.

" Thus deeply tutor'd, I return'd,
" And o'er my tasteless country mourn'd;

second and third were less incorrect; and the fourth, much more accurate than the preceding. Such is the power of genius, whatever its direction.

I will not go so far as Mr. Ralph, who says, "that by means of this volume com-"position is become a science; the student

"I pity'd first, then laugh'd and sneer'd;
"Then curs'd the crude, unfinish'd tints,
"The statues, bustos, vases, prints,
"When lo! th' ANALYSIS appear'd.

"I smil'd, and read; grew grave—read on;
"Was pleas'd; the truths apparent shone;
"Nor could my prejudice resist 'em:
"*The Line of Beauty* I survey'd,
"The arguments I fairly weigh'd,
"And then acknowledg'd all your system.

"With reverence, and respect, like you,
"The ancient works of art I view;
"But, like you, see with my own eyes;
"Abhor the tricks so grossly play'd,
"Lament the science sunk to trade,
"And dealers from my soul despise.

"Pursue, unrivall'd yet, that art,
"Which bounteous nature did impart,

" knows what he is in search of; the con-
" noisseur what to praise; and fancy or
" fashion, or prescription, will usurp the
" hacknied name of taste no more;" be-

" (Ne'er to be so profuse again:)
" Our sons, in time to come, shall strive
" Where the chief honour they shall give,
" Or to your pencil, or your pen."

To this gentleman Hogarth had previously presented a volume of his prints; in return for which he received the following very flattering testimony to his talents.

" DEAR SIR, *Trinity-lane, Feb.* 28, 1750.

" Having been confined to my house by a violent cold, I
" have had may hours for contemplation, which at such a
" time generally turns on my friends, among whom you have
" been so good to let me call you one. Your late kind in-
" tention came into my mind, and gave me an uncommon
" degree of satisfaction; not on my own account only, but
" with respect to my family. Your works I shall treasure
" up as a family book, or rather as one of the classics, from
" which I shall regularly instruct my children, just in the
" same manner as I should out of Homer, or Virgil. You
" will be read in your course,—and it will be no unusual
" thing to find me in a morning in my great chair, with my
" three bigger boys about me, construing the sixth chapter

cause I think with Lady Luxborough, that *in the line of beauty* " no man can literally

" of the Harlot's Progress, or comparing the two characters " in the first book of the 'Prentices.

" You are the first great man I ever was acquainted with, " and the first great man I desire to be acquainted with, be- " cause you have neither insolence or vanity. Your cha- " racter has been sketched in different pieces, by different " authors, and great encomiums bestowed on you here and " there, in English, French, Latin, and Greek; but I want " to see a full portrait of you. I wish I were as intimate " with you, and as well qualified for the purpose, as your " friend Fielding,—I would undertake it. I have made an " humble attempt here towards something, but I am afraid " it has more of a death's head, than the face of a man.— " You won't be dispirited because my character of you is in " the form of an epitaph, for you will observe at the bottom, " that I have given you a great length of days.

" In the corner, near Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey, " on a monument, elegant only by neatness and symmetry, " the next generation may see something like the inclosed " inscription; the freedom of which you will excuse, and " consider it as coming from a man confined to his room; " but from one who is ever,

" Dear Sir,

" Your constant admirer,

" and most obliged servant,

" JAMES TOWNLEY."

" *To Mr. Hogarth, in Leicester-fields.*"

" fix *the precise degree of obliquity*;" but I think with the same lady, " that between " his pencil and his pen, he conveys an idea " which enables one to conceive his mean- " ing;" and that he gives many hints which may be of great use to the artist, actor, dancer, or connoisseur.*

" AD GULIELMUM HOGARTH
" DUM TU QUID PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, VOLU-
" MINE DICIS,
" NATURÆQ DOCES QUID SIT, ET ARTIS OPUS,
" ATQ ANIMO CAUSAS, OCULO TABULASQ DEDISTI,
" PICTORIS PRIMI NOMEN UTRINQ FERES."

* The work was translated into German, under the author's inspection by Mr. *Mylins*, and with two large plates, and twenty-two sheets of letter-press, printed in *London* at five dollars.

A new and correct edition was (July 1st, 1754) proposed for publication at *Berlin*, by *Ch. Fr. Vok*, with an explanation of Mr. *Hogarth*'s satirical prints, translated from the French; the whole *to subscribers* for one dollar, but after six weeks to be raised to two dollars.

An Italian translation was published at Leghorn, 1761, octavo, dedicated *Al illustrissime Signora Diana Molineux Dama Inglese.*

That Sterne had read the Analysis appears by the follow-

Notwithstanding many profitable opportunities offered by the politics of the day, it does not appear that Hogarth ever degraded his character by servile adulation, or interested abuse of *the powers which were*.

In an account of the March to Finchley, it will be found, that when the print was presented to George II. the king returned it in a way that must have mortified and wounded the artist, who, though he was tremblingly alive to professional indignity, made no *graven retaliation*. He could not therefore be considered as an opponent

ing *reference recommendatory*, in the first volume of Tristram Shandy.

—— "Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, "which, if you have read Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, "and if you have not, I wish you would, you must know "may be as certainly caricatured, and conveyed to the mind, "by three strokes, as three hundred." Hogarth's engraving of this air balloon figure, is said to be intended for Doctor Burton, the Jacobite physician of York; a microscopic miniature of the plate (so small that it requires the aid of a glass), is in the engraved frontispiece to these volumes.

it was proper to silence, or an advocate it was necessary to retain; notwithstanding which, on the 16th of July, 1757, when Mr. Thornhill (son to Sir James) resigned his place of sergeant painter, William Hogarth was appointed his successor; and very soon after engaged in a *pencil competition*, that did not terminate to his advantage.

I have had frequent occasion to mention the opinion he entertained of *ancient paintings*; by ridiculing copies, and contemptible originals, he got a habit of laughing at them all; and when, in 1758, Sir Thomas Seabright, at Sir Luke Schaub's sale, gave 4041. 5s. for Corregio's Sigismonda, Hogarth *in evil hour* asserted, that were he paid as good a price, he could paint a better picture. Sir Richard (now Lord) Grosvenor unluckily gave him an order for the same subject, *guarded with the qualifying monosyllable* IF. The work was finished,—sent to the purchaser,—and returned to the artist,—*because*,—as the ironical epistle which is said to have accompanied it, ex-

BRITISH MUSEUM

From the original Picture, in the Shakspeare Gallery.



W. Hogarth. Pinx.t — I. Boydell. Sculp.t

SIGISMUNDA.

Published May 31. 1791. by I. & J. Boydell, Cheapside, & at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall.

pressed,—" *Contemplating such a subject must* " *excite melancholy ideas, which a curtain be-* " *ing drawn before it, would not diminish.*"

This rejection produced a letter to a friend, relating the whole transaction in rhymes that might perhaps give our painter a niche among the minor poets; but which having neither the harmony of Pope, nor the ardour of Dryden, shall find no place here. The prophecy it concludes with, has not been absolutely fulfilled, but in the form of *a wish*, may be a very suitable motto for

SIGISMONDA.

—— " Let the picture rust,
" Perhaps Time's price-enhancing dust,—
" As statues moulder into earth,
" When I'm no more may mark its worth,
" And future connoisseurs may rise,
" Honest as ours, and full as wise,
" To puff the piece and painter too,
" And make me *then*, what Guido's *now*."

Hogarth's Epistle.

A competition with either Guido, or Furino, would to any modern painter be *an enterprize of danger:* to Hogarth it was

more peculiarly so, from the public justly conceiving that the representation of elevated distress, was not his *forte*, and his being surrounded by an *host of foes*, who either dreaded satire, or envied genius. The connoisseurs considering the challenge as too insolent to be forgiven, *before his picture appeared*, determined to decry it. The painters rejoiced in his attempting what was likely to end in disgrace; and to satisfy those who had formed their ideas of Sigismonda upon the inspired page of Dryden, was impracticable.

The bard has consecrated the character, and his heroine glitters with a brightness that cannot be transferred to the canvas. Mr. Walpole's description, though equally luminous, is evanescent.

Hogarth's Sigismonda, as this gentleman poetically expresses it, "*has none of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short, all is want-*

ing that should have been there, all is there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe; woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly." This glowing picture presents to the mind a being whose contending passions may be felt, but were not delineated even by Correggio. Had his tints been aided by the grace and greatness of Raphael, they would have failed.

The author of the *Mysterious Mother*, sought for sublimity, where the artist strictly copied nature, of whom all his figures are the archetypes, but which the painter, who soars into *fancy's fairy regions*, must in a degree desert. Considered with this reference, though the picture has faults, Mr. Walpole's satire is surely too severe. It is built upon a comparison with works painted in a language of which Hogarth knew not the idiom,—trying him before a tribunal, whose authority he did not acknowledge, and, from the picture having been in many respects altered after the cri-

tic saw it, some of the remarks become unfair. To the frequency of these alterations we may attribute many of the errors:* the man who has not confidence in his own knowledge of the leading principles on which his work ought to be built, will not

* I mean to speak of alterations suggested by his friends: to the public at large, if we can confide in the following note, which I found in a volume of the late Doctor Lort's, he paid little attention.

"HOGARTH'S SIGISMONDA.

"He placed that picture, which in spite of all the critics "could say against it, had infinite merit, in the view of the "public, and at the same time placed a man in an adjoin- "ing room to write down all objections that each spectator "made to it. Of these there were a thousand at least, but "*Hogarth* told the writer of this, that he attended only to "one, and that was made by a madman; and perceiving the "objection was founded, he altered it. The madman, after "looking steadfastly on the picture for some time, suddenly "turned away, exclaiming,—*Hang it*, I hate these white "roses. The artist then, and not till then, observed that "the foldings of Sigismonda's *chemise* sleeves, were too re- "gular, and had more the appearance of roses than of linen. "I know not in whose possession this picture now is, but I "will venture to pronounce, that no where can distress be "more forcibly exprest on canvas: it is a distress, not of "the minute, but the day."

render it perfect by following the advice of his friends. Although Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill dragged his heroine to the altar of politics, and mangled her with a barbarism that can hardly be paralleled, except in the history of her husband,—the artist retained his partiality; which seems to have encreased in exact proportion to their abuse. The picture being thus contemplated through the medium of party prejudice, we cannot wonder that all its improprieties were exaggerated. The *painted harlot* of Babylon had not more opprobrious epithets from the *first race* of reformers, than the *painted* Sigismonda of Hogarth from the *last race* of patriots.* When a favourite child is chastised by his preceptor,

* The attack was commenced in No. 17, of the *North Briton*, which was published 17th of September, 1762. On the 16th, Mr. Hogarth being at Salisbury, called upon the colonel of the Buckinghamshire militia (who was then quartered in the neighbourhood), with the good-natured intention of shaking hands: As *his old friend* was not at home, they neither met then, nor at any future period. In my account of the *Times*, there are a few strictures on this

a partial mother redoubles her caresses. Hogarth, estimating this picture by the la-

political pasquinade, which was followed by much metrical lampoon from the reverend Mr. Churchill. Let us hear his coadjutor, Robert Lloyd, who in a fable entitled *Genius, Envy,* and *Time,* gives TIME the following speech.

" Yet, Genius, mark what I presage,
" Who look through every distant age:
" Merit shall bless thee with her charms,
" Fame lift thy offspring in her arms,
" And stamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous, various race.
" Roubilliac, Wilton, names as high
" As Phidias of antiquity,
" Shall strength, expression, manner give,
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;
" While Sigismonda's deep distress,
" Which looks the soul of wretchedness;
" *When I,* with slow and soft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim,
" To level half the ancient fame;
" While future ages yet unknown,
" With critic air shall proudly own,
" Thy Hogarth first of every clime,
" For humour keen, or strong sublime,
" And hail him from his fire and spirit,
" The child of Genius and of Merit."

Lloyd's Works, p. 204.

bour he had bestowed upon it, *was certain* that the public were prejudiced, and requested, if his wife survived him, she would not sell it for less than five hundred pounds. Mrs. Hogarth acted in conformity to his wishes, but since her death the painting has been purchased by Messrs. Boydell, and is now in the Shakspeare Gallery. The colouring, though not brilliant, is harmonious and natural: the attitude, drawing, &c. will be more universally known from a print now engraving by Mr. Ridley. I am much inclined to think, that if some of those who have been most severe in their censures, had consulted their own feelings, instead of connoisseurs, poor Sigismonda would have been in higher estimation. It has been said that the first sketch was made from Mrs. Hogarth, at the time she was weeping over the *corse* of her mother.

Hogarth once intended to have appealed from the critics fiat to the world's opinion, and employed Mr. Basire to make an engraving, which was began, but set

aside for some other work, and never completed.*

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

" To nature and yourself appeal,
" Nor learn of others what to feel."—ANON.

THIS animated satire, which I have made a frontispiece, was etched as the receipt ticket for the print of Sigismonda. It represents *Time*, seated upon a mutilated statue, and smoking a landscape, through which he has driven his scythe,—to give proof of its antiquity,—not only by *sober*, *sombre* tints,—but an injured canvas. Beneath the *easel* on which it is fixed, the artist has

* I learn from Mr. Nicholls, that he was a dupe to flattery; that his easiness of disposition should be practised on is natural,—but that any of *his friends* should *boast* of such an imposition as the following, is extraordinary.

—— " A word in favour of Sigismonda might have commanded a proof print, or forced an original sketch out of " our artist's hand. The furnisher of this remark owes one " of his scarcest performances to the success of a compliment " which might have stuck even in Sir Godfrey Kneller's " throat." *Nicholls's Anecdotes*, p. 55.

placed a capacious jar, labelled VARNISH, to *bring out* the beauties of this inestimable collection of straight lines. The frame is dignified with a Greek motto,

Crates,—Ὁ γὰρ χρόνος μ' ἴκαμψι, τίκτων μὲν σοφὸς,
Ἅπαντα δ' ἐργαζόμενος ἀσθενίστερα.

See *Spectator*, Vol. II. p. 83.

This, though not engraved with precise accuracy, is sufficiently descriptive of the figure.

Time has bent me double; and Time, though I confess he is a great artist, weakens all he touches.

"From a contempt" (says Mr. Walpole) "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and "from indignation at the impudent tricks "of picture-dealers,* whom he saw conti-

* Having given Mr. Walpole's remarks, it is but fair to insert that part of the *Analysis* which gave rise to them.

"Notwithstanding the deep-rooted notion, even amongst "the majority of painters themselves, that Time is a great "improver of good pictures, I will undertake to shew that "nothing can be more absurd. Having mentioned the "whole effect of the oil, let us now see in what manner "Time operates on the colours themselves; in order to dis-

" nually recommending and vending vile
" copies to bubble-collectors, and from hav-
" ing never studied, indeed having seen few
" good pictures of the great Italian mas-

" cover if any changes in them can give a picture more
" union and harmony than has been in the power of a skil-
" ful master with all his rules of art to do. When colours
" change at all, it must be somewhat in the manner follow-
" ing, for as they are made some of metal, some of earth,
" some of stone, and others of more perishable materials,
" Time cannot operate on them otherwise than as by daily
" experience we find it doth, which is that one changes
" darker, another lighter, one quite to a different colour,
" whilst another, as ultra-marine, will keep its natural
" brightness even in the fire. THEREFORE, how is it pos-
" sible that such different materials, ever variously chang-
" ing (visibly after a certain time), should accidentally co-
" incide with the artist's intention, and bring about the
" greater harmony of the piece, when it is manifestly con-
" trary to their nature; for do we not see in most collec-
" tions, that much time disunites, untunes, blackens, and
" by degrees destroys even the best preserved pictures?

" But if, for argument sake, we suppose that the colours
" were to fall equally together, let us see what sort of ad-
" vantage this would give to any sort of composition: we
" will begin with a flower piece; when a master hath painted
" a rose, a lily, an african, a gentianella, or violet, with his
" best art, and brightest colours, how far short do they

" ters, he persuaded himself that the praises " bestowed on those glorious works were " nothing but the effects of prejudice. He " talked this language till he believed it; " and having heard it often asserted as is " true, that Time gives a mellowness to co-

" fall of the freshness and rich brilliancy of nature, and " shall we wish to see them fall still lower, more faint, sul- " lied, and dirtied by the hand of Time, and then admire " them as having gained an additional beauty, and call them " mended and heightened, rather than fouled, and in a " manner destroyed? How absurd! instead of mellowed and " softened, therefore, always read yellow and sullied, for this " is doing Time, the destroyer, but common justice. Or " shall we desire to see complexions, which in life are often " literally as brilliant as the flowers abovementioned, served " in the like ungrateful manner? In a landscape, will the " water be more transparent, or the sky shine with a greater " lustre, when embrowned and darkened by decay? surely " no.—These opinions have given rise to another absurdity; " viz. That *the colours now-a-days* do not stand so well as " formerly: whereas colours well prepared, in which there " are but little art or expence, have, and will always have, " the same properties in every age; and without accidents, as " damps, bad varnish, and the like (being laid separate and " pure), will stand and keep together for many years in de- " fiance of time itself."

"lours, and improves them, he not only "denied the proposition, but maintained "that pictures only grew black and worse "by age, not distinguishing between the "degrees in which the proposition might "be true or false."

Whether Mr. Walpole's remarks are right or wrong, Hogarth has admirably illustrated his own doctrine, and added to his burlesque, by introducing the fragments of a statue, below which is written,

As statues moulder into worth. P. W.

By part of this print being in *mezzotinto*, and the remainder etched, it has a singularly striking and spirited appearance.

Hogarth, the following year, published that admirable satire, THE MEDLEY, which completely refutes the reproach thrown on his *declining talents*, by his political opponents, whose violent, and in some respects vindictive attack, is erroneously said to have hastened his death. That he was *wounded* with a barbed spear, hurled by the hand of

a friend, it is reasonable to suppose;—but armed with the *mailed coat* of conscious superiority, he could not be *wounded mortally*.—What!—*broken hearted by a rhyme!—pelted to death with ballads!*—He was too proud!—I am told by those who knew him best, that the little mortification he felt, did not arise from the severity of the satire, but from a recollection of the terms on which he had lived with the satirist.

To the Painter's recriminations in this party jar, Mr. Nicholls I suppose alludes, page 97 of his Anecdotes, where he says, that "*in his political conduct and attachments,* "*Hogarth was at once unprincipled and* "*variable.*" These are harsh and heavy charges, but I am to learn on what they are founded. He never embarked with any party, nor did he publish a political print before the year 1762; and the principles he there professes, he retained until his death.

In the same page of the Anecdotes, I find, after a complimentary quotation from

one of Mr. Hayley's poems, several severe strictures to which I can not assent.* The assertion, that *all his powers of delighting were confined to his pencil*, is in a degree refuted by the Analysis. That *he was rarely admitted into polite circles*, I can readily believe; but if by *polite circles*, Mr. Nicholls means those persons of honour, who deem *dress* the grand criterion of

* "It may be truly observed of Hogarth, that all his powers "of delighting were confined to his pencil. Having rarely "been admitted into polite circles, none of his sharp corners "had been rubbed off, so that he continued to the last, a "gross, uncultivated man. The slightest contradiction "transported him into rage. To be member of a club, con-"sisting of mechanics, or those not many removes above "them, seems to have been the utmost of his social ambi-"tion; but even in these assemblies he was oftener sent to "*Coventry*, for misbehaviour, than any other person who "frequented them. He is said to have beheld the rising "eminence and popularity of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a "degree of envy; and, if I am not misinformed, spoke with "asperity both of him and his performances. Justice, how-"ever, obliges me to add, that our artist was liberal, hos-"pitable, and the most punctual of paymasters; so that, in "spite of the emoluments his works had procured to him, "he left but an inconsiderable fortune to his widow."

Nicholls's Anecdotes, p. 97.

distinction, think making *an easy bow* the first human acquirement, and Lord Chesterfield's code, *the whole duty of man*,—the artist had no great cause to regret the loss of such society. But *his sharp corners not being rubbed off* by collision with these polite circles, he was, *to the last, a gross, uncultivated man.* Engaged in ascertaining the principles of his art, he had not leisure to study the *principles of politeness*; but by those who lived with him in habits of intimacy, I am told he was by no means gross.

"*To be member of a club consisting of "mechanics, or those not many degrees above "them, seems to have been the utmost of his "social ambition.*"—Yet we find in the list of his social companions, Fielding, Hoadley, Garrick, Townley, and many other names who were an honour to their age and country. Though excluded from *polite circles*, by these, and such men, he was received as a friend. Some of his evenings were probably passed among his neighbours, and being above dissimulation, I suppose he

resented what he disliked, and was, as Mr. Nicholls informs us, often *sent to Coventry*. "*He is said to have beheld the rising eminence and popularity of Sir Joshua Reynolds with a degree of envy; and if I am not misinformed, spoke with asperity both of him and his performances.*" It has been said, and I believe with equal truth, that Rubens *envied* the rising eminence and popularity of Vandyke: neither the Englishman nor the Fleming, were capable of so mean a passion. The walk of William Hogarth was diametrically opposite to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—They saw nature through a different medium: one of them, almost invariably dignifies his characters; whilst the other, from the nature of his subjects, sinks, and in some measure degrades them. The man whose portrait is painted by the President feels exalted, whilst he who looks in the mirror displayed by Hogarth, finds a resemblance better calculated to gratify his *good-natured friends* than himself. These circumstances consi-

dered, I can conceive Hogarth might have been pleased if he could have united the elegance of Sir Joshua to his own humour, and that the Knight might be proud of adding the powers of Hogarth to his own taste, without either of them possessing a particle of the diabolical passion alluded to by Mr. Nicholls, who thus winds up the character: "*Justice, however, obliges me to* "*add, that our artist was liberal, hospitable,* "*and the most punctual of paymasters.*" This is fair and unequivocal praise,—but justice obliges *me* to add, seems given *upon compulsion. Why*, the biographer feels so much reluctance at being *thus obliged* to commend the hero of his own history, we are not told,—though the cause of a lady being most *indecently caricatured*, is, in the same book, frankly acknowledged.

"*She is still living, and has been loud in* "*abuse of this work, a circumstance to which* "*she owes a niche in it!!!*

Nicholls's Anecdotes, p. 114.

Hogarth, with all the indelicacy of which

resented what he disliked, and was, as Mr. Nicholls informs us, often *sent to Coventry*. "*He is said to have beheld the rising emi-* "*nence and popularity of Sir Joshua Rey-* "*nolds with a degree of envy; and if I am* "*not misinformed, spoke with asperity both of* "*him and his performances.*" It has been said, and I believe with equal truth, that Rubens *envied* the rising eminence and popularity of Vandyke: neither the Englishman nor the Fleming, were capable of so mean a passion. The walk of William Hogarth was diametrically opposite to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—They saw nature through a different medium: one of them, almost invariably dignifies his characters; whilst the other, from the nature of his subjects, sinks, and in some measure degrades them. The man whose portrait is painted by the President feels exalted, whilst he who looks in the mirror displayed by Hogarth, finds a resemblance better calculated to gratify his *good-natured friends* than himself. These circumstances consi-

dered, I can conceive Hogarth might have been pleased if he could have united the elegance of Sir Joshua to his own humour, and that the Knight might be proud of adding the powers of Hogarth to his own taste, without either of them possessing a particle of the diabolical passion alluded to by Mr. Nicholls, who thus winds up the character: "*Justice, however, obliges me to* "*add, that our artist was liberal, hospitable,* "*and the most punctual of paymasters.*" This is fair and unequivocal praise,—but justice obliges *me* to add, seems given *upon compulsion. Why*, the biographer feels so much reluctance at being *thus obliged* to commend the hero of his own history, we are not told,—though the cause of a lady being most *indecently caricatured*, is, in the same book, frankly acknowledged.

"*She is still living, and has been loud in* "*abuse of this work, a circumstance to which* "*she owes a niche in it!!!*

Nicholls's Anecdotes, p. 114.

Hogarth, with all the indelicacy of which

he is accused, would have blushed at the perusal of this overcharged character. Though *nothing fastidious*, I can not quote so disgusting a combination of abominable images. In page 59 we are presented with a series equally delectable.

Mr. Walpole remarks that the Flemish painters, as writers of farce, and editors of burlesque nature, are the *Tom Browne's* of the mob; and in their attempts at humour, when they intend to make us laugh, make us sick; that Hogarth resembles Butler, —amidst all his pleasantry, observes the true end of comedy, REFORMATION, and has always a moral. To prove this truth, is one great object of these volumes. But Mr. Nicholls, thinking it necessary to *examine whether the scenes painted by our countryman are wholly free from Flemish indelicacies*, has with laudable industry selected some sixteen or eighteen *delicious* examples, to convince us that they are not. *I omit the catalogue*, yet let me be permitted to suggest, that without the aid of *a commentary*,

these indelicacies are not generally obtrusive. I once knew a very grave and profound critic, who employed several years of his life in collecting all Shakspeare's *double entendres*; these he intended for *publication*, to *prove* that his plays were not fit for the *public* eye; but was prevented, by a friend suggesting, that it would be thought he had acted like the birds,—*pecked at that fruit which he liked best.*

Leaving these, and all other indecencies to the contemplation of those *who seek for them*, let us return to our narrative.

Finding his health in a declining state, Hogarth had some years before purchased a small house at Chiswick.* To this he retired during the summer months, but

* In furniture, decorations, &c. this place has not been altered since his death. He has displayed none of his own prints, but in the parlour are framed engravings from Sir James Thornhill's paintings in St. Paul's cathedral, and the Houbraken heads of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Dryden. The garden is laid out in a good style: over the door is a cast of George the Second's mask, in lead, and in one corner

so active a mind could never *rust in idleness*; —even there he pursued his profession, and employed the last years of his life in retouching, and superintending some repairs and alterations in his plates. From this place he on the 25th October, 1764, returned to Leicester Square; and though weak and languid, retained his usual flow of spirits; but being on the same night, taken suddenly ill, died of an *aneurism*, in the arms of his friend Mrs. Lewis, who was called up to his assistance.

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a rude and shapeless stone, placed upright against the wall, and inscribed

ALAS, POOR DICK!
1760.
AGED ELEVEN.

Beneath the inscriptions are two cross bones of birds, surmounted with a heart and death's head. The sculpture was made with a nail, by the hand of Hogarth, and placed there in memory of a favourite bullfinch, who is deposited beneath.

" The hand of him here torpid lies,
" That drew th' essential form of grace;
" Here cloath'd in death th' attentive eyes,
" That saw the manners in the face." *

His will, which bears date August 16th, 1764, has the following items.

' I do hereby release, and acquit, and dis-
' charge my sister Ann Hogarth, of and from
' all claims and demands which I have on
' her at the time of my decease, on any ac-
' count whatsoever; and I do hereby give
' and bequeath unto my said sister Ann,
' eighty pounds a year, to be paid her dur-
' ing her natural life, by my executrix here-
' inafter named, out of the profits which
' shall arise from the sale of the prints taken
' from my engraved copper-plates; which
' yearly payment shall commence within
' three months after my decease, and be
' paid in quarterly payments: and my will
' is, that the said copper-plates shall not be

* This is Doctor Johnson's epitaph, and he wrote only four. He has violated his own rule, that the name should always be inserted in the body of the verse.

'sold or disposed of without the consent of 'my said sister, and my executrix hereinafter named; but the same shall remain 'in the custody or possession of my executrix hereinafter named, for and during her 'natural life, if she continues sole and unmarried; and from and immediately after 'her marriage, my will is that the three 'setts of copper-plates, called Marriage 'A-là-mode, the Harlot's Progress, and the 'Rake's Progress, shall be delivered to my 'said sister, by my said executrix, during 'her natural life; and immediately after the 'decease of my said executrix, the said copper-plates and the whole profits arising 'from such prints as aforesaid, shall be and 'of right belong to my said sister; and in 'case my executrix shall survive my sister, 'the same shall in like manner become the 'sole property and of right belong to my 'said executrix hereinafter named: and I 'hereby give and bequeath unto Mary 'Lewis, for her faithful services, one hundred pounds, to be paid her immediately

'after my decease, by my executrix here-
'inafter named: and my will is that Samuel
'Martin, Esq. of Abingdon Buildings, be
'requested to accept of the portrait which
'I painted of him for myself. *Item*, that a
'ring, value ten guineas, be presented to
'Doctor Isaac Schomberg, in remembrance
'of me. *Item*, that Miss Julian Bence be
'presented with a ring, value five guineas;
'and my will is, that the remainder of my
'money, securities for money and debts due
'to me, shall of right belong to my said ex-
'ecutrix hereinafter named; and all my
'other goods, pictures, chattels, and estates,
'real or personal whatsoever, I do give and
'bequeath the same and every part thereof
'unto my dear wife Jane Hogarth, whom I
'do ordain, constitute, and appoint my sole
'executrix of my will. And I do hereby
'revoke all the other wills by me made at
'any time. In witness thereof, I do here-
'unto set my hand and seal, this day, Au-
'gust 16th, 1764.

'WILLIAM HOGARTH, (L. S.)

'Signed, sealed, and published, and delivered by William Hogarth, to be his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witness thereto. *Richard Loveday, George Ellsom, Mary Graham.*'

His remains were removed to Chiswick, —where, on a plain but neat pyramidical monument, are the following inscriptions.

On the first side is engraven,

"HERE LIETH THE BODY
"OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
"WHO DIED OCTOBER 26, 1764,
"AGED 67 YEARS."

"MRS. JANE HOGARTH,
"WIFE OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
"OBIT 13 NOVEMBER, 1789,
"ÆTAT: 80 YEARS."

On the second—

"HERE LIETH THE BODY OF
"DAME JUDITH THORNHILL,
"RELICT OF SIR JAMES THORNHILL, KNIGHT,
"OF THORNHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF DORSET.
"SHE DIED NOV. 12, 1757,
"AGED 84 YEARS."

On a third—

" HERE LIETH THE BODY OF MRS. ANNE HOGARTH,
" SISTER TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
" SHE DIED AUGUST 13, 1771,
" AGED 70 YEARS."

On the front, in *basso-relievo*, is the comic mask, laurel wreath, rest-stick, pallette, pencils, a book inscribed, *Analysis of Beauty*, and the following admirable lines, by his friend Mr. Garrick.

" Farewell, great painter of mankind,
" Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
" Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
" And through the eye correct the heart.
" If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
" If Nature touch thee, drop a tear:
" If neither move thee, turn away,
" For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."*

* The verses as first written by Mr. Garrick, and now in the possession of Mr. James Townley, are as follow.

" If thou hast genius, reader, stay;
" If thou hast feeling, drop the tear;—
" If thou hast neither,—hence away,
" For Hogarth's dear remains lie here.
" His matchless works, of fame secure,
" Shall live our country's pride and boast
" As long as Nature shall endure,
" And only in her wreck be lost.

Time will obliterate this inscription, and even the pyramid must crumble into dust; but his fame is engraven on his own tablets, which shall have longer duration than monumental marble.

During the twenty-five years which his widow survived, the plates were neither repaired nor altered,* but being necessarily entrusted to the management of others, were often both negligently and improper-

* In the Daily Advertiser of January 27th, 1783, I find the following advertisement.

" HOGARTH'S ORIGINAL WORKS.

" As an opinion generally prevails that the genuine " impressions of Hogarth's works are very bad, and the " plates retouched; Mrs. Hogarth is under the necessity of " acquainting the public in general, and the admirers of her " deceased husband's works in particular, that it has been " owing to a want of proper attention in the conducting " this work for some years past, that the impressions in ge- " neral have not done justice to the condition of the plates; " and she has requested some gentlemen, most eminent in " the art of engraving, to inspect the plates, who have given " the following opinion:

London, January 21, 1783.

" We whose names are underwritten, having carefully " examined the copper-plates published by the late Mr.

ly taken off.* On Mrs. Hogarth's demise, in 1789, she bequeathed her property as follows.

'Imprimis, I give and devise unto my 'cousin, Mary Lewis, now living with me, 'all that my copyhold estate, lying and 'being at Chiswick, in the county of Mid-'dlesex, to have and to hold, during the 'term of her natural life; and after her de-'cease, I give and devise the said copyhold 'estate unto Richard Loveday, surgeon, of 'Hammersmith, to have and to hold during 'his natural life; and after his decease, to 'his son Francis James Loveday, to him 'and his heirs for ever. Item, I give and

"Hogarth, are fully convinced that they have not been "retouched since his death.

FRANCIS BARTOLOZZI.
WM. WOOLLET.
WM. WYNNE RYLAND."

* Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Lewis told me, that a gentleman who possessed a collection of Hogarth's works, once requested she would lend him the plates for the purpose of having a set faintly taken off, as a contrast to his own. It is scarcely necessary to say this *modest request* was refused, and she received much consequent abuse.

'bequeath unto the said Mary Lewis, all 'my personal estate, of what kind soever, 'the legacies herein after mentioned ex- 'cepted. Item, I give unto my god-daugh- 'ter, Jane Amelia Loveday, the sum of one 'hundred pounds. And I do make, con- 'stitute, and appoint my said cousin, Mary 'Lewis, my sole executrix of this my last 'will and testament, written with my own 'hand, this third day of August, in the 'year of our Lord, 1770. In witness 'whereof I have hereunto set my hand and 'seal. 'JANE HOGARTH. (L. S.)

'Witnesses, Michael Impey, Jane Sarah 'Home.

'This stock of 479l. 10s. 3d. I give to 'M. Lewis: and to Charles Stilewell, if he 'is with me at the time of my death, twen- 'ty pounds. May the 17th, 1789.

'JANE HOGARTH.'

Mrs. Lewis, soon after the death of her friend, on condition of receiving an annuity for life, transferred to Messrs. Boydell, her

right in all the plates; and since in their possession, they have not been touched upon by a *burin*. It may be proper to add, that every plate has been carefully cleaned, —and the rolling-presses now in use being on an improved principle, the paper superior, and the art of printing better understood, impressions are more clearly and accurately taken off, than they have been at any preceding period.

Thus much may suffice for the state of his plates: their general intention and execution is the proper basis on which to build his

CHARACTER.

Were it considered by a connoisseur, he would probably assert, that this man could not be a painter, for he had never travelled to Rome;—could not be a judge of art,—for he spoke irreverently of the ancients;—gave his figures neither dignity nor grace;—was erroneous in his distribution of light and shade, and inattentive to the pain-

ter's balance;—that his grouping was inartificial, and his engraving coarse.

To traverse continents in search of antique paintings, explore caverns for mutilated sculpture, and measure the proportions of a statue with mathematical precision, was not the boast of William Hogarth. The *Temple of Nature* was his academy,—and his topography the map of the human mind. Disdaining to copy or translate, he left the superior class of beings that people the canvas of Poussin and Michael Angelo to their admirers, selected his images from his own country, and gave them with a verity, energy, and variety of character,* ever appropriate, and invariably original. Considering his peculiar powers, it is fortunate for his fame that he was a native of Britain. In Switzerland, the scenery is romantic,—the rocks are stupendous; in Italy, the models of art are elevated and ma-

* He frequently drew sketches of heads upon his nail, and, when he came home, copied them on paper, from whence they were transferred to his plates.

jestic,—the ruins of ancient Greece still continue a school of architecture and proportion;—but in England, and England only, we have every variety of character that separates man from man. To these he resorted, and rarely attempted to *heighten nature* by either ideal or elevated beauty; for though he had the eye, he had not the wing of an eagle; when he attempted to soar, particles of his native clay clung to his pinions, and retarded his flight.

His engravings, though coarse, are forcible, in a degree scarcely to be paralelled. Every figure is drawn from the quarry of nature; and, though seldom polished, is always animated.

He has been accused of grossness in some of his single figures: but the general vein of his wit is better calculated to make the man of humour smile, than the humourist laugh;—has the air of Cervantes, rather than Rabelais,—of Fielding, rather than Smollet.

I do not know in what class to place his

pictured stories. They are too much crowded with little incidents, for the dignity of history; for tragedy, are too comic; yet have a termination which forbids us to call them comedies. Being selected from life, they present to us the absurdities, crimes, punishments, and vicissitudes of man: to-day, basking in the bright beams of prosperity; to-morrow, sunk in the gloom of comfortless despair. Be it recorded to his honour, that their invariable tendency is the promotion of virtue; and diffusion of such a spirit as tends to make men industrious, humane, and happy. If some of the incidents are thought too ludicrous, and a few of the scenes rather border on the licentious, let it be remembered, that since they were engraved, the *standard of delicacy* has been somewhat altered: that species of wit which this sentimental and *double-refined* age deems too much debased for common currency, was then, with a still larger portion of alloy, the sterling coin of the kingdom.

On canvas he was not so successful as on

copper. Scripture history, which was one of his first attempts,* did not add a leaf to his laurel. In small portraits of conversations, &c. he was somewhat more successful; but in a few years the novelty wore off, and the public grew tired. Though he had great facility,† and general success, in his resemblances, his eye was too correct, and his hand too faithful, for those who wished to be flattered. The fantastic fluttering robes, given by contemporary painters, were too absurd for him to imitate; and he painted all his figures in the exact habits they wore. Compared with the dignified dresses of Vandyke, the Germanic garb, which then prevailed, gave a mean and unpicturesque formality to his portraits.

Though hardly to be classed as a little

* See two large pictures of the Good Samaritan, and the Pool of Bethesda, which he presented to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

† G. M. Stainforth, Esq. of Berkeley Square, has in his possession a portrait of the late Justice Walsh, which, for a wager, Mr. Hogarth painted in less than an hour, and it is said to be a strong resemblance.

man, Hogarth was rather below the middle size; had an eye peculiarly bright and piercing; and an air of spirit and vivacity. From an accident in his youth, he had a deep scar in his forehead: the mark remained; and he frequently wore his hat so as to display it. His conversation was lively and cheerful,* mixed with a quickness of retort that did not gain him friends. Severe in his satire on those who were present,—but of the absent he was usually the advocate;† and has sometimes boasted that he never uttered a sentence

* This observation extends no farther than to his conversation among his intimates.

" Mr. Walpole once invited Gray the poet, and Hogarth, " to dine with him; but what with the reserve of the one, " and a want of colloquial talents in the other, he never " passed a duller time than between these two representa- " tives of tragedy and comedy; being obliged to rely en- " tirely on his own efforts to support conversation."

Nicholls's Anecdotes, p. 97.

Johnson, though his colloquial powers were gigantic, could not speak in the Society of Arts: he could not, as he himself expressed it, *get on*.

† In this he resembled a man, whose simplicity of man-

concerning any man living, that he would not repeat to his face. In the relations of husband, brother, friend, and master, he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent. In diet abstemious; but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted. Not parsimonious, yet frugal;—but such were the rewards then paid to artists, that, after the labour of a long life, he left a very inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a large portion of what was bequeathed.* His Character, and the Illustrations I have attempted, are built upon a diligent examination of

ners, and integrity of life, give me a pride in avowing myself one of his descendants.

"He could not bear that any one should in their absence "be evil spoken of; and in such cases frequently recom- "mended the person who censured, to peruse that verse in "Leviticus, xix. 14. which says, *Thou shalt not curse the* "*deaf*; adding, "Those that are *absent* are deaf." *Orton's Edition of the Life of Rev. Philip Henry, p. 252.*

* A merchant, named Purse, whom he never saw, left him a legacy of one hundred pounds, as a trifling acknowledgment for the pleasure and information the testator had

his prints: if in any case it should be thought that they have biassed my judgment, I can truly say, that they have informed it. From them I have learnt much, which I should not otherwise have known, and to inspecting them I owe many very happy hours. Considering their originality, variety, and truth, if we take from the artist all that he *is said* to have wanted, he will have more left than has been often the portion of man.

received from his works. By this solitary testimony to his talents he was highly gratified.

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Cordwell sc. Dent for Lombard Mills

HOGARTH ILLUSTRATED.

VOLUME I.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

The snares are set, the plot is laid,
Ruin awaits the hapless maid;
" SEDUCTION sly assails thine ear,
" And *gloating foul Desire* is near;—
" Baneful and blighting are their smiles,
" *Destruction* waits upon their wiles;
" Alas! thy guardian angel sleeps;
" VICE claps her hands, and virtue weeps."

E.

THE general aim of historical painters has been to emblazon some signal exploit of an exalted and distinguished character. To go through a series of actions, and conduct their hero from the cradle to the grave, to give a history upon canvas, and tell a story with the pencil, few of them attempted. Mr. Hogarth saw, with the intuitive eye of genius, that one path to the Temple of Fame was yet untrodden; he took NATURE for his guide, and gained the summit. He was the painter of nature; for he gave not merely the *ground-plan* of the countenance, but marked the features with every impulse of the

mind. He may be denominated the biographical dramatist of domestic life; leaving those heroic monarchs who have blazed through their day, with the destructive brilliancy of a comet to their adulatory historians, he, like *Lillo*, has taken his scenes from humble life, and rendered them a source of entertainment, instruction, and morality.

This series of prints gives the history of a *prostitute*. The story commences with her arrival in London, where, initiated in the school of profligacy, she experiences the miseries consequent to her situation; and dies in the morning of life. Her *variety of wretchedness*, forms such a picture of the way that vice rewards her votaries, as ought to warn the young and inexperienced, against entering this path of infamy.

The first scene of this domestic tragedy is laid at the Bell Inn, in Wood-street; and the heroine is probably daughter to a poor old clergyman, who is reading the direction of a letter close to the York waggon; from which vehicle she has just alighted. In attire, neat,—plain,—unadorned; in demeanour, artless,—modest,—diffident: in the bloom of youth, and more distinguished by native innocence than elegant symmetry; her conscious blush, and downcast eyes, attract the attention of a female fiend, who pandars to the vices of the opulent and libidinous. Coming out of the door of the Inn, we

discover two men,* one of whom is eagerly gloating on the devoted victim. This is a portrait, and said to be a very strong resemblance of colonel Francis Chartres, whose epitaph was written by doctor Arbuthnot: in that epitaph his character is most emphatically described. To shew how fair an object for satire the painter has selected, and how properly he has hung up such a miscreant, as an example for posterity to avoid, part of it is inserted.†

The old procuress addresses her immediately after her alighting from the waggon; and addresses

* The attendant represents John Gourlay, the colonel's favourite and confidential pimp.

† Here continueth to rot,
the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
in spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
in the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY;
his insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
his matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Oh indignant reader!
think not his life useless to mankind;
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
to give to after ages a conspicuous
proof and example,
of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

her with the familiarity of a friend, rather than the reserve of one who is to become her mistress.

Had her father been versed in even the first rudiments of physiognomy, he would have prevented her engagement with one of so decided an aspect; for this also is a portrait of a woman infamous in her day:* but he, good, easy man, unsuspicious as Mr. Fielding's parson Adams, is wholly engrossed in the contemplation of a superscription to a letter; for this letter is a recommendation to the bishop of the diocess. So important an object prevents his attending to his daughter, or regarding the devastation occasioned by his gaunt and hungry *Rozinante* having snatched at the straw that packs up some earthenware, and produced

"The wreck of flower-pots, and the crash of pans!"

From his appearance, we are led to suppose him unpractised in the wiles of a great city. Blind to the abyss of misery on the brink of which his child is tottering, he congratulates himself on having so soon provided for her.

From the inn she is taken to the house of

* Mother Needham, who stood in the pillory, at Park Place, on the 5th of May, 1734, and was so roughly treated by the populace that she died a few days afterwards. The crime for which she suffered was, *keeping a lewd and disorderly house.*

the procuress, divested of her home-spun garb, and dressed in the gayest style of the day; her pincushion and scissars discarded for an *etwee* and watch, and the tender native hue of her complexion incrusted with paint, and disguised by patches. She is then introduced to colonel Chartres, who tells her she is born to grandeur; and, by artful flattery and liberal promises, intoxicated with the dreams of imaginary greatness. A short time convinces her of how *light a breath* these promises were composed. Deserted by her keeper, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for all the pompous paraphernalia of prostitution, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets for that precarious subsistence which flows from the drunken rake or profligate debauchee. Here her situation is truly pitiable! Chilled by nipping frost and midnight dew, the repentant tear trickling on her heaving bosom, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of destructive poison. This, added to the contagious company of women of her own description, vitiates her mind, eradicates the native seeds of virtue, destroys that elegant and fascinating simplicity which gives additional charms to beauty, and leaves in its place ART, AFFECTATION, and IMPUDENCE.

Neither the painter of a sublime picture, nor the writer of an heroic poem, should ever introduce any trivial circumstances that are likely to draw

the eye of the spectator from the principal figures. Such compositions should form one *great whole*; *minute detail* will inevitably weaken their effect. But in little stories, which record the domestic incidents of familiar life, these accessary accompaniments, though trifling in themselves, acquire a consequence from their situation; they add to the interest, and realize the scene. In this, as in almost all which were delineated by Mr. Hogarth, we see a close regard paid to things as they then were; by which means his prints become a sort of historical record of the manners of the age.

The balcony, with linen hanging to dry, the York waggon, which intimates the county that gave birth to our young adventurer, and the parcels lying on the ground, prove the peculiar attention he paid to the *minutiæ*. The initials M. H. on one of the trunks, give us the name of the heroine of this drama. *Mary Hackabout* was a character then well known, and infamous for her licentiousness and debauchery.*

To the *composition* Mr. Hogarth does not seem to have paid much attention; his subject demanded the back-ground to be broken. Of

* The Grub-street Journal, for August 6, 1730, giving an account of several prostitutes who were taken up, informs us, that "the fourth was *Kate Hackabout* (whose "brother was lately hanged at *Tyburn*), a woman noted in "and about the hundreds of *Drury*, &c."

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Forbould & Dent Sc.

elegant beauty he had not much idea, but he has marked his heroine with natural simplicity. To the old procuress he has given her physiognomical distinction, and to the colonel his appropriate stamp.

PLATE II.

"Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring;
"Thou shining, frail, adorn'd, but wretched thing!
"Old age will come; disease may come before,
"And twenty prove as fatal as threescore!"

ENTERED into the path of infamy, the next scene exhibits our young heroine in high life, become the mistress of a rich Jew, attended by a black boy,* and surrounded with all the pompous parade of tasteless profusion. Her mind being now as depraved as her person is decorated,

* The attendant black boy gave the foundation of an ill-natured remark by Quin, when Garrick once attempted the part of Othello. "He pretend to play Othello!" said the surly satirist; "He pretend to play Othello! He wanted "nothing but the tea-kettle and lamp, to qualify him for "Hogarth's Pompey!"

she keeps up the spirit of her character by extravagance and inconstancy. An example of the first is exhibited in the monkey being suffered to drag her rich head-dress about the room, and of the second in the retreating gallant. The Hebrew is represented at breakfast with his mistress; but having come earlier than was expected, the favourite has not departed. His arrival creates much alarm; to secure a retreat without observation, is an exercise for the invention of both mistress and maid. This is accomplished by the lady finding a pretence for quarrelling with the Jew, kicking down the tea-table, and scalding his legs, which, added to the noise of the china, so far engrosses his attention that the paramour, assisted by the servant, makes his escape without discovery.

The subjects of two pictures with which the room is decorated, are David dancing before the ark, and Jonah seated under a gourd. They are placed there not merely as circumstances which belong to Jewish story, but as a piece of covert ridicule on the old masters, who generally painted from the ideas of others, and repeated the same tale *ad infinitum*. On the toilet-table we discover a mask, which well enough intimates that masquerades, then a very fashionable amusement, were much frequented by women of this description; a sufficient reason for their being avoided by those of an opposite character.

Under the protection of this disciple of Moses

she could not remain long. Riches are his only attractions, and profusely as they are lavished on this unworthy object, her attachment is not to be obtained, nor can her constancy be secured; repeated acts of infidelity are punished by dismission; and her next situation shews that, like most of her sisterhood, she had lived without any apprehension of the sunshine of life being ever darkened by the passing cloud, and made no provision for the hour of adversity.

In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot, the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table, the start of the black boy, the cautious trip of the *ungartered* and *barefooted* retreating gallant, and the sudden spring of the scalded monkey, are admirably expressed. To represent an object in a falling state, has been said to be *impossible*; the attempt has seldom succeeded; but in this print, the tea equipage really appears descending to the ground.*

* In Rembrandt's *Abraham's Offering*, in the Houghton collection, now at Petersburg, the knife dropping from the hand of the patriarch, appears in a *falling* state.

PLATE III.

"Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
"On all thy future steps shall wait;
"Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
"And every foot thy presence fly."

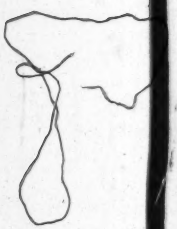
HERE we see this child of misfortune *fallen, fallen, fallen, from her high estate!*

Her magnificent apartment is quitted for a dreary lodging in the purlieus of Drury-lane, in which she is at breakfast. Every object exhibits marks of the most wretched penury: her silver tea-kettle is changed to a tin-pot, and her splendid highly-decorated toilet converted into an old leaf-table, strewed with the filthy relics of her last night's revel, and ornamented with a broken looking-glass. Around the room are scattered tobacco-pipes, gin measures, and pewter pots, emblems of the habits of life into which she is now initiated, and the company which she now keeps: this is farther intimated by the wig-box of James Dalton, a notorious street-robber, who was afterwards executed. In her hand she displays a watch, which it is not unfair to suppose she stole from her last night's gallant, as thievery is frequently part of the prostitute's character, and one great source of her support. In addition to the evils of poverty,



Cadwell & Davis 56 Lombard Street

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we see, by the phials and pill-boxes in the window, intimations of that common attendant upon promiscuous prostitution well enough described, as

"The curse and punishment of lawless love."

The comfortless, poverty-stricken appearance of every object in this wretched receptacle, the bit of butter *delicately* deposited on a piece of paper, instead of a plate,* the candle in a bottle, the bason upon a chair, the punch bowl and comb upon the table, and the tobacco-pipes, &c. strewed upon the unswept floor, give an admirable picture of the *elegant* style in which this *pride* of *Drury-lane ate* her *matin* meal. The pictures which ornament the room are, Abraham offering up Isaac, and a portrait of the Virgin Mary; Dr. Sacheverell † and Macheath the highwayman, are placed together as companion prints. In the tie of the curtain is a sort of *lusus naturæ*, which may pass for the head of an *owl*, and was perhaps intended as a symbol of the wisdom of the old woman; the playful *kitten*, with a riband round its neck, may

* This paper appears to be a pastoral letter from Gibson bishop of London to the clergy of his diocess; and intimates that the writings of these grave prelates were then sometimes to be found in chandlers' shops, as they are even unto this day.

† Following the doctor's name, are the letters S. T. P. sacred professor of theology. A fellow not knowing the import of these *dignifying capitals*, well enough translated them, SAUCY, TROUBLESOME PUPPY.

intimate the wantonness of the young one. There is some whimsicality in placing the two ladies under a canopy,* formed by the unnailed valance of the bed; this canopy is characteristically crowned by the wig-box of a highwayman.

A magistrate † appears to be cautiously entering the room, with his attendant constables, prepared to commit her to an house of correction. Ima-

* When *Theodore*, the unfortunate king of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean-street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of their committee informed him by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two gentlemen would wait upon him with the money. To give his *Attic* apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of------kissing it!

† Sir John Gunston, a justice of peace, very active in the suppression of brothels. In *a View of the Town in* 1735, *by T. Gilbert*, fellow of Peter House, Cambridge, are the following lines,

"Though laws severe to punish crimes were made,
"What honest man is of these laws afraid?
"All felons against judges will exclaim,
"As harlots tremble at a Gunston's name."

Pope has noticed him in his Imitations of Dr. Donne, and Loveling, in a very elegant Latin ode. Thus, between the poets and the painter, the name of this harlot-hunting justice is transmitted to posterity. He died on the 9th of January, 1765.

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gine her then, with her worthless and infamous servant, notwithstanding all her cries, promises, and entreaties, hurried through the streets to Bridewell; her shame and mortification increased by the shouts and jeers of an attendant populace, and there put to hard labour, in the hope that, joined with hard fare, it may produce a reformation.

PLATE IV.

"With pallid cheek and haggard eye,
"And loud laments, and heartfelt sigh,
"Unpitied, hopeless of relief,
"She drinks the bitter cup of grief.
"In vain the sigh, in vain the tear,
"Compassion never enters here;------
"But justice clanks her iron chain,
"And calls forth SHAME, REMORSE, and PAIN." E.

THE situation in which the last plate exhibited our fair miserable, was horrid; in this that horror is greatly aggravated. We now see her suffering the chastisement due to her crimes, reduced to the wretched alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the correction of her savage task-master. * Ex-

* Such well dressed females are rarely met with in our present houses of correction; but her splendid appearance is

posed to the derision of all around her; even her own servant, who seems well acquainted with the rules of the place, appears little disposed to shew her any return of gratitude for recent obligations, though even her shoes, which she displays while tying up her garter, seem by their gaudy outside to have been a present from her mistress. In this dreary receptacle are variety of punishments: the civil discipline of the stern keeper, who appears a perfect *Martinet* in his way, is almost equal to the military punishments of the ancients: this is exemplified by the heavy clog, the staple in the ground, &c. Those who will not labour are hung by the wrists; all are compelled to work hard; and as they are left to the mercy of this Egyptian task-master, who reaps the profit of their exertions, very little intermission is granted to any, except the few who can soften his obduracy by a well-applied fee. How dreadful, how degrading

sufficiently justified by the following paragraph in the Grub-street Journal of September 14th, 1730.

"One *Mary Moffat*, a woman of great note in the hun-
"dreds of Drury, who about a fortnight ago was committed
"to hard labour in Tothill-fields Bridewell, by nine justices,
"brought his majesty's writ of *habeas corpus*, and was car-
"ried before the right honourable the lord chief justice Ray-
"mond, expecting to have been either bailed or discharged;
"but her commitment appearing to be legal, his lordship
"thought fit to remand her back again to her former place
"of confinement, where *she is now beating hemp in a gown*
"*very richly laced with silver*."

is the situation! These accumulated evils might perhaps produce a momentary remorse, but a return to the path of virtue is not so easy as a departure from it. The Magdalen has been instituted since that time, and the wandering female has sometimes found it an asylum from wretchedness, and a refuge from the reproaches of the world.

To shew that neither the dread nor endurance of the severest punishments will deter from the perpetration of crimes, a one-eyed female, close to the keeper, is picking a pocket. The torn card is probably dropped by the well-dressed gamester, who has exchanged the dice-box for the mallet, and whose laced hat is hung up as the companion trophy to the lady's hoop-petticoat.

One of the girls appears scarce in her teens. These unfortunate little wanderers are still suffered, to the disgrace of our *police*, to take their nocturnal rambles in the most public streets of the metropolis. What heart is there so void of sensibility as not to heave a pitying sigh at their deplorable situation? Vice is not confined to colour, for a *black* woman is ludicrously exhibited as suffering the penalty of those frailties which are imagined peculiar to the *fair*.

The figure chalked as dangling upon the wall, with a pipe in his mouth, is intended as a *caracatured* portrait of Sir John Gunston, and probably the production of some *wou'd-be artist*, whom the

magistrate had committed to this place, as a proper *academy* for the pursuit of his studies. The inscription upon the pillory, BETTER TO WORK THAN STAND THUS; and that on the post near the laced gambler, THE REWARD OF IDLENESS, are judiciously introduced.

In this print the composition is tolerably good: the figures in the back-ground, though properly subordinate, are sufficiently marked. The lassitude of the principal character is well contrasted by the austerity of the rigid overseer. There is a fine climax of female debasement from the gaudy heroine of our drama to her maid, and from thence to the still lower object who is represented as *destroying* * one of the plagues of Egypt.

* There may be some who will object to this word, as too important for the action. I have the example of a very eminent personage, dignified with the pompous addition of R. D. to justify its insertion. This great man, a few years ago, placed against the wall of his house, in the neighbourhood of Hatton-garden, a board, broad as a church door, on which was inscribed in letters of two feet long, THE DESTROYER LIVES HERE. On a close inspection of the sign, it appeared to be sprinkled over with a number of little black dots, intended to represent BUGGS.



Ferdinand Deutsch

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PLATE V.

" With keen remorse, deep sighs, and trembling fears,
" Repentant groans, and unavailing tears,
" This child of misery resigns her breath,
" And sinks, despondent, in the arms of death." E.

RELEASED from Bridewell, we now see her in all the extremity of penury and wretchedness, dying of the malady which so frequently accompanies her profession. The two quacks, whose injudicious treatment has probably accelerated her death, are quarrelling about the efficacy of their nostrums, and each accusing the other with having poisoned her.* While the maid servant is calling to them to cease quarrelling, and assist her dying mistress, the nurse is plundering her trunk of the few poor remains of former grandeur. Her little boy turning a scanty remnant of meat hung

* The meagre figure is a portrait of Dr. *Misaubin*, a foreigner, at that time in considerable practice.

These disputes I have been told *sometimes* happen at a *consultation* of *regular* physicians, and a patient has been so *unpolite* as to die before they could agree about the name of his disorder.

" About the symptoms, how they disagree;
" But how unanimous about the fee!"

to roast by a string; the linen hanging to dry, the coals deposited in a corner, the candles, bellows, and gridiron hung upon nails, the furniture of the room, and indeed every accompaniment, afford a dreary display of poverty and wretchedness. Over the candles hangs a cake of *Jews' bread*, once perhaps the property of her Levitical lover, and now used as a fly trap. The initials of her name, M. H. are smoked upon the ceiling as a kind of *memento mori* to the next inhabitant. On the floor lies a paper inscribed ANODYNE NECKLACE, at that time deemed a sort of CHARM against the disorders incident to children; * and on the table a paper of *Dr. Rock*'s pills.

A picture of general, and, at this awful moment, indecent confusion is admirably represented. The noise of the two enraged quacks, disputing in bad English, the harsh vulgar scream of the maid servant, the table falling to the ground, and the pot boiling over, must produce a combination of sounds dreadful and dissonant to the ear. In this pitiable situation, without a single friend to close her dying eyes, or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear; forlorn!—destitute!—desolate!—and deserted! the heroine of this eventful history expires; her premature death, brought on by a li-

* The enumeration of its various virtues, and *never-failing* efficacy, at this *enlightened* and *philosophical* period (1790), covers one side of a house in Long-acre.

centious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, and attended by consequent infamy, misery, and disease. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and the inexperienced, and proves this great, this important truth, that

A DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE, IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS.

The emaciated appearance of the dying figure, the thoughtless inattention of the boy, and the rapacious, unfeeling eagerness of the old nurse, are naturally and forcibly delineated.

The figures are well grouped; the curtain gives depth to the room, and forms a good back-ground to the doctor's head; the light is well distributed, and all the accompaniments are highly appropriate to the place.

PLATE VI.

" No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
" Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
" By harlots' hands thy dying eyes were clos'd;
" By harlots' hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
" By harlots' hands thy humble grave adorn'd;
" By harlots honour'd, and by harlots mourn'd."

The adventures of our heroine are now concluded. She is no longer an actor in her own tragedy; and there are those who have considered this print as a farce at the end of it: but surely this was not the intention of the author.

The ingenious writer of Tristram Shandy begins the life of his hero before he is born; the picturesque biographer of Mary Hackabout has found an opportunity to convey admonition, and enforce his moral, after her death. A wish usually prevails, even among those who are most humbled by their own indiscretions, that some respect should be paid to their remains; that their eyes should be closed by the tender hand of a surviving friend, and the tear of sympathy and regret shed upon the sod which covers their grave; that those who loved them living, should attend their *last sad obsequies*; and a sacred character read over the awful service which our re-



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ligion ordains, with the solemnity it demands. The memory of this votary of prostitution meets with no such marks of social attention, or pious respect. The preparations for her funeral are as licentious as the progress of her life, and the contagion of her example seems to reach all who surround her coffin. One of them is engaged in the double trade of seduction and thievery; a second is contemplating her own face in a mirror. The female who is gazing at the corpse, displays some marks of concern, and feels a momentary compunction at viewing the melancholy scene before her: but if any other part of the company are in a degree mournful, it is at best but a maudlin sorrow, kept up by glasses of strong liquor, which each holds in her hand. The depraved priest does not seem likely to feel for the dead that hope expressed in our liturgy.* The appearance and employment of almost every one present at this *mockery of woe*, is such as must raise disgust in the breast of every female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral.

In this plate there are some local customs which mark the manners of the times when it was

* The woman seated next to the divine was intended for Elizabeth Adams, who, on the 10th of September, 1737, at the age of thirty, was executed for a robbery, which had been attended with circumstances that aggravated the crime.

engraved, but are now almost entirely disused, except in some of the provinces very distant from the capital; sprigs of rosemary were then given to each of the mourners: to appear at a funeral without one, was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief. This custom might probably originate in a time when the plague made such ravages in the metropolis, and rosemary was deemed an antidote against contagion. It must be acknowledged that there are also in this print some things which, though they gave the artist an opportunity of displaying his humour, are violations of propriety and custom: such is her child, who is but a few removes from infancy, being habited as chief mourner, to attend his parent to the grave; rings presented, and escutcheons hung up, in a garret, at the funeral of a needy prostitute. The escutcheons, however, give him an opportunity of exhibiting the armorial bearings of the society who surround her coffin.* The whole may be intended as a bur-

* When the celebrated *Nancy Elliot* found that she must pass *that bourne from whence no traveller returns*, she was very solicitous to see her sister, whose life had not been strictly virtuous, to deliver her last advice and dying admonition. Her father used his best endeavours to effect this pious purpose, but was too late; and reached her house, accompanied by his other daughter, a few moments only before she died.

When her death was announced, he grasped his remaining

lesque upon ostentatious and expensive funerals, which were then more customary than they are now. Mr. Pope has well ridiculed the same folly:

" Behold, when dead, a thousand lights attend
" The wretch who, living, sav'd a candle's end!"

The figures in this print have much characteristic discrimination. The woman looking into the coffin has more beauty than we generally see in the works of this artist. The gloating stare of the undertaker, the leer of his companion, the internal satisfaction of the parson and his next neighbour, contrasted to the maudlin howl of the old woman at the opposite side, evince Mr. Hogarth's thorough knowledge of the operation of the passions upon the features. The composition forms a good shape, the picture has a proper depth, and the light is well managed.

The opinion which Sir James Thornhill, one of the most eminent painters of his day, formed of these plates, may be inferred from the following circumstance. Mr. Hogarth had without consent married his daughter: the father, considering him as an obscure artist, was much displeased with the connection. To give him a

child by the hand, and, pointing to her emaciated sister, pathetically exclaimed, *Look there!*---and sunk down in a swoon, from which he was with difficulty recovered.

better opinion of his son-in-law, a common friend, one morning, privately conveyed the six pictures of the Harlot's Progress into his drawing-room. Sir James, seeing them, eagerly inquired who was the artist; and being told, cried out, "*Very well! very well, indeed! The man who "can paint such pictures as these, can maintain a "wife without a portion.*" This was the remark of the moment; but he afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities to be an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous.

When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town, that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription-book. When the prints appeared, they were beheld with astonishment. A subject so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. At a time when England was coldly inattentive to every thing which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, which were published, by permission of the author, for *Thomas Bakewell*. The whole series were copied on fan-mounts, representing the six plates, three on one side, and three on the other. It was transferred from the copper to the stage,

in the form of a pantomime, by Theophilus Cibber; and again represented in a ballad opera, entitled, the Jew Decoyed; or, the Harlot's Progress.

A *Joseph Gay*, and several other wretched rhymesters, published what they called *poetical illustrations of Mr. Hogarth's six plates:* but these effusions of dullness do not deserve enumeration; nor would they deserve mention, but as collateral proofs of the great estimation in which these prints were held, when their popularity could force the sale of such miserable productions. Happily, they are now consigned to those two high priests of the temple of oblivion, the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook.

The six original pictures were sold on the 25th of January, 1744-5, and produced eighty-eight pounds, four shillings. Mr. Beckford, a late lord mayor of London, was, I believe, the purchaser. At a fire which burnt down his house at *Fonthill, Wiltshire*, in the year 1755, they were consumed.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

" Oh, vanity of age untoward!
" Ever spleeny, ever froward!
" Why these bolts and massy chains,
" Squint suspicions, jealous pains?
" Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
" Lay'st thou up an useless store?
" *Hope* along with *Time* is flown;
" Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.
" Hast thou a son? In time be wise;
" He views thy toil with other eyes.
" Needs must thy kind paternal care,
" Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there?
" Whence, then, shall flow that friendly ease,
" That social converse, heartfelt peace,
" Familiar duty without dread,
" Instruction from example bred,
" Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
" And with the *father* mix the *friend*.
" Uncircumscrib'd by prudent rules,
" Or precepts of expensive schools;
" Abus'd at home, abroad despis'd,
" Unbred, unletter'd, unadvis'd;
" The headstrong course of life begun,
" What comfort from thy darling son?"

HOADLEY *.

IN the last series of prints Mr. Hogarth delineated, with a master's hand, the miseries at-

* Under a pirated set of the Harlot's Progress, published



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tendant upon a female's deviating from virtue, and plunging into dissipation. In this he presents to us the picture of a young man, thoughtless, extravagant, and licentious; and, in colours equally impressive, paints the destructive consequences of his conduct. The first print most forcibly contrasts two opposite passions; the unthinking negligence of *youth*, and the sordid avaricious rapacity of age. It brings into one point of view what Mr. Pope so exquisitely describes in his Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

> "Who sees pale *Mammon* pine amidst his store,
> "Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
> "This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
> "The next a fountain, spouting through his heir."

It represents a young man taking possession of a rich miser's effects, and is crouded with the monuments of departed avarice. Every thing valuable, or not valuable, appears to have been hoarded. Whether it be a chest of old plate, or an old coat; a worn-out boot, or the caul of a periwig; all, all, all is laid up with religious care. The thread-bare garments are hung up; the rusty spur is put into a closet; and even a spectacle-

by Boitard, were inscribed six miserable verses: our painter of domestic story, finding they had some effect, requested his friend Dr. Hoadley to explain the Rake's Progress by poetical illustrations. The request was complied with; and the verses to each print are added to this work.

frame, *without glasses*, is thought worthy of preservation. The contents of his *armoury* are curious, and about as valuable as the lumbering furniture of his room: they consist of two swords; which may be considered as trophies of his former prowess, or protectors of his present pelf. The crutch and walking-stick, those unequal supporters of his feeble frame, now lean unheeded against the wall: that there are not two crutches, may be owing to his having broken one, and not choosing to be so extravagant as to purchase another. His fur cap seems to have been his winter substitute for fire; as the grate in which the withered *Sybil* is laying wood, has no marks of even a remaining cinder. The remnant of candle, stuck in a save-all; the jack taken down, as an useless piece of furniture, and, with the spit, hoisted into a high cupboard, give strong indications of the manner in which this votary of Mammon existed, for such a being could scarce be said to live. The gaunt appearance of an half-starved cat, proves not only the rigid abstinence practised by this wretched slave to his wealth, but that, in his miserable mansion,

> "*No mouse e'er lurks, no rat e'er seeks for food.*"

The iron-bound chests, the hidden gold falling from the breaking cornice, and indeed every article that is displayed in this dreary tomb of buried

wealth, gives additional marks of a suspicious and sordid disposition. A picture of the miser counting his gold; the escutcheons, those gloomy ornaments of departed wretchedness, with *the armorial bearings* of *avarice*, three vices hard screwed, are adjuncts highly appropriate to the place. The motto inscribed under the arms is, BEWARE! This is a well-directed caution, and ought to be considered by all those who feel a propensity to this meanest of all passions. An old shoe, soled with the cover of a Bible, and the little memorandum, *May 5th*, 1721, *put off my bad shilling*, are strong exemplifications of this great truth, that extreme avarice destroys all reverence for religion, and eradicates every principle of honesty.

The introduction to this history is well delineated. The principal figure is marked with that easy, unmeaning vacancy of face, which speaks him formed by nature for a DUPE. Ignorant of the value of money, and negligent in his nature, he leaves his bag of untold gold in the reach of an old and greedy pettyfogging attorney,* who is

* It has been generally said, that this is an appraiser and undertaker; let not these venerable dealers in dust any longer suffer the disgrace of so unjust an insinuation: that the artist intended to delineate a *lawyer*, is clearly intimated by his old, uncurled tie-wig, and the baize bag. We cannot mistake these obtrusive ensigns of the CRAFT, or MYSTERY, or PROFESSION, of which this hoary villain is a member.

making an inventory of the usurious bonds, mortgages, indentures, &c. to which he is become heir. This man, with that rapacity so natural to his profession, is seizing the first opportunity of plundering his employer. Hogarth had, a few years before, been engaged in a law-suit, which gave him some experience of the PRACTICE of those pests of society.

The figure of the young woman with a wedding ring is not alluring, neither is her face attractive; but her being pregnant, and accompanied by her mother with an apron full of letters, gives her a claim to our pity, as it clearly intimates, that this is meant as a visit to entreat the promised hand of her seducer; but he violates every former protestation, refuses her marriage, and attempts to bribe her into silence. The mother appears to be violently reproaching him for his conduct, and invoking the curses of offended heaven upon his falsehood.

The drawing and disposition of the figures in this print is tolerably good, the light is properly distributed, and the perspective accurately represented; but the whole wants *mass*. To display the hoards, it was necessary to open the boxes and doors; and though an exhibition of this heterogeneous collection, heaped together by this wretched defrauder of himself, most forcibly describes the disposition of the man,—it hurts the *repose* of the picture. Breaking the back-ground into so many

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parts, destroys that *breadth* which ought to be considered as the leading excellence.

PLATE II.

" *Prosperity* (with harlot's smiles,
" Most pleasing when he most beguiles),
" How soon, sweet foe, can all thy train
" Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
" Enter the unprovided mind,
" And memory in fetters bind?
" Load faith and love with golden chain,
" And sprinkle *Lethe* o'er the brain!
" *Pleasure*, on her silver throne,
" Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
" *Venus* comes with her along,
" And smooth *Lyæus*, ever young;
" And in their train, to fill the press,
" Come *apish Dance*, and *swoln Excess*,
" Mechanic *Honour*, vicious *Taste*,
" And *Fashion* in her changing vest." HOADLEY.

In the first print we saw a picture of the sordid avarice of the wretched miser; in this it is opposed by the giddy profusion of his prodigal heir. The old man pined in the midst of plenty, starved, while surrounded by abundance, and refused himself enjoyment of the absolute necessaries of life,

from an apprehension of wanting them at a future day.

"Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
"And quite mistook reverse of wrong for right."

Three years have elapsed, and our giddy spendthrift throwing off the aukwardness of a rustic, assumes the character, and apes the manners of a modern fine gentleman. To qualify himself for performing the part, see him now attended by a French tailor, a milliner, a Parisian dancing-master,* a Gallic fencing-master,† an English pugilist,‡

* That this gentleman is a *Parisian*, there can be little doubt. He has all the *violent* grace, and *outre* air of his country and profession.

† One *Dubois*, a Frenchman, memorable for his high opinion of the science of defence, which he declared superior to all other arts and sciences united. On the 4th of May, 1734, he fought a duel with an Irishman of his own name---*and was killed!!!*

‡ *Figg*, the famous prize-fighter, who raised himself to the pinnacle of the temple of fame, by conquering a number of hardy Hibernians, before that time deemed invincible. Under a print of his head is the following inscription:

A FIGG FOR THE IRISH.

The taste for this noble science, after having lain dormant above forty years, seems likely again to be revived, and esteemed a necessary part of a gentleman's education. What may we not expect from our nobility and gentry, when we see them, with the hardihood of ancient times, emulating the achievements which distinguish a Mendoza and an Humphreys?

and a teacher of music.* Besides this crowd of MASTERS OF ARTS, he has at his *levee*, a blower of the French-horn, an improver of gardens, † a bravo, ‡ a jockey, § and a poet! Surrounded by such a multitude of *summer* friends, and *warm* admirers, the dissolution of his fortune

* This has been generally said to be intended for a portrait of Handel; but I believe it is not. That great *magician of melody* was too haughty to appear in such a situation, and the artist would scarce presume to place him where he never could have been found. It seems not to mean any particular person, but *generally* a professor of music.

† *Old Bridgeman*, eminent for his taste in the plans of gardens and plantations. As he was a worshipper of the modern style, scorned the square precision of the old school, and attempted to "*create landscape, to realize painting, and improve nature*," Hogarth might have given him a better *design* than that which he holds in his hand; it has all the formality that belongs to the *aquatic froggery* of a Dutch burgomaster.

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
"And half the platform just reflects the other."

‡ A *bravo* is more properly an *Italian*, than an English character; but even in England, the aid of an *assassin* may be useful, when a man dare not resent an affront in *propria persona*.

This gunpowder hero being introduced, and evidently waiting for orders, seems covertly to intimate that *Thomas Rakewell, Esq.* in addition to his other *excellent* qualities, is a COWARD.

§ On the silver cup which the jockey is presenting, we see inscribed, "*won at Epsom by* SILLY TOM." Our *sagacious Esquire* seems to have lent his own name to his favourite horse.

is inevitable; it must melt like snow beneath the solar beam.

How exactly does Bramston describe the hero of this history, in his *Man of Taste.*

------ "Without Italian, and without an ear,
"To Bononcini's music I adhere.------
"To boon companions I my time would give,
"With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live;
"I would with jockies from Newmarket dine,
"And to rough riders give my choicest wine.
"My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
"And make the thief-taker my bosom friend;
"In Figg the prize-fighter by day delight,
"And sup with Colley Cibber every night."

On the back of the musician's chair hangs a list of presents, which Farinelli, an Italian singer, received the day after his performance of a favourite character at the Opera House. Among others, *a gold snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, from J. Rakewell, Esq.*

By these mementos of extravagance and pride, and by the frontispiece to a poem lying on the floor, and dedicated to our thoughtless spendthrift, the ladies of Great Britain are represented as sacrificing their hearts to this *idol of sound*, and crying out, with great earnestness, *One God, one Farinelli!* By this is intimated the violent *rage* of the people of fashion for that most frivolous of all amusements, the *Italian opera.* The taste

which our prodigal has imbibed for the turf, is pointed out by the jockey presenting a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won; his passion for cock-fighting, by the portraits of two fighting-cocks being hung up as the ornaments of his saloon. The picture which he has inserted between them, may perhaps bear a whimsical allusion; it is *the Judgment of Paris.**

The figures in the back-ground consist of such persons as are general attendants in the anti-chamber of a dissipated man of fashion. A poet, who has written a panegyric in honour of the *exalted* character at whose *levee* he attends, waits for

* The attitude of Venus is graceful; but the cool indifference, and *sang froid*, of the Trojan shepherd, carelessly and coolly *seated*, while the fair competitors for the prize are standing up, is intolerable, and merits the following criticism of *Rabelais*.

" Francis I. Roi de France avoit un tableau que l'on di-
" soit être sans defauts; il permit à tout le monde de le venir
" considérer, & ordonna qu'on lui fit parler tous ceux qui y
" trouveroient des defauts: ce tableau représentoit Junon, Vé-
" nus, Pallas, & Paris nuds. Rabelais après l'avoir examiné
" long temps dit qu'il y trouvois un grand défaut de juge-
" ment: on le fit parler au roi, qui lui ayant demandé quel
" etoit ce défaut? il repondit à sa majesté que Paris étant au
" milieu des trois plus belles déesses du ciel ne devoit pas
" être représénté d'un si grand sang froid, & que c'étoit se
" tromper lourdement que de penser que ce prince, jeune &
" vigoureux, fût ainsi demeuré, sans donner quelque signe
" qu'il etoit homme, devant trois déesses nues qui tâchoient
" à l'envi de lui plaire."

the approbation and reward he already vainly anticipates. The whole is a high-wrought satire on those men of rank and fortune, whose folly renders them a prey to the artful and rapacious.

Of the *expression* in this print we cannot speak more highly than it deserves. Every character is marked with its proper and discriminative stamp. It has been said by a very judicious critic *, from whose opinions it is not easy to depart without becoming wrong, that the hero of this history, *in the first plate of the series, is* UNMEANING; and in the second, UNGRACEFUL. The fact is admitted; but, for so delineating him, the author is entitled to our praise, rather than our censure. The conduct of his whole life proves that he was a fool, and at that time he had not learned how to assume an *artificial* character; he therefore looks as he is, *unmeaning*, and *uninformed*. *But in the second plate he is* UNGRACEFUL—Granted. The ill-educated son of so avaricious a father, could not have been introduced into very good company; and though, by the different teachers who surround him, it evidently appears that he wishes to *assume* the character of a gentleman, his internal feelings tell him he has not attained it. Under that consciousness, he is properly and naturally represented as ungraceful, and embarrassed in his new situation.

* The reverend Mr. Gilpin.

The light, it must be acknowledged, is very ill distributed, and the figures most inartificially grouped. To infer from hence that the artist was *at a loss how to group them,* is not quite fair: his other compositions prove that he was not ignorant of the art, but in many of them he has been inattentive to it. In this he seems to have introduced in his print figures which were probably not inserted in his sketch, merely because they were appropriate to his story. The *expression* of the actors in his drama was always his leading object; *composition* he considered as secondary, and was therefore little solicitous about their situation on the stage.

PLATE III.

" O vanity of youthful blood,
" So by misuse to poison good!
" Woman, fram'd for social love,
" Fairest gift of powers above,
" Source of every household blessing;
" All charms in innocence possessing:
" But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;
" Foe to thy being, foe to love!
" Guest divine, to outward viewing;
" Ablest minister of ruin!
" And thou, no less of gift divine,
" Sweet poison of misused wine!
" With freedom led to every part,
" And secret chamber of the heart,
" Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
" And shew thy riotous gang the way
" To enter in, with covert treason,
" O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
" To ransack the abandon'd place,
" And revel there, with wild excess?"

THIS plate exhibits our licentious prodigal engaged in one of his midnight festivities: forgetful of the past, and negligent of the future, he riots in the present. Having poured his libation to Bacchus, he ends the *orgies* of the evening in a sacrifice at the *Cyprian* shrine; and, surrounded by the votaries of Venus, joins in all the unhal-



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lowed mysteries of the place. The companions of his revelry are marked with that *easy*, unblushing effrontery, which belongs to *the servants of all work* in the isle of Paphos;—for the *maids of honour* they are not sufficiently elevated.

He may be supposed, in the phrase of the day, to have beat the rounds, overset a constable, and conquered a watchman, whose staff and lanthorn he has brought into the room, as trophies of his prowess. In this situation, he is robbed of his watch and money by the girl whose hand is in his bosom; and, with that adroitness peculiar to an old practitioner, she conveys her acquisition to an accomplice, who stands behind the chair.

Two of the ladies are quarrelling; and one of them *delicately* spouts a glass of wine in the face of her opponent, who is preparing to revenge the affront with a razor, which, in a posture of threatening defiance, she grasps in her hand. A third, enraged at being neglected, holds a lighted candle to a map of the globe, determined to *set the world on fire, though she perish in the conflagration!* A fourth is undressing. A fellow bringing in a pewter dish,* as part of the apparatus of this elegant and attic entertainment, a blind harper,† a

* This is the portrait of one Leathercoat, many years a porter at the Rose tavern, and remarkable for his universal knowledge of women of the town.

† Hogarth seems to have had a great fancy for bringing King David into bad company. He is in the second plate of

trumpeter, and a ragged ballad-singer roaring out an obscene song, compleats this curious group.

This design may be a very exact representation of what *were then* the nocturnal amusements of a brothel; but so different are the manners of the year 1790, from those of 1734, that I much question whether a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern of the metropolis. That we are less licentious than our predecessors, *I dare not affirm*; but we are certainly more delicate in the pursuit of our pleasures.

The room is furnished with a set of Roman emperors, but they are not placed in the order in which they reigned. In the mad revelry of the evening, this family of frenzy have *decolated* all of them, except *Nero*; and his manners had too great a similarity to their own, to admit of his suffering so degrading an insult; their reverence for his virtues, induced them to spare his head. In the frame of one of the *Cæsars* they have inserted the portrait of *Pontac*, an eminent cook, whose great talents being turned to heightening the *corporeal* rather than the *mental* enjoyments, he has a much better chance of a votive offering from this company, than would either *Vespasian* or Trajan.

the Harlot's Progress depicted in the bed-room of a prostitute, and here he is represented as perched on a harp, at a brothel in Drury-lane.

The shattered mirror, the broken wine-glasses, broken chair, broken cane, the mangled fowl, *with a fork* stuck in its *breast*, thrown into a corner, and indeed every accompaniment, shews that this has been a night of riot without enjoyment, mischief without wit, and waste without gratification.

With respect to the drawing of the figures in this curious *female coterie*, Hogarth evidently intended several of them for *beauties*; and of vulgar, uneducated, prostituted beauty, he had a good idea. The hero of our tale displays all that careless jollity which copious draughts of maddening wine are calculated to inspire; he laughs the world away, and bids it pass. The poor dupe, without his periwig, in the back-ground, forms a good contrast of character: he is maudlin drunk, and sadly sick. To keep up the spirit of unity throughout the society, and not leave the poor African girl entirely neglected, she is making signs to her friend the porter, who perceives, and slightly returns, her *love-inspiring glance*. Some of the figures, thrown into shade, might have helped the general effect, but would have injured the particular expression, and particular expression was almost always the leading object of this artist.

PLATE IV.

" O vanity of youthful blood,
" So by misuse to poison good!
" Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd
" The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;
" Approaching sees the harpy *Law*,
" And *Poverty*, with icy paw,
" Ready to seize the poor remains
" That vice has left of all his gains.
" Cold *penitence*, lame *after-thought*,
" With fear, despair, and horror fraught,
" Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
" Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd."

THE career of dissipation is here stopped. Dressed in the first style of the *ton*, and getting out of a sedan chair, in the hope of shining in the circle, and perhaps forwarding a former application for a place or a pension, he is arrested! To intimate that *being plundered* is the certain consequence of such an event, and to shew how close one misfortune *treads upon the heels of another*, a boy is at the same moment picking his pocket, and a lamp-lighter, at this unlucky hour exalted above him, pouring oil upon his magnificent apparel.

The unfortunate girl whom he has so basely deserted, is now a millener, and naturally enough



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attends in the crowd, to mark the fashions of the day. Seeing his distress, with all the eager tenderness of unabated love she flies to his relief. Possessed of a small sum of money, the hard earnings of unremitted industry, she generously offers her purse for the liberation of her worthless favourite. This pays the debt, releases the captived *beau*, and displays a strong instance of female attachment; which, being once planted in the bosom, is not to be eradicated by the coldest neglect, or harshest cruelty.

The high-born, haughty Welshman, with an enormous leek, and a countenance keen and lofty as his native mountains, establishes the chronology, and fixes the day to be the 1st of March; which being sacred to the titular saint of Wales, was observed at court.*

The back-ground exhibits a view of St. James's Palace, and White's Chocolate-house, then the rendezvous of the first gamesters in London. At this fountain-head of dissipation, the artist has aimed a flash of lightning; and, to shew how contagious is example, and how much this ruinous vice prevails even in the lowest ranks of society, he has, in one corner of the print, represented an assembly composed of shoe-blacks, chimney-sweep-

* It was farther commemorated as the anniversary of Queen Caroline's birth-day.

ers, &c.* who, aping the vices of their superiors, are engaged at cards, dice, cups and balls, and pricking in the belt. To intimate how eagerly these minor gamblers enter into the spirit of what they are engaged in, one of them is naked, and having staked and lost his cloaths, is now throwing for his stock in trade, a basket, brushes, and blacking.

Another is represented in the character of a little smutty politician. He has a pipe in his mouth, and is reading the *Farthing Post*. His tention is exquisitely marked; his whole soul is engaged; and, regardless of the confusion which reigns around him, he is contemplating

"The fate of empires, and the fall of kings."

The chimney-sweeper peeping at the post-boy's cards, and informing his adversary that he has two honours, by holding up two of his fingers, is a fine stroke of humour; as the inscription, BLACK'S, being on a post† close to where this curious *coterie* are met, is an excellent *antithesis*, when contrasted to WHITE'S, which is on the other side.

* The chief of these, who appears in something that seems to have been once a tie-wig, was painted from a French boy that cleaned shoes at the corner of Hog-lane.

† This post, and that close to the feet of the strutting Cambrian, shews that these safeguards to the *pedestrian* were then thought necessary; on new paving the streets, soon

The disposition of the figures is good, the perspective agreeable, and the expression admirable. The trembling terror of the gentleman, agitated to the very soul, is well contrasted by the hard unfeeling insolence of the bailiffs, and that again opposed by the tender solicitude of the poor girl.*

after the accession of his present majesty, they were removed. During the short time of Lord Bute's administration, an English gentleman reprobated the idea of making a *Scotch* pavement in the vicinity of St. James's. Being asked by a North Briton, who was present, how he or any other Englishman could reasonably object to even *Scotchmen* mending their ways in the neighbourhood of a palace; "We "do not object to your mending our ways," replied the other, "but you have taken away *all our* POSTS."

* A pun, to be worthy of notice, ought to be admirably good, or intolerably bad. If Mr. Hogarth meant, what some curious commentators have declared he did, in the fourth Election print, by the inscription WE MUST, on a dial, to intimate *we must die all*, he might in the number of the chair, 41, mean that four to one was the odds against the poor gentleman; for he is at the same moment attacked by four *cardinal curses*, two bailiffs, a pickpocket, and a lamplighter.

PLATE V.

" New to the school of hard *misbap*,
" Driven from the ease of fortune's lap,
" What schemes will nature not embrace
" T' avoid less shame of drear distress?
" *Gold* can the charms of youth bestow,
" And mask deformity with shew:
" Gold can avert the sting of shame,
" In Winter's arms create a flame;
" Can couple youth with hoary age,
" And make antipathies engage."

DEGRADED by the rude enforcement of the law, and relieved from the exigence by one whom he had injured, were circumstances which would have wounded, humbled, I had almost said reclaimed, any man who had either feeling or elevation of mind; but, to mark the progression of vice, we here see this depraved, lost character, hypocritically violating every natural feeling of the soul, and marrying an old Sybil, at the sight of whom nature must recoil, to recruit his exhausted finances.

The ceremony passes in Marybone church; which was then considered at such a distance from London, as to become the usual resort of those



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Cruikshank & Dean Sculpt.

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who wished to be privately married.* That such would be the wish of this prostituted young man, may be fairly inferred from a single glance at the object of his choice. Her charms are heightened by the affectation of an amorous leer, which she directs to her youthful husband, in grateful return for a similar compliment which she supposed paid to herself. This gives her face much meaning, but meaning of such a sort, that an observer being asked, "*How dreadful must be this creature's* "*hatred?*" would naturally reply, "*How hateful* "*must be her love!*"

In his demeanour we discover an attempt to appear at the altar with becoming gravity, and hide the contempt he feels for his intended bride: but we discern internal perturbation through assumed tranquillity; and though he is *plighting his troth* to the old woman, his glances are directed to the young girl who kneels behind her.†

* This is probably a true delineation of the church as it then was. The print was published in 1735, and in the year 1741 the church was rebuilt. It seems likely that *Marybone*, from a *neighbouring village*, may become the centre of the city: the alteration since the year of the Revolution, 1688, justifies this supposition. In that year, the annual amount of the taxes for the whole parish was four and twenty pounds; in 1788, the annual amount was four and twenty thousand.

† From the antiquated bride, and young female adjusting the folds of her gown, is taken a French print of a wrinkled harridan of fashion at her toilet, attended by a blooming

The parson and his clerk seem made for each other: a sleepy, stupid solemnity marks every muscle of the divine, and the nasal droning of the clerk is most happily expressed.

The unfortunate victim of his seduction is here again introduced, with her child and mother, endeavouring to enter the church, and forbid the banns. The opposition made by an old pew-opener, with her bunch of keys, gave the artist a good opportunity for indulging his taste in the burlesque, and he has not neglected it.

The dog* paying his addresses to a one-eyed quadruped of his own species, is a happy parody upon the unnatural union going on in the church.

The *Commandments* are broken:† a crack seems to run near the tenth, which says, *Thou*

Coffeuse. It was engraved by L. Surugue, in 1745, from a picture in crayons by Coypell, and is entitled, *La Folie pare la Decrepitude des Ajustemens de la Jeunesse*. From the Frenchman, however, the dowager of our artist has received so high a polish, that she might be mistaken for a queen-mother of France.

* Trump, Mr. Hogarth's favourite dog, which he has introduced in several of his prints.

† This probably gave the hint to a lady's reply, on being told that thieves had the preceding night broken into the church, and stolen the communion plate, and the Ten Commandments. "I can suppose," added the informant, "that they may melt, and sell the plate; but can you divine "for what possible purpose they could steal the Command-"ments?"---"To *break* them, to be sure," replied she; "to "*break* them."

shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife; a prohibition in the present case hardly necessary. The creed is destroyed by the damps of the church; and so little attention has been paid to the poor's box, that——it is covered with a *cobweb!!!* These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour were perhaps never equalled by any exertion of the pencil; excelled they cannot be.

On one of the pew doors is the following curious specimen of church-yard poetry, and *mortuary* orthography:

THESE : PEWES : VNSCRUD : AND : TAN2 : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
TO : WIT : A : VALT : FOR : BURIAL : THER : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS.*

* This appears to be a genuine and correct copy of the inscription. Part of these lines, in raised letters, now form a pannel in the wainscot at the end of the right-hand gallery, as the church is entered from the street. No heir of the *Forset* family appearing, the vault has been claimed and used by his grace the *Duke* of *Portland*, as lord of the manor. The mural monument of the Taylors, composed of lead gilt over, is still preserved: it is seen in Hogarth's print, just under the window. The bishop of the diocess, when the new church was built, gave orders that all ancient tablets should be placed as nearly as possible in their former situations.

It appears from an examination of the registers, &c. that *Thos. Sice* and *Thos. Horn* were really churchwardens in the year 1725, when the repairs were made. This print came out only ten years afterwards; and the *present* state of the building seems to intimate, that Messieurs Sice and Horn had cheated the parish, when they officially superintended the

A glory over the head of the bride is whimsical.

The branches of *evergreen*, which decorate the pews, give a date to the period, and determine this preposterous union of January with June, to have taken place about the time of Christmas;

"When Winter linger'd in her icy veins."

It has been observed, that "the church is too "small, and that the wooden post, *which seems to* "*have no use*, divides the picture very disagree-"ably."* This cannot be denied; but it appears to be meant as an accurate representation of the place, and the artist delineated it as he found it.

The *grouping* is good, and the principal figure has the air of a gentleman. The light is well distributed, and the scene most characteristically represented.

affairs of their church. The coat, shoes, and stockings of the charity-boy, convey a similar satire, though that is directed to another quarter.

* The reverend Mr. Gilpin.

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PLATE VI.

" *Gold*, thou bright son of Phœbus, source
" Of universal intercourse;
" Of weeping Virtue soft redress;
" And blessing those who live to bless:
" Yet oft behold this sacred trust,
" The tool of avaricious lust;
" No longer bond of human kind,
" But bane of every virtuous mind.
" What chaos such misuse attends!
" Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
" Health, that gives relish to delight,
" Is wasted with the wasting night;
" Doubt and mistrust is thrown on *Heaven*,
" And all its power to chance is given.
" Sad purchase of repentant tears,
" Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
" Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
" Sad purchase of a tortur'd mind,
" To an imprison'd body join'd."

THOUGH now, from the infatuated folly of his antiquated wife, in possession of a fortune, he is still the slave of that baneful vice, which, while it enslaves the mind, poisons the enjoyments, and swallows up the possessions of its deluded votaries. Destructive as the earthquake which convulses nature, it overwhelms the pride of the forest, and ingulphs the labours of the architect.

Newmarket and the cock-pit were the scenes of his early amusements; to crown the whole, he is now exhibited at a gaming-table. All, all, all is lost! His countenance convulsed with agony, and his soul agitated almost to madness, he is imprecating vengeance upon his own head.

> "In heartfelt, bitter anguish he appears,
> "And from the blood-shot ball gush purpled tears!
> "He beats his brow, with rage and horror fraught;
> "His brow half bursts with agony of thought!"

That he should be deprived of all he possessed in such a society as surround him, is not to be wondered at. One of the most conspicuous characters appears, from the pistols in his pocket, to be a highwayman: from the profound stupor of his countenance, we are certain he also is a *losing gamester*; and so absorbed in reflection, that neither the boy who brings him a glass of water, nor the watchman's cry of *Fire!* can arouze him from his *reverie*. Another of this *partie coterie* is marked for one of those well-dressed continental adventurers, who, being unable to live in their own country, annually pour into this, and with no other requisites than a quick eye, an *adroit* hand, and an undaunted forehead, are admitted into what is absurdly enough called *good* company.

At the table is a person in mourning, grasping the corner of his hat in the agony of repentance,

and covering his face from the light with shame;* not having, as we infer from his weepers, received that legacy of which he is now plundered more than *a little month*. On the opposite side is another, on whom fortune has severely frowned, biting his nails in the anguish of his soul. The fifth completes the climax: he is represented with a drawn sword, wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, endeavouring to destroy a poor miserable whom he supposes to have cheated him, but is prevented by the interposition of one of those staggering votaries of Bacchus who are to be found in every company where there is *good wine*; and *gaming*, like the rod of Moses, so far swallows up every other passion, that *the actors*, engrossed by greater objects, willingly leave their wine to *the audience*.

In the back-ground are two collusive associates, eagerly dividing the profits of the evening.

In the corner is a nobleman giving a note to an usurer,† The lean and hungry appearance of

* This thought is taken from a similar character to be found among the figures of the principal personages in the Court of Louis XIV. folio. This work has no engraver's name, but was probably published about the year 1700.

† This is said to be old *Manners*, brother to the late Duke of *Rutland*'s father, to whom the old Duke of Devonshire lost the great estate of Leicester Abbey. Manners was the only person of his time who had amassed a considerable fortune by the profession of a gamester.

this *cent. per cent.* worshipper of the golden calf, is well contrasted by the sleek, contented vacancy of so well-employed a legislator of this great empire. Seated at the table is a portly gentleman, of whom we see very little, coolly sweeping off his winnings.*

The fire, which bursts out in the midst of this confusion,† appears to be unregarded. So engrossed is every one present by his own situation, that the vehement outcries of the watchman, just entering the room, are necessary to rouze their attention to what is generally deemed the first law of nature, *self-preservation.*‡

* This has been thought intended for a portrait of the late Duke of Cumberland; but that cannot be, for the Duke was not more than fifteen years of age when these prints were published.

† Such an accident as is here represented really happened at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's-street, on the 3d of May, 1733.

‡ A masquerade is not often considered as the school of morality: it frequently leads to vice, but seldom reclaims from error. That it *once* had a salutary effect, the following story will evince. Lord C-----, with many amiable virtues, and many brilliant accomplishments, had a most unfortunate propensity to gaming; in one night he lost three and thirty thousand pounds to the late General Scott. Mortified at his ill-fortune, he paid the money, and wished to keep the circumstance secret: it was, however, whispered in the polite circles, and his lordship, to divert his chagrin, a few nights after, slipped on a domino, and went to a masquerade at Carlisle-house. He found all the company running

The grouping is masterly; but the light, being reflected from various sources, overbalances the shadow, and fatigues the eye. The perspective may be formal, but it is natural.

after three Irish ladies, of the name of G---e, in the characters of the *three weird sisters*. These ladies were so well acquainted with every thing that was going on in the great world, that they kept the room in a continued roar by the brilliancy of their *bon mots*, and the terseness of their applications to some people of rank who were present. They knew Lord C----, and they knew of his loss, though he did not know them. He walked up to them, and in a solemn tone of voice, addressed them as follows:

" Ye black and midnight hags,---what do ye do?
" Live ye, or are ye ought that man may question?
" Quickly unclasp to me the book of fate,
" And tell if good or ill my steps await."

First Witch. " All hail, C----e! all hail to thee!
" Once annual lord of thousands thirty-three!"

Second Witch. " All hail, C----e! all hail to thee!
" All hail! though poor thou soon shalt be!"

Hecate. " C----e, all hail! thy evil star
" Sheds baleful influence---Oh, *beware!*
" *Beware* that Thane! beware that SCOTT!
" Or poverty shall be thy lot!
" He'll drain thy youth as dry as hay---
" Hither, sisters, haste away!"

At the concluding word, whirling a watchman's rattle which she held in her hand, the dome echoed with the sound; the astonished peer shrunk into himself with terror,---retired,---vowed never to lose more than a hundred pound at a sitting, abided by the determination, and retrieved his fortune.

PLATE VII.

" Happy the man whose constant thought
" (Though in the school of hardship taught,)
" Can send remonstrance back to fetch
" Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
" Who, self-approving, can review
" Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
" The gloom of age, and cast a ray
" To gild the evening of his day!
" Not so the guilty wretch confin'd:
" No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
" No blessings brought from early youth,
" But broken faith, and wrested truth;
" Talents idle and unus'd,
" And every trust of Heaven abus'd.
" In seas of sad reflection lost,
" From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
" *Reason* the vessel leaves to steer,
" And gives the helm to mad *Despair*."

It is pithilie and profitablie observed, by Maister *Hugh Latimer*, or some other venerable writer of that day, that " the direct path from a gaming-" house is unto a prisonne, for the menne who doe " neeste themselves in these pestiferous hauntes, " being either fooles or cheates, be punished: if " fooles, by their own undoing; if cheates, by the " biting lash of the beadle, and the durance of their " vile bodies."



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In the plate before us, this remark is verified. Our improvident spendthrift is now lodged in that dreary receptacle of human misery,—a prison. His countenance exhibits a picture of despair; the forlorn state of his mind is displayed in every limb, and his exhausted finances, by the turnkey's demand of prison fees, not being answered, and the boy refusing to leave a tankard of British Burgundy, unless he is paid for it.

We learn by a letter upon the table, that a play which he sent for the manager's inspection, "*will not doe*;"* and we see by the enraged countenance

* There has been almost as much debate about the *orthography* of Hogarth, as about the *learning* of Shakspeare. One of these knotty points Doctor Farmer's acute and admirable pamphlet has put out of the reach of doubt; the other is not of much consequence. I am afraid there are too many damning proofs that Mr. William Hogarth was ignorant of the very first rudiments of grammar, for his warmest admirers to contest the point any longer. His fame is fixed upon a firmer basis. It was not necessary for him to study the language of the schools; he searched into the grammar of nature, and was himself the founder of an university, in which the pencil, usurping the office of the pen, describes the passions as they affect the countenance, and narrates the incidents that mark *our little life* with the minuteness of a chronologist, and the fidelity of an historian. It has been truly said, that our divine poet saw nature "without the spectacles of books." Our great artist could never have delineated the workings of the human mind with that precise accuracy which marks all his works, if he had studied the language of the passions from the BOOKS of *your philosophy*.

of his wife, that she is violently reproaching him for having deceived and ruined her. To crown this catalogue of human tortures, the poor girl whom he deserted, is come with her child—perhaps to comfort him,—to alleviate his sorrows, to sooth his sufferings:—but the agonizing view is too much for her agitated frame; inhorrored at the prospect of that misery which she cannot remove;—every object swims before her eyes,—a film covers the sight,—the blood forsakes her cheeks,—her lips assume a pallid hue,—and she sinks to the floor of the prison in temporary death. What a heart-rending prospect for him by whom this is occasioned! Should he in the anguish of his soul inquire, "who is it that hath caused this?" that inward monitor, which to him must be a perpetual torment, would reply in the words that Nathan said unto David, "THOU ART THE MAN!" Such an accumulation of woe, must shake reason from her throne. The thin partitions which divide judgment from distraction are thrown down!—the fine fibres of the brain are over-strained!—and in the place of godlike apprehension,

"Chaos and anarchy assume the sway."

That balm of a wounded mind, the recollection of connubial love, parental joys, and all the nameless tender sympathies which calm the troubled soul,—in his blank and blotted memory find no place. Remorse and self-abhorrence rankle in his bo-

som! his groans, heaved from the heart, pierce the wild waste of air! he is chained! rages!—grinds his teeth, and tears his quivering flesh!—At this dreadful moment appears,

" A fiend, in evil moments ever nigh,
" Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
" Her eye all red, and sunk! a robe she wore,
" With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
" From *me* (she cries), pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
" Born of Despair, and *Suicide* my name!"

He attempts to take away that life which is become hateful to him; is prevented, and removed to a cell, more dreadful than even a prison,

" Where Misery and Madness hold their court."

But let us for a moment return to the present scene.—The wretched, squalid inmate, who is assisting the fainting female, bears every mark of being naturalized to the place: out of his pocket hangs a scroll, on which is inscribed, a scheme to pay the national debt, by J. L. now a prisoner in the Fleet. So attentive was this poor gentleman to the debts of the nation, that he totally forgot his own. The cries of the child, and the good-natured attentions of the two women, heighten the interest, and realize the scene. Over the group are a large pair of wings, with which some emulator of *Dedalus* intended to escape from his confinement; but finding them inadequate to the execution of his project, has placed them upon

the tester of his bed. They would not exalt him to the regions of air, but they o'ercanopy him on earth. A chemist in the back-ground, happy in his views, watching the moment of projection, is not to be disturbed from his dream by any thing less than the fall of the roof, or the bursting of his retort;—and if his dream affords him felicity, why should he be awakened? The bed and gridiron, those poor remnants of our miserable spendthrift's wrecked property, are brought here as necessary in his degraded situation; on one he must try to repose his wearied frame, on the other, he is to dress his scanty meal.

The grated gate, secured with tenfold bars of iron, reminds us of Milton's

> "Infernal doors, that on their hinges grate
> "Harsh thunder!"

The principal figure is wonderfully delineated. Every muscle is marked; every nerve is unstrung: you see into his very soul. The poor prisoner, who is assisting the fainting woman, is ill drawn; the group of which she is the principal figure is unskilfully contrived; it forms a round heavy mass. The opposite group is somewhat better, but not pleasing.

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PLATE VIII.

" *Madness!* thou chaos of the brain,
" What art? that pleasure giv'st and pain,
" Tyranny of fancy's reign!
" Mechanic *fancy!* that can build
" Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
" With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
" Fill'd with *horror*, fill'd with *pleasure!*
" Shapes of *horror*, that would even
" Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven!
" Shapes of *pleasure*, that but seen,
" Would split the shaking sides of *Spleen*.
" O vanity of age! here see
" The stamp of Heaven effac'd by thee!
" The headstrong course of youth thus run,
" What comfort from this darling son?
" His rattling chains with terror hear,
" Behold death grappling with despair!
" See him by thee to ruin sold,
" And curse *thyself*, and curse thy *gold!*"

" Last scene of all,—which ends this strange " eventful history!"

But in even this scene, dreary and horrid as are its accompaniments, he is attended by the faithful and kind-hearted female whom he so basely betrayed. In the first plate we see him refuse her his promised hand. In the fourth she releases him from the harpy fangs of a bailiff; she is present at his marriage. In the hope of relieving his distress she follows him to a prison; and, wishing to

sooth his misery, and alleviate his woe, she here attends him in a mad-house. What a return for infidelity and desertion!

A gentleman who has elucidated these eight prints, asserts that "*this thought is rather unnatural, and the moral certainly culpable.*" * With the utmost deference for his critical abilities, I must entertain a different opinion. We have many examples of female attachment being carried still farther. If it be culpable to forgive those which have despitefully used us, to free those which are in bonds, to visit those which are in prison, and to comfort those which are in affliction, what meaning have the divine precepts of our holy religion?

The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and—in its attachments—ARDENT. If, in her peculiar situation, her assiduities must be deemed in any degree culpable, let us remember that this is but a frail vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is unrolled, may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow-mortal, waft away the scroll, and the tears

* *The reverend Mr. Gilpin,* who, in his remarks on the seventh print, speaks of this female being introduced in the prison scene, as *an episode.* It cannot, however, be called a *digression*; it naturally arises from the main subject, and with the main subject it is materially connected.

EPISODIUM; *Res extra argumentum assumpta.* AINSWORTH.

which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the stream of oblivion.

On the errors of women, let us look with the allowance and humanity of men.—Enchanting woman! thou balm of life! soother of sorrow! solace of the soul! how dost thou lessen the load of human misery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight! Without thee, how heavily would man drag through a dreary world; but if the white hand of a fascinating female be twined round his arm, how joyous, how lightly, doth he trip along the path!

That warm and tender friend, who in the most trying situations retains her enthusiastic fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the first *benison* of Heaven, the *desideratum* of earthly happiness! Let man but draw such a prize in the lottery of life, let him glide down the stream of existence with such a partner, and neither the cold averted eye of a summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune, should ever produce a pang, or excite a murmur. But enough.—Let not the chaste feelings of blushing innocence be wounded by this rhapsody, or for a moment suppose that the episode, or effusion, or e'en whatever she pleases, is intended as a vindication of FEMALE FOLLY; in good truth it is not. The writer would not wish it delivered to the cold-fingered *porteress of Diana's temple*, but it may be laid on

that altar which is sacred to *Friendship*,—to *Hymen*,—to *Love*.—There we will leave it, and return to the plate before us.

A gentleman * from whom I have once or twice reluctantly presumed to differ, says, that "*the* "*drawing of the principal figure is a more accu-* "*rate piece of anatomy than we commonly find in* "*the works of this master.*" The observation is perfectly just, and proves that the *inaccuracies* of Mr. Hogarth did not arise from inability, but from inattention. He says farther, that "*the expression* "*of the principal figure is rather unmeaning.*" The late and ever to be lamented Mr. Mortimer, whose wonderful abilities as an artist were only equalled by his amiable and kind-hearted virtues as a man—the late Mr. Mortimer, of whom I can never think without a sigh of regard and regret, thought very differently. He was once requested to delineate several of the PASSIONS, as they are personified by Mr. Gray. One of the subjects proposed was,

"Moody madness, laughing wild, amid severest woe."

The instant this line was read to him, he opened a portfolio, took out the eighth plate of the Rake's Progress, and pointing to the principal figure, exclaimed, "Sir, if I had never seen

* The reverend Mr. Gilpin. See Essay on Prints, article Hogarth.

" this print, I should say it was not possible to " paint these contending passions in the same " countenance. Having seen this, which displays " Mr. Gray's idea with the faithfulness of a mir- " ror, I dare not attempt it. I could only make " a correct copy; for a deviation from this por- " trait, in a single line, would be a departure from " the character."

The reclining figure, with a cross leaning near him, is in a high degree terrific.*

--------" With horror wild,
" 'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child,
" Sunk in the emphasis of grief;
" Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief."

In the cell are the portraits of three saints, whose systems were built on the necessity of propagating the religion of mercy by the sword and the wheel.

Near him are two astronomers; one drawing lines upon the wall, to represent the firing of bombs, by which he proposes to discover the longitude; the other, with a paper rolled up, to imitate a telescope, gazing at the roof, in the idea that it is

" The spacious canopy of heaven, fretted with golden fires."

* It is designed from one of the two figures at the gate of the hospital in Moorfields; which Mr. Pope, with more malignity than truth, calls *Cibber's brainless brothers*. The sculptor was Mr. Cibber's father.

The opposite group forms a whimsical *trio*. A mad musician, a *counterfeit presentment* of St. Peter, and a poor gentleman, with his hands clasped together, that appears by the inscription of "*Charming Betty Careless*," which he has chalked upon a board, to be

"Craz'd with care, and cross'd by hopeless love."

He is absorbed in thought; and his whole soul so engrossed by the charms of his *Dulcinea*, that neither the discordant sounds of the fiddler, whose trembling strings

"Grate harshly on the nerve auricular,"

nor the roar of the pope, who is furiously denouncing destruction on all heretics, nor the *ear-piercing noise* of a barking cur, can awake him from his reverie.

A crazy tailor, and a mimic monarch, compleat this congregation of calamity.

Two women, impelled by a most unaccountable curiosity, are represented as walking in the back-ground. Devoid of that delicacy which gives beauty new attractions, they forget that an eagerness to witness that woe which they cannot alleviate, gives strong indication of an hardened and unfeeling heart.

The halfpenny stuck against a wall, and dated 1763, was inserted by Mr. Hogarth a few years before his death, and is designed to intimate that

Britannia was then mad. This is one of the few instances wherein he has called in the aid of allegory, but his allegory was always seasoned with wit.

Of the *expression* I have already spoken. The *disposition* of the figures is good. That group in which the usurper of St. Peter's chair is the principal object, is well contrived. There is great simplicity and breadth in the back-ground, and the light and perspective are judicious.

"Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale;
"But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil."

The eight prints of the *Rake's Progress*, with *Southwark Fair*, were advertised in the London Daily Post to be delivered on the 25th of June, 1735, with an apology for the publication having been deferred, which Mr. Hogarth states to have been occasioned by his waiting until the royal assent had been given to an act intended to secure all new-invented prints from being copied, &c.

This series are in every respect superior to those which preceded them, but they were not honoured with an equal attention by the public.

From what did this arise? Were the town more interested in the story of an harlot than in the ad-

ventures of a rake, or had this new mode of *engraving history* lost its *novelty?*

On this occasion was published an octavo pamphlet, entitled, "The Rake's Progress, or the Humours of Drury-lane, a Poem, in eight Cantos, in Hudibrastic verse; being the Rambles of a modern Oxonian: which is a compleat Key to the eight Prints lately published by the celebrated Mr. Hogarth. Printed for John Chetwood, and sold at Inigo Jones's head, against Exeter-Change, Strand. 1735." This is a most contemptible and indecent performance. In some of the copies are inserted eight prints; but they are only the designs of Hogarth mutilated, and perhaps were originally engraved for the decoration of some other work.

There is reason to believe that the artist once intended to have introduced the ceremony of a *marriage contract*, instead of the *levee*, as an unfinished painting of the scene is still preserved. In this sketch he appears to have thought of taking the same ground as Mr. Pope—

"What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
"Some demon whisper'd, *Visto, have a taste.*"

For our rake appears here to be turn'd connoisseur. Among a number of articles which prove

him a man of *virtu*, is a canvass containing only the representation of a human foot.*

In the year 1745 the eight pictures were sold by auction, at Mr. Hogarth's, in Leicester-fields, and produced twenty-two guineas each; total, one hundred and eighty-four pounds, sixteen shillings. They are now, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire.

* This has been said to be an allusion to the *Leda* painted, and afterwards cut to pieces, by *Jacques Antoine Arlaud*; but it appears, by Mr. *Horace Walpole*'s Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 81. that *Arlaud* did not anatomize his *Leda* until the year 1738.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

---" The crouded scene will please us then,
" And the busy hum of men;
" The Thespian throng, and champions bold,
" Their *jubilee* of triumph hold:
" With store of wenches, whose bright eyes
" Rain influence, and judge the prize
" Of *hat* or *shirt*,---while all contend
" To catch her glance whom all commend.
" Come, Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
" And Laughter, holding both his sides;
" And *puppet-show*, and quaint device,
" And *Troy* in flames, and rattling dice;
" And *Comedy*, with wreathed smiles;
" And *Music*, that dull care beguiles:
" Here let the droning *bagpipe* be,
" And there the cheerful *fiddle* see.
" Nor be our joys to earth confin'd,---
" But, light as air, swift as the wind,
" Let *Cadman* cut the liquid sky,
" And on the rope *Violante* fly.
" The *trumpet's* loud clangor
" Excites not to arms;
" No shrill notes of anger,
" No horrid alarms.
" The double, double, double *beat*
" Of the thundering drum,
" Tells---*the* ACTORS *are come*;
" Let us follow, nor think of retreat.



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" I'll to the well-trod stage anon,
" If *Settle's* * 'cumber'd sock be on;
" Or heavy *Howard*, † Folly's child,
" In native nonsense soareth wild.
" These joys if *Southwark Fair* can give,
" In *Southwark Fair* a week I'll live." E.

At a time when martial hardihood was the only accomplishment likely to confer distinction, when

* Elkannah Settle was born in the year 1648. In 1680, he was so violent a Whig, that the ceremony of pope-burning, on the 17th of November, was intrusted to his management. He wrote much in defence of the party, and with the leaders he was in high estimation. Politicians and patriots were formed of much the same materials then as they are now: Settle, being disappointed in some of his views, became as violent a Tory as he had been a Whig, and actually entered himself a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow Heath. The Revolution destroyed all his prospects; and in the latter part of his life he was so reduced as to attend a booth, which was kept by Mrs. Minns, and her daughter, Mrs. Leigh, in *Bartholomew fair*. From these people he received a salary for writing drolls, which were generally approved. In his old age he was obliged to appear in these wretched exhibitions, and in the farce of *St. George for England*, performed the part of a dragon, being inclosed in a case of green leather of his own invention. To this circumstance doctor Young refers in his Epistle to Pope.

" Poor Elkannah, all other changes past,
" For bread, in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last;
" Spit streams of fire, to make the butchers gape;
" And found his manners suited to his shape."

† The honourable *Edward Howard*, brother to the *Earl of Berkshire* and to *Sir Henry Howard*, was much more il-

war was thought to be the most honourable pursuit, and agriculture deemed the only necessary employment, there was little social intercourse, and so few retail dealers, that men had no very easy means of procuring those articles which they occasionally wanted. To remove this inconvenience, it was found necessary to establish some general mart, where they might be supplied. Fairs were therefore instituted, as a proper medium between the buyer and seller, and were at first considered as merely places of trade.* They were generally held on saints' days. Some of them continued open many weeks, and had peculiar privileges to encourage the attendance of those who had goods upon sale. The pedlar travelled from city to city, or from town to town, with his moveable warehouse, and furnished his customers with what served them until the next fair.

As men grew more polished, their wants increased, and their intercourse became more ge-

lustrious from his birth, than distinguished by his talents. Poetry was his passion, rather than his power. He mistook inclination for ability, and wrote a number of very dull plays, in which want of genius and invention was atoned for by that turgid, inflated language so acceptable to an audience whose admiration is most excited by that which they least understand.

* The *fairs* at *Chester*, and some few other places, still keep up the spirit of the original institution.

neral. The importance of commerce was better understood; the merchant deposited his goods in a warehouse, and the trader opened a shop. The *fairs*, deserted by men of business, gradually changed their nature, and, instead of being crouded by the active and the industrious, were the haunts of the idle and the dissolute.* Such were they at the time of this delineation, which was made about the year 1733, and may be considered as a true picture of the holiday amusements of that period.

At the head of these we must place what were then called *stage-plays*; a most favourite diversion of your Englishman ever since that time

> "When sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
> "Warbled his native wood-notes, wild."

In these humble representations some of our greatest actors made their first appearance; and not a few of them, even after they had attained high eminence, ranted, strutted, and bellowed, through all the days it was kept open, to their own emolument, and the heart-felt pleasure of the Wapping *beaux*, and the black-eyed beauties of Salt-petre Bank.

The play now enacting appears to be the Fall

* They were at last carried to such a height of licentiousness, as to demand the interposition of the legislature; and no reformation being to be wrought by lenient measures, Southwark fair, and many others, were suppressed.

of Bajazet:* and it is performed to the life; for the unsure scaffolding, not being built to bear the

* A booth was built in Smithfield the year this print was published, for the use of T. Cibber, Bullock, and H. Hallam, at which the tragedy of Tamerlane, with the Fall of Bajazet, intermixed with the comedy of the Miser, was actually represented. The bill of fare with which these gentlemen tempted their customers, may properly enough be called an *olio*, and the royal elephant sheet on which the titles of their plays are printed, throws the comparatively diminutive bills of a theatre royal into the back-ground.

In some of the provinces distant from the capital their dramatic exhibitions are still given out in the quaint style which marked the productions of our ancestors. This sometimes excites the laughter of the scholar, but it whets the curiosity of the rustic, and whatever helps to fill a theatre, or a barn, must be *the best of all possible methods*. From some late modes of announcing some late productions at the two Royal Theatres, there seems good reason to expect that the admirers of this kind of writing will soon be gratified by having it introduced in the London play bills; or at least in the London papers; where *hints* of "the *abundant* entertainment which is to be expected from the *comical* Edwin, whose very look excites a laugh;" or the *tragical* Holman, whose "*every gesture draws a pitying tear*;" *sometimes* make their appearance in the shape of "*a correspondent's opinion*." But leaving the mighty characters who tread the London boards to their admirers, let us return to humbler scenes, and give one example out of the many which they annually afford.

A play bill, printed some years ago at *Ludlow*, in *Shropshire*, was nearly as large as their principal painted scene, and dignified with letters that were truly CAPITAL, for each of those which composed the name of a principal character were near a foot long. The play was for the benefit of a very

terror-working stamps of the furious Turk, tumbles to the ground. The tyrant's turban is shaken from his head, the truncheon is dropped from his hand, and with the moralizing Tamerlane he joins the general crash, and threatens destruction to the china jars and bowls which are beneath. Not only the heroes and heroine of the drama, but both band and musical instruments are involved

eminent *female performer*, the bill was said to be written by herself, and thus was the evening's amusement announced.

" For the benefit of Mrs. *******. By particular desire " of B------ G------, Esquire, and his most amiable lady; " this present evening will be performed a deep tragedy, con- " taining the doleful history of *King Lear and his three* " *daughters*; with the merry conceits of his majesty's fool, " and the valorous exploits of General Edmund, the Duke " of Gloster's bastard. All written by one William Shak- " speare, a mighty great poet, who was born in Warwick- " shire, and held horses for gentlemen, at the sign of the Red " Bull, in Saint John's-street, near West Smithfield; where " was just such another playhouse as that to which we hum- " bly invite you, and hope for the good company of all " friends round the *Wrekin*.

" All you who would wish to cry, or to laugh,
" You had better spend your money here than in the ale- " house, by half;
" And if you likes more about these things for to know,
" Come at six o'clock to the barn, in the High-street, " Ludlow;
" Where, presented by LIVE ACTORS, the whole may be " seen:
" So *vivant Rex*, God save the King, not forgetting the " Queen." E.

in the ruin. The band, it is true, consists of—a solitary fiddler, and the instruments are,—a violin and a salt-box. The monkey and the Merry-Andrew seem the only two animals likely to evade injury in this universal wreck. Corporeal dexterity, at such a time, is more useful than mental acquirements.

The Amazonian, with a hat, a feather, and a drum, belongs to a company of comedians, and is beating up for an audience. She appears intended for a beauty; and she is a beauty, of Mr. Hogarth's school. The gaping astonishment of the two rustics, who are looking at her, is inimitably described. One of them, awe-struck by her figure, has pulled off his hat, in reverence of her charms. The other appears "to wonder with "a foolish face of praise."

A buskin'd hero, arrayed perhaps for an Alexander, has his career of glory stopped by a sheriff's officer, who pays no respect

"To Macedonia's madman, or the Swede."

The hero puts his hand to his sword, but the bailiff's follower secures his other arm, and aims a bludgeon at his head.

A younger branch of the family of the Simples, with a whip in one hand, and the other hooked on the arm of a young girl, who may probably be his sister, is so lost in gaping astonishment at the variety of objects around him, that he neglects his

pockets, which an adroit candidate for Tyburn is clearing of their contents. While one fellow is kissing a girl,* another endeavours to decoy her two companions. A prize-fighter, furrowed with honourable scars, makes his triumphal entry on a blind horse, and, calling up a face of terror, brandishes his sword, and hurls *a proud defiance* to all who dare appear as his competitors.

Two jugglers, in senatorial wigs, display magic wonders with the cups and balls: and above them is a fellow with a pair of artificial legs, which must be considered as his own, extended on a board: one of these legs, a man beneath is either attempting to break, or using as a lever, to give a summerset to a tumbler, who kneels upon the other. A hat exalted on the end of a pole, is the prize of the best wrestler on the green; and a Holland *chemise* will reward the *fair racer* swiftest of foot.

A quack-doctor, in laced hat, long periwig, and embroidered coat, mounted upon a stage, and attended by his Merry-Andrew, dispenses his *medicine of infallibility*. To attract the notice of a gaping crowd, he puts lighted tow into his mouth, and puffs out the flame.

* I have heard a person, who was ambitious of being thought able to detect the plagiarisms of painters, assert that the artist took this hint from *Jupiter and Io*. The *Southwark Fair* nymph does not, however, appear to be embracing *a cloud*.

That ancient puppet-show joke of Mr. *Punch*'s horse picking the pocket of the chequered fool of the farce, is exhibited in a balcony; on one side of which is a bout at cudgels, by *puppets all alive!*

Under a show-cloth, which announces "*The "Siege of Troy** *is here,*" are a company rehearsing some part of the play. By a sun upon the breast of the figure in a mitre, we know him to be the high-priest of Apollo, the venerable *Chryses*. While one arm of this sage of many sorrows is twined round the pole which supports the wooden horse, the other is stretched out in moving supplication, and he appears entreating the hearers to

"Relieve a wretched parent's pain,
"And give Chryseïs to his arms again."

Chryseïs, however, is perfectly satisfied with her situation. Seated in all the pride of conscious beauty close to the haughty *Atrides*, and glorying in his protection, she prefers the lover to the parent. The inexorable chief nods his plumed crest, grasps his truncheon, and *looks with threatening brow on all around.*

* *The Siege of Troy* was a celebrated droll, in high estimation at fairs; printed in 1707. The author, *Elkannah Settle*,

"For his broad shoulders fam'd, and length of ears."

"No tears subdue him, no entreaties move,
"He dares avenging *Phœbus*, son of *Jove*."

In one corner of the plate appears a little fellow, with long hair, playing upon the bagpipes:* he is attended by a monkey dressed *en militaire*, and with his foot dancing his *Fantocini* figures. His *Madame Catharina* does not excite the attention she merits, for very near is a woman with a dice-box, and a country fellow, in a coat which seems to have been the Sunday habiliment of his forefathers for many generations, is trying his fortune, though earnestly dissuaded by his more prudent son from putting his pence in so perilous a situation. The woman, with that energetic eloquence which marks the orators of Billingsgate, is rating the boy for daring to doubt her honesty. On the other side is a Savoyard music grinder, with her *galante show*, attended by a dwarf drummer, and collecting pence from the little people who prefer a wonderful and surprising prospect of every court in Europe, to a pennyworth of gingerbread. In the distance appear a set of figures who seem to have been engaged at quarter-staff, then a favourite amusement. The conqueror,

* Had *Hogarth* read *the Merchant of Venice*? or did the poet and the painter see nature with the same eyes? the woman behind the post proves that they thought alike.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
"Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
"And others, *if the bagpipe sings i'the nose*, &c."

waving his flag of victory, is hoisted upon the shoulders of another man; and thus triumphantly exalted, the air echoes with loud and reiterated acclamations in honour of his prowess.

Having dispatched the *herd* of characters who people the scene on *earth*, I reserved to a class by themselves, those who are buoyant in the *air*.* The figure vaulting on a rope was designed for *Signor Violante*, who signalized himself in the reign of *George the First*. This great man may be considered as the patriarch of his art: he was followed by some inferior performers, but the science of rope-dancing and riding, has now arrived at its *acme*, and is in such estimation with the public, that Doctor Johnson's prophecy may, at a future day, be wholly fulfilled in our royal theatres. In part it has been already verified.

> " Perhaps where *Lear* has rav'd and *Hamlet* died,
> " On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;

* In Mr. *Horace Walpole*'s Anecdotes of Painting in the reign of *George II.* he prefaces the account of William Hogarth in the following manner. " Having dispatched the " herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself " that great and original genius, &c." I thought the term very happily applied, and pointedly appropriate to most of the characters it enumerates; but I remember a second-rate artist being marvellously offended at the freedom of the appellation; and observing, that the names of *Canaletti*, *George Lambert*, *Francis Cotes*, *Frank Hayman*, and *Samuel Scott*, deserved more respect than to be classed in a HERD.

" Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance,)
" Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance."

The man descending from a steeple is intended to represent one *Cadman*, who, in the memory of some persons now living, performed the same feat at St. Martin's in the Fields, from the steeple of which he descended into the Mews. In an experiment of the like nature at Shrewsbury, the rope breaking, he was dashed to pieces.

The show-cloth over the Fall of Bajazet is almost a direct copy from a very coarse etching made by *John Laguerre*, son of *Louis Laguerre*, whom Pope has immortalized for his sprawling saints. On the upper part of the print is inscribed, THE STAGE MUTINY. It alludes to some disputes between the managers of Drury-lane, and such of the actors as were spirited up to rebellion by Theophilus Cibber, and seceded to the Haymarket in 1733. As this made much noise in its day, it may not be unentertaining to relate some of the circumstances which occasioned it.

The patent for Drury-lane being renewed, Mr. Booth, who found his health decline, began to think it was time to dispose of his share and interest in the theatre. The person upon whom he fixed for a purchaser was *John Highmore*, Esq. a gentleman who had unhappily contracted an attachment to the stage, from having one night per-

formed the part of *Lothario* for a wager.* A treaty between them was set on foot soon after Mr. *Wilkes*' death, and concluded by Mr. *Highmore*'s agreeing to purchase one half of Mr. *Booth*'s share, with the whole of his power in the management, for the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. Before his admission Mr. *Wilkes* had deputed Mr. *Ellis*, to attend to the conduct of the theatre in his behalf. The introduction of two people into the management, who were neither qualified by abilities or experience for the offices they were to fill, gave much offence to Mr. Colley Cibber. To avoid being troubled with the importance of one of his coadjutors, or the ignorance of the other, he authorized his son to act for

* Mr. *Highmore* was originally a man of considerable fortune, but *White*'s gaming-house, and the *Drury-lane* patent, exhausted his finances. Having exhibited himself as an unsuccessful actor, and an unfortunate manager, he in 1743 completed the climax by publishing a poem entitled *Dettingen*, which proves him a very indifferent writer. In 1744, he a second time appeared in the character of *Lothario*, for the benefit of Mr. *Horton*, but seems to have had no requisites for the stage. He was, however, a man of strict integrity, and high honour, and frequently suffered heavy losses, rather than violate any engagement, though it might be only verbal, which he had once made. Such a person was very unfit for a coadjutor with men who were so busied in qualifying themselves for personating the characters of others, that they had no leisure for any attention to their own.

him in every thing that concerned his share in the management. The first season ended with some profit to the new patentees; but Mr. *Highmore* being disgusted by the impertinence of young *Cibber*, determined to exonerate himself from his interference, and accordingly bought all the father's right in the theatre for the sum of three thousand guineas. This second purchase was made by Mr. *Highmore* at the beginning of the season of 1733, about the same time that Mrs. *Booth* sold her husband's remaining share to *Giffard*. Mr. *Highmore*'s connections with the theatre in a very short time assumed an alarming aspect. Two years had hardly passed before the principal actors, encouraged by *Theophilus Cibber*, determined to revolt from the patentee, and set up for themselves. The house called the *Little Theatre* in the Haymarket was then unoccupied; they therefore agreed to rent it from the proprietor, and, after making the necessary alterations, opened their campaign with the comedy of *Love for Love*, at which they were attended by an elegant and crouded audience. The patentees, though weakened by the desertion of their best performers, began to act at the usual time. To supply the place of those who had left their service, they had recourse to such actors as could be procured from the itinerant companies. With all the help they could obtain, their performances were so inferior to those exhibited at the *Haymarket*,

that a constant loss was sustained during the whole season. Mr. *Highmore*, in the mean time, buoyed himself up with the hope of obtaining redress, first from the lord chancellor, and afterwards by putting in force the act against vagrant players. In both these attempts he was disappointed; and losses came so heavy upon him, that he was under the necessity of giving up the contest, in order to secure a small part of that property he had so imprudently risqued. He sold to Mr. *Charles Fleetwood*, for so small a sum, that when it was added to the money paid for those shares which were the property of the other partners, and which Mr. *Fleetwood* also purchased, the *whole* did not amount to much more than *half* what Mr. *Highmore* had originally given for his unprofitable portion.

Upon this dispute is built the print from which the show-cloth was copied, and probably intended to announce the performance of a farce entitled "*The Stage Mutineers*, a tragi-comi, farcical ballad-opera, acted at *Covent Garden*, in 1733;" which is a burlesque on this contest. *Theophilus Cibber*, who was the leader of the malecontents, is in this farce characterized by the name of *Ancient Pistol*; all his speeches being in that high-flown, mock-tragedy style with which *Shakspeare* has marked that boasting coward. The *scene* is supposed to be in the playhouse, and the *time* during a rehearsal.

In 1740 a pamphlet was published for *J. Mechell*, at the King's-arms, Fleet-street, entitled, "An Apology for the Life of T—— C——, Co-"median; being a proper sequel to the Apology "for the Life of Mr. *Colley Cibber*; with an histo-"rical view of the stage to the present year. Sup-"posed to be written by himself, in the style and "manner of the poet laureat:" but in reality the work of *Harry Fielding*. The following passage, relative to this subject, occurs in page 16, &c. "In that year, when the stage fell into great com-"motions, and the *Drury-lane* company, assert-"ing the glorious cause of liberty and property, "made a stand against the oppressions of the pa-"tentees;—in that memorable year, when the "theatric dominions fell in labour of a revolu-"tion, under the conduct of *myself*; that revolt "gave occasion to several pieces of wit, and sati-"rical flirts, at the conductor of the enterprize. "I was attacked, as my father had been before me, "in the public papers and journals; and the bur-"lesque character of *Pistol* was attributed to me as "a real one. Out came *a print* of *Jack Laguerre*'s, "representing, in most vile designing, this expe-"dition of ours, under the name of the *Stage Mu-"tiny*; in which, gentle reader, *your humble ser-"vant*, in the *Pistol* character, was the principal "figure. This I laughed at, knowing it only a "proper embellishment for one of those necessary

" structures to which persons out of necessity re-
" pair."——Again, p. 88.—" At the fair of *Bar-
" tholomew* we gained some recruits; but, besides
" those advantages over the enemy, I myself went
" there in person, and publicly *exposed* myself.
" This was done to fling defiance in the patentees'
" teeth; for, on the booth where I exhibited, I
" hung out the *Stage Mutiny*, with Pistol at the
" head of his troop; our standard bearing the
" motto, "*We eat.*"—Whether this account, which Cibber is made to give of his own conduct, is entirely jocular, or contains a mixture of truth and falsehood, cannot now be ascertained. *Hogarth* might have transplanted a circumstance from *Bartholomew* to *Southwark* fair; or *Fielding*, by design, may have misrepresented it, alluding at the same time to *Hogarth*'s print.

To return to the show-cloth.—The figure seated in the corner, with his head bound with laurel, is intended to represent old *Cibber*, then poet laureat. With a bag of money upon his knee, he is rejoicing in the sum he has realized, and laughing at those who are enduring the storm. Under his feet is inscribed, " *Quiet and snug.*"—The tall, thin figure, with a stoop in his shoulders, is meant for Mr. *Highmore*. He holds in his hand a scroll, on which is written, " *It cost* 6000 *pounds.*" He is again characterized by the representation of a monkey astride the sign-iron of the Rose tavern,

with a label, on which is written, "*I am a gentle-*
"*man.*"*—The man in his shirt, with a paint-pot and brushes at his feet, who takes up the cudgels for the new patentees, is *John Ellis*, the painter. He was the pupil of *Sir James Thornhill*, deputy-manager for Mr. *Wilkes*, and principal scene painter to the theatre. By the favour of the Duke of *Montagu* and Sir *Robert Walpole*, he was appointed to be great master of the wardrobe, and keeper of the lions in the Tower. He was much happier in attending a *pugilistic* exhibition, at *Broughton*'s academy, than in the exercise of his profession. His figure appears muscular, but hardly leads one to suppose, what is yet certainly a fact, that Rysbrack, when he produced what Mr. *Walpole* very emphatically calls that exquisite summary of his skill, knowledge, and judgment, the *Hercules*, now in Mr. *Hoare*'s temple, at *Stourhead*, modelled the legs of the god from those of *Ellis*.—The figure in the background, with a tremendous plume of feathers, and a flowing periwig, grasping his truncheon in a style of defiance, may be *Mills*, in the character of *Bajazet*. On the flag which is borne between Mr. *Highmore* and *Ellis*, is inscribed, "*We'll* "*starve them out.*" On that borne in the rear of the seceders, on the opposite side, is written,

* The general observation, at the time, was, "What bu-
"siness had a gentleman to make the purchase?"

"*We eat.*" The figure near it is probably intended to represent *Johnson*, in *Sir Hugh Evans*; as that with a truncheon in his hand, who stands next him, may be intended for *Bardolph*; but who the performer was, I am not well enough versed in the history of the stage to determine; it would probably be known at that time, by the ends of two cudgels, which rise in parallel lines immediately behind his head, and may perhaps intimate, that this gentleman, as well as *Theophilus Cibber*, was under some obligations to his wife, for giving him a title he was not born with.—The *Sir John Falstaff* was certainly intended for *Harper*,* who was eminent in that character; as *Pistol*, with the inscription "*Pistol's alive*," was indisputably meant for the younger *Cibber*. The

* It seems that Harper was mentally and corporeally qualified for the character; for we are told that Mr. Highmore fixed upon Harper as the person to take up for a vagabond, *because* he was naturally *a very great coward*. One of the prints of the day, dated the 12th of November, 1734, speaking of this transaction, concludes with the following remark. "Sir Thomas Clarges, and other justices, have "committed Mr. *Harper* to Bridewell, in order to his being "put to hard labour; an employment which, by his *enor-* "*mous bulk*, he seems as little fit for as he is for a vagrant; "being *a man so marvellously corpulent*, that it is not pos- "sible for him either to labour or to wander a great deal." He was, however, a man of very fair character, and soon delivered from his confinement, by an order from the court of King's Bench.

masculine gentlewoman, waving a flag, on which is inscribed "*Liberty and property*," is, I think, clearly intended as a portraiture of the notorious *Mistress Doll Tearsheet*; but who the actress was that personated this fair friend of the fat knight, I really do not know.*

* Among the *dead* stock of a lately deceased antiquarian, there was found, carefully wrapped up in paper that had once been white, four moderate-sized panes of glass, cut lozenge fashion. On the paper, in a kind of law hand, was written what follows.

"Theese curious peeces of antiquitie I did purchase from "a glazyer at Windsor, who informed me, that he had them "from his father, who was in the same business, and lived "for to be very old; and told unto him, that while he was yet "but a little *scrubbed boy*, being apprenticed, his master "did send him to put some newe paines of glasse in a caze-"ment at the *Olde Kinges Armes* in that towne; the old "glasse being rendered dimme and obscured, by wicked fel-"lowes having at sundrie times scribbled naughty and un-"seemly words and verses thereon. Upon the enclosed "paines were the fairest inscriptions; he therefore had kept "them, and recommended unto his sonne to doe the like. "For a small peece of gold they became mine, and I do be-"leeve were truelie written by the handes of those verie "menne whose names are put under each verse, and that "*Falstaff* his lines are meaned to convey a sort of sporting "resentmente against his old companion, once *Prince Hen-"rie*, surnamed of *Monmouth*, but nowe become kinge, for "having banyshed him from his royal presence; tho' per-"happes it may onlie meane to allude unto the signe of "the taverne where they did holde their merrie meet-"inges."

The show-cloth underneath, with the tall figure, and two spectators, is a representation of *Maxi-*

The inscriptions were as follows.

" Kingis Armes taverne atte Winsor, firste daie of Maye,
" A. D. 1414. Presente,---I *John Falstaff* knight,---
" *Mistris Dorothy*,---*Ned Poins*,---and *myne Ancient*.

" ONNE MISTRIS DOROTHY.

" Doll in the Kingis Armes hath ofte times slept,
" And Doll if you will give her halfe a crowne,
" If from the Kingis Armes she should be kept,---
" Will sleepe in yours, or anie armes in towne.
" FALSTAFF."

" On the feathers Mistriss Dorothy weareth in her hatte.

" Under Doll's feathers, let ICH DIEN bee,
" I SERVE, we translate this.---
" I own righte welle shee serveth mee,
" And would serve you I wisse.
" E. POINS."

" On Dol Tearsheete her Garters; the mottoe HONI SOIT,
" QUI MAL Y PENSE, being worked with worsteades there-
" on.

" Avaunt ye peasant slaves! and see from whence
" The mottoe HONI SOIT, QUI MAL Y PENSE.---
" Dare of Dol's garters but to *whisper* eville,
" With rapier's biting blade I'll drive ye to the deville!
" PISTOL."

These verses are copied *verbatim et literatim* from the brittle memorial on which they were found; but should any obstinate sceptic be hardy enough to doubt their antiquity,

milian, a giant from *Upper Saxony*. That with the wooden horse, with a trap-door in his side, is explained by the inscription above it, "*The Siege* "*of Troy is here.*" Mr. *Victor*, in an eulogium upon *Bobeme* the actor, says, that "his first ap- "pearance was at a booth in *Southwark fair*, "which, in those days, lasted *two weeks*, and was "much frequented by persons of all ranks, and "both sexes. He acted the part of *Menelaus*, in the "best droll I ever saw, called *the Siege of Troy.*"

The *Adam* and *Eve* upon another show-cloth, may probably allude to the representation of somewhat compiled from an old *mystery*, called *the Creation.**

and, notwithstanding the internal evidence which beams through every line, suppose them the productions of modern days, let him read the numerous volumes of those gentlemen who debated so learnedly and so long about *the workis of Maister Rowlie*, the *Bristowe poet*, and the giftis of *Maister Cannynge*, the *Bristowe patron*; and if after he has waded through these *clear streams of ancient lore* a doubt remains in his mind------he must be an infidel. E.

* The licentiousness of the present age is a favourite topic with some of our popular writers; yet the *drama* is considered as the mirror of public manners; and the *drama* is rather more correct, and less indelicate, than it was in the year 1327, when, in a play of the *Olde and Newe Testament*, performed at *Chester*, the actors who played *Adam* and *Eve*, trying to represent these two characters to the life, came upon the stage quite naked! What modern manager could have *dressed*, or rather *undressed*, his performers with a stricter regard to propriety?

The old puppet-show joke of Punch wheeling his wife into the jaws of destruction, which is underneath, is well known. It appears by the paper lantern, the dwarf drummer, and little figure, at a temporary door, that the *royal wax-work*, and the whole court of *France*, are at the *Royal Oak*.

It is a little remarkable that in this almost endless variety of holiday amusements there should be no exhibition of *wild beasts*,* or *wonderful quadrupedes*. A roaring lion, a raging *tiger*, and a fierce *cat-a-mountain*, would have had a large

* That wild beasts were exhibited, is however certain from the following anecdote, which not being noted by any of Doctor Johnson's biographers, may as well have a place here.

When the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went with some other gentlemen to laugh away an hour at Southwark fair. At one of the booths where wild beasts were exhibited to the wondering crowd, was a very large *bear*, which the showman assured them was *cotched* in the *undiscovered* desarts of the remotest Russia. The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety, but to all the company, except Johnson, was very surly and ill-tempered; of the philosopher he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and displayed every mark of aukward partiality, and subdued kindness. "How is it," said one of the company, "that "this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?"--- "From a very natural cause," replied Mallet; "the bear "is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that *Linnæus* "would have placed him in the same class with the English "moralist. They are *two* barbarous animals of *one* spe- "cies."

audience, and a learned *pig*, or an overgrown *Lincolnshire ox*, would surely have made the proprietors' fortunes, at that time, as they have done at this.

The amusements of the fair at this period continued a fortnight,* and were unquestionably attended with much loss of time, and productive of some habits of dissipation among the lower ranks of people who attended them. A visit to a family in the vicinity must have been a delightful entertainment, and the pleasure much heightened if the lady of the mansion happened to be fond of *dumb* creatures. A canary bird in full song, a screaming parrot, a barking lap-dog, and a whistle, drum, and trumpet, in the possession of the three little masters, must form a concert of such *heavenly harmony*, as

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency to infidelity, and this sarcasm turned that dislike into positive hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted him in his octavo Dictionary, under the article ALIAS. E.

* I cannot learn in what year the duration of this fair was shortened; but I should suppose, from the following circumstance, very soon afterwards. This print was published in 1733, and, on the 24th of June, 1735, the court of aldermen came to a resolution touching *Bartholomew* fair, "that the same shall not exceed *Bartholomew* eve, *Bar-*"*tholomew* day, and the day after: and that during that "time nothing but stalls and booths shall be erected for the "sale of goods, wares, and merchandizes, and *no acting* "*be permitted.*"

"Would bring an angel down!"

The scene where this crowd of *busy* people are assembled, is probably an exact representation of what it then was. Newington church, with a lozenge dial, &c. remains in nearly the same state in which it is here delineated.* Both that, and the

* For those who delight in pointing out examples of Hogarth's bad spelling, this print affords a fine field. The name of Cibber is spelt with only one b. In the Fall of Bajazet, the z appears to have been originally an s. We'l starve them out. The e final in *wax worke*, these syllable dissectors may perhaps deign to acknowledge was then customary.

In my enumeration of some of the actors who appear on the show-cloth, &c. I may sometimes be wrong: let it be received as conjecture founded on the best information I could procure; and let it be remembered, that to procure positive information of circumstances which happened near fifty years ago, is not easy. The *memoranda* to be found in magazines, and other *perishable* prints of the day, are not always to be depended upon. *Even now* these *authentic* documents *sometimes* lead those who implicitly believe them into mistakes.

A Mr. Banckes, who a few years afterwards published some rhymes on this print, asserts, "that the performance "at the booth, on the sign of which is written, *the Fall of Bajazet*, is the *droll* of *Fair Rosamond*." From the dresses, &c. I should imagine this ingenious gentleman is wrong. He also observes, "that young *Louis* XV. king of "France, his queen, children, prime minister, &c. were *this* "*year* exhibited in Smithfield, and *the Borough*, at very rea- "sonable prices, to spectators of all degrees. Our artist,

house on the dexter side of it are out of perspective.

" however, had forgot himself in regard to the matter of " which these great personages were made, the whole town " having been informed by their master of the ceremonies, " that they were of a composition *far exceeding wax*."
The same writer goes on to inform us,

" There *Yeates* and *Pinchbeck* change the scene
" To slight of hand, and clock machine;
" First numerous eggs are laid, and then,
" The pregnant bag brings forth a hen," &c.

From the above lines, I should suppose that the late Mr. Pinchbeck, with his wonderful and surprising piece of mechanism the *Panopticon* was at this fair; though he frequently spoke of one of his brothers, who was a *showman*, and who once gave a very large sum for an elephant, and took a room at Southwark fair, with an intention of exhibiting it; " but the passage to this room," added he, " was so " narrow, that though my poor brother *got the beast into* " *it, a' never could get un out on't, a' stuck in the middle* " *on't and died!* so, sir, you sees my poor brother lost all " his money.-----Ah! he was a most unfortunate dog in " every thing he took in hand! and so was I, God knows."
Cætera desunt.

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

" *Think not to find one* meant resemblance *here;*
" *We lash the* vices, *but the* persons *spare.*
" Prints *should be* priz'd, *as* authors *should be* read,
" *Who sharply smile prevailing Folly dead.*
" *So Rabelais* laugh'd, *and so Cervantes* thought;
" *So* Nature *dictated what* Art *has* taught."

NOTWITHSTANDING this inscription, which was engraved on the plate some time after its publication, it is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits; but Mr. Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his cotemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the characters. Some of them the world might perhaps mistake; for though the author was faithful in delineating whatever he intended to pourtray, compleat inebriation so far *caracatures* the countenance, that, according to the old, though trite proverb, " *the man is not* " *himself.*" His portrait, though given with the fidelity of a mirror, will scarcely be known by his most intimate friends, unless they have previously seen him in this degrading disguise. This would



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render it difficult to identify men whom the painter did not chuse to point out at the time; and near sixty years having elapsed, it becomes impossible. All who composed the group, with the artist by whom it was delineated,

"Shake hands with dust, and call the worm their kinsman."

Upon the authority of Sir *John Hawkins*, of *Anecdotish* memory, we are enabled to pronounce the divine to be intended for *Henley*, the high priest of *Clare-market*.* The knight's opinion is cor-

* Of *Henley*'s absurdities we have heard much; but they had their source in an adoption of that manner which he knew would be agreeable to his auditors, rather than in ignorance. The following circumstance proves he was a man of some humour.

"I never," says a person who knew little about the doctor, "saw *Orator Henley* but once, and that was at the "*Grecian Coffee-house*, where a gentleman he was ac- "quainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same "box, the following dialogue passed between them.

Henley. "Pray, what is become of our old friend *Dick* "*Smith*? I have not seen him for several years."

Gentleman. "I really don't know. The last time I heard "of him, he was at *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in "the *West Indies*."

Henley (with some surprize). "At *Ceylon*, or some of "our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in *one* "sentence there are *two* mistakes. Ceylon is not one of "*our* settlements, it belongs to the *Dutch*; and it is si- "tuated, not in the *West*, but in the *East Indies*."

Gentleman (with some heat). "That I deny!"

roborated by an original sketch of *Orator Henley* christening a child, which is in the possession of Mr. *Samuel Ireland*, and evidently intended for the same character. It has that clerical rubicundity of face which marks our smoking parson, who in this print is characteristically exhibited with a corkscrew, which is occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger.*

Henley. "More shame for you! I will engage to bring "a boy of eight years of age who will confute you."

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice). "Well,---be it "where it will, I thank God, I know very little about these "sort of things."

Henley. "What, you thank God for your *ignorance*, do "you?"

Gentleman (in a violent rage). "I do, Sir---What "then?"

Henley. "Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for."

* Lord S----h, not very eminent for his reverence of the clerical habit, being once in a company where there were a number of clergymen, offered, in a whisper, to lay a considerable wager with the gentleman who sat next him, that among the ten parsons there was not one prayer-book. The wager was accepted, and a mock dispute gave him occasion to ask for a prayer-book to decide it. They had not one.--- He soon after privately offered to lay another wager with the same gentleman, that among the ten parsons there was half a score corkscrews. This also was accepted; and the butler, being previously instructed, coming into the room with a bottle of claret, and a broken corkscrew, requested any gentleman to lend him one. Every priest who was present had a corkscrew in his pocket!

" No loftier theme his thought pursues,
" Than punch, good company, and dues.
" Easy, and careless what may fall,
" He hears, assents, and fills to all;
" Proving it plainly by his face,
" That cassocks are no signs of grace."*

The roaring Bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig,

* These lines are from Banckes's poems, page 87, in which a contracted copy of the print is placed, as the head-piece of an epistle to the painter. This good gentleman, with true poetic vanity, pathetically exclaims,

---" Alas! that pictures should decay;
" That *words alone* can *wit* convey:
" But words remain---Oh, may this verse
" Remain, &c. &c."

Little did this rival of Stephen Duck imagine, that the *words* " which *alone* can *wit* convey," would not have preserved his two volumes from the trunk-maker, to whom every verse had been long since consigned, had not this little print, and another copy from the same artist, *sometimes* induced a collector to purchase the volumes.

The concluding lines of his poem are not, however, so contemptible.

---" In vain we ransack Rome and Greece,
" To match this Conversation piece;
" In vain our follies would advance
" The names of Italy and France:
" Labour and art elsewhere we see,
" But native humour strong in thee;
" In thee---but parallels are vain,
" A great original remain.
" Go on to lash our reigning crimes,
" And live the *censor* of the times."

and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head. He is evidently drinking destruction to fanatics, and success to mother church, or a mitre to the jolly parson whom he is addressing.

The lawyer, who sits next him, is a portrait of one *Kettleby*, a vociferous bar-orator, who, though an utter barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented. He was farther remarkable for a *diabolical* squint, and a *Satanic* smile. In the *Causidicade* are a number of lines dedicated to the honour of this *amiable* person. They begin with—

"Up Kettleby starts, with *a horrible stare*."

The poor maudlin miserable, who is addressing him, when *sober*, must be a fool; but, in this state, it would puzzle *Lavater* to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate to the lawyer, that in a poi--poi--point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau--cau--cause, that he ought to have got,—and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain. This may very probably be true; for the poor man's tears shew that, like the person relieved by the good Samaritan, he has been among thieves. The barrister *grins horribly* at his misfortunes, and tells him he is properly punished for not employing a gentleman. "If," rejoins he, "your

" cause had been in my hands, good or bad, it " would have received the sanction of the court, " and we should have come off with flying colours."

Next to him sits a gentleman in a black periwig. He politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a *sociable* pipe.

The justice,

" In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd"---

The justice, having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation. Meditating severe punishments on the *dissolute* peasant, who gets drunk with *ale, or viler liquors*, he resolves for the future to act with magisterial harshness, that he may convince his neighbours of his zeal for the law, and his detestation of the crime. His left elbow, supported by the table, and his right by a chair, with a pipe in one hand, and a stopper in the other, he puffs out the bland vapour with the dignity of an *alderman*, and fancies himself as great as *Jupiter Fumeus*, seated upon the summit of *Mount Olympus*, enveloped by the thick cloud which his own breath has created.

With folded arms, and open mouth, another is leaning back in his chair.* His wig is dropped

* I once heard a free-mason observe, that this droning dis-

from his head, and he is asleep: but though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where *nasal* melody is the music, he is qualified to be leader of the band.

The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, appears, by the cockade in his hat, to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary is bathing it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the Craftsman and the London Evening in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, is very unluckily mistaking his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and setting fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and solitaire, who sits with his hand upon his head,* would not now pass for a fine gentleman, but in the year 1735 he was a compleat beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous company, he appears to have drank *rather* more than agrees with him.

ciple of Morpheus, and the heavy politician on the opposite side, were the *Jachin* and *Boaz* of the lodge.

* On the top of a shop-bill, which contains a list of doctor-----I forget his name's, wonderful and surprizing cures, performed by elixir of---I don't know what, this descendant of *Sangrado*, has inserted a wooden print, which displays a reduced copy of his *sign*. It exhibits a half-length of much such a person as our antiquated beau, with his hand in precisely the same situation. This our quack very emphatically calls *the* SIGN *of the* HEAD-ACHE.

The company consists of eleven,* and on the chimney-piece, floor, and table, are three and twenty empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, prove that this select society have not lost a moment. The overflowing bowl, full goblets, and charged glasses, prove that they think

"'Tis too early to part,"

though by the clock it appears to be four in the morning.

"What have we with day to do?
"Sons of Care, sons of Care, 'twas made for you."

The clock, like the company, is irregular; for the minute-finger and hour-hand do not agree. Over the chimney-piece is a picture, of which we can discover enough to *guess* that it has once been a landscape; but, like the understandings of the gentlemen present, is so obscured by smoke and

* Those gentlemen who wish to enjoy
"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,"
would find some use in adopting the old threadbare adage, "Not more than the Muses, nor fewer than the Graces." Poor *Mortimer*, the painter, whose convivial talents were hardly to be paralleled, had such an averseness to *large* companies, that he used to say, "if he invited the twelve apostles to "supper, he would certainly take two evenings to receive them, "six being a sufficient number, be the society ever so good."

vapour, as to appear a mere *chaos*, without one clear and distinct form. The fumes of the punch, the smoke of the pipes, and the effluvia of snuffs of candles sunk in the sockets, must render the air delightfully balmy, and produce a most heavenly fragrance.

The different degrees of drunkenness are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor simpleton who is weeping out his woes to *honest* lawyer *Kettleby*, it makes mawkish; the beau it makes sick; and the politician it stupifies. One it excites to roaring, and another it lulls to sleep. It half closes the eyes of *justice*, renders the footing of *physic* unsure, and lays prostrate the glory of his country, and the pride of war.

On the 22d of March, 1742, for the benefit of Mr. *Hippisley*, was acted at *Covent-garden* theatre, a new scene, called, *A Modern Midnight Conversation*, taken from Hogarth's print, in which was introduced, *Hippisley's Drunken Man*, with a comic tale of what really passed between himself and his old aunt, at her house, on *Mendip Hills*, in Somersetshire.

Having described the individuals of which this print is composed, let us for a moment reflect upon the vice it is intended to satirize; and, considered in a moral point of view, it may have as good an effect, as the sight of an intoxicated slave

had upon the young men of Sparta. This people sometimes made a slave drunk, that their sons, disgusted by the sight, might avoid the practice.

In a book published about a century and a half ago, I remember to have read a tale, which recounteth that, " Once uponne a tyme, the *Di-*
" *velle* was permitted to tempte a yonge manne.
" *Sathanne* had noe sooner power gyven hym,
" than hee didde appeere in the guyze of a grave
" bencher of *Graie's Inne*, and didde tell himme
" that hee was impoweryd to compelle hys doing
" one of theese three thynges; eyther he shoulde
" morthere his fathere, lie wythe his mothere, or
" gette dronke. The young manne," saith my author, " shockyd atte the two first proposycyons,
" didde ymbrace the laste. He gotte verie dronke,
" and in thatte state, havyng neyther the use of rea-
" sonne nor the dredde of sinne, hee was guyltie
" offe bothe the unaturalle deedes hee hadde be-
" fore soe shudderydde atte, and for hys naughti-
" nesse, and wyckednesse, hee was hangydde."*

* It has been conjectured, that the character in a night-cap, who, from his appearance, and the authority of some poems published at the time, I have pronounced to be a justice of peace, is intended to represent one *Chandler*, a book-binder, who worked for Mr. Hogarth, and in the latter part of his life kept a public-house, at the sign of the *Bible*, in *Shire-lane, Temple-bar*. The conjecture is founded on the very strong resemblance it bears to this man, who was remarkably *deaf*; and it must be acknowledged that the character appears so in the print.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

" Beneath this antique roof, this hallow'd shade,
" Where wearied rustics *holy Sabbath* keep,
" Compos'd, as if on downy pillows laid,
" The sons and daughters of the hamlet sleep." E.

THE shepherd is not much more awake than his somniferous flock, whose appearance convinces us that, though there is no organ, there is much melody. The nasal music of the congregation, joined to the languid monotony of the preacher,* which sounds like the drowzy hum of a drone bee, must form such a concert as neither *Tubal Cain*, nor *Sir John Hawkins*, ever dreamed of. It appears by the book before him, that his text is perfectly applicable to his audience. " *Come unto me* " *all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I* " *will give you rest.*" His parishioners have not troubled themselves much about the Greek version: good, easy men, they take these words in their literal sense, and, after the toil of six days, find the church a comfortable and convenient dor-

* The preacher is said to be intended for a portrait of a doctor *Desaguliers*.



Done Sculp.

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mitory. By the preacher's aspect and attitude, we are convinced that he

"*Would lull to soft repose,*"

the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's Dunciad; which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Morpheus. He

---------" In one lazy tone,
" Through the long, heavy, painful page, drawls on.
" Soft-creeping words on words the sense compose;
" At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
" As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
" Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
" Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
" As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
" And now to this side, now to that they nod, &c."

The clerk,* infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously blooming damsel, who, in studying *the Service of Matrimony*, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this *pronouncer of amen*, are visibly directed to her.

* Our clerk carries every appearance of being the *schoolmaster* of the hamlet. He has much of that surly, tyrannic dignity, which frequently accompanies the character. One

In the pew opposite, are five swains of the village;

" Each mouth distended, and each head reclin'd,
" They soundly sleep."

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring *Theocritus*, as the *Chloe* and *Daphne* of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than *old women*. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to shew that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction, for the preacher entreats them to go to rest, or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, as being more attentive than men, I cannot tell; let those who have studied this *variable barometer of nature* more than I have, determine as seemeth best in their eyes.

of these gentlemen, in a village distant from the capital, having a disagreement with a neighbouring yeoman, the farmer, in his wrath, called him an overbearing *Turk*, and an insignificant *beast*. Our haughty *Holofernes* was irritated beyond description; his rage choaked his utterance: he stalked home, and wrote a *poetical* epistle to the rustic, beginning with the lines which follow:

" God not a *beast* did make, but me *a man*;
" And not a *Turk*, but a true *Christian*:
" And by his grace I am a *schoolmaster*;
" None of the meaner kind, I dare aver."

In the front of the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the modesty to hide his face; but the other is evidently *in full song*.

The heavy architecture, and grotesque decorations, lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, so exquisitely described by doctor *Swift*.

> " *Grown to a church by just degrees*---
> " The ballads pasted on the wall,
> " Of *Joan of France, and English Moll,*
> " *Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,*
> " *The little Children in the Wood,*
> " Now seem to look abundance better,
> " Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
> " And, high in order plac'd, describe
> " The heraldry of every tribe."

The *Children in the Wood* are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel; which, to prove its being of a more exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

> " The pretty *Robin Redbreasts*, which
> " Did cover them with leaves,"

have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance, and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abun-

dant increase in bulk and in dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of *wisdom*, the symbols of *Minerva*.*

* These moping birds, being the worshippers of darkness, consecrated to dullness, closing their eyes against the light, and holding their silent, solitary reign in old buildings, which are seldom trodden by human feet, are with great propriety placed in this church. They are on the escutcheon of Sir Dormouse Drowzy; *sable, a chevron between three owls proper*. Sir Dormouse, for upwards of thirty years, represented this borough in parliament; for it sends up a representative, though it does not contain thirty houses, and the Drowzy family have been returned for time immemorial. This gentleman was always distinguished for his love of order, and remarkable for his peaceable demeanour. He regularly attended, and as regularly slept, through every session, except at those moments when the question was called for; and then, according to parliamentary usage, he, after rubbing his eyes, appeared *upon his legs*, and asked "what *last dropped from* "the noble lord in the blue riband; lamented that, through "the *channel* of the public prints, an honourable member "he *had in his eye* had been grossly abused; thought few men "could *compete* with the *able* pilot who directed the helm, "and should therefore vote for the minister." Having eight and twenty years thus exerted himself in the service of his country, he was gathered to the dull of ancient days, and succeeded in title, fortune, and seat in the senate, by his only son, Sir *Narcotic Drowzy*, Baronet; who, from all that has yet appeared, seems worthy of his sire; his conduct, in and out of the house, has been nearly the same; and his *maiden* speech was mentioned in the *Morning Chronicle*, as giving great promise that, when he had *got quit* of his *amiable timidity*, and *natural embarrassment*, he might make some noise in the world.

The lion, with a companion unicorn that is concealed by the pillar, was originally an head-piece to that excellent old ballad, beginning with

" The fierce lyon of faire Englonde
" Didde swallowe the lillie of France."

With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to what appears the king's arms.

The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead. The cumbrous load of oak with which it was canopied, still supported by the large square posts, is become a gallery. The lower part retains much of its original form, and answers its original purpose; but why should I attempt to describe that which is already described by the Dean?

" A bedstead of the antique mode,
" Compact of timber many a load;
" Such as our ancestors did use,
" Is metamorphos'd into pews,
" Which still their ancient nature keep,
" *Of lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.*"

The pulpit in which our dozing divine is groan-

The cross on an escutcheon in one of the windows, is there placed to the memory of the learned and reverend *Ebenezer Muzz*; who, his epitaph declareth, after *painfullie labouring in this vineyard for one and fortie years*, now *sleepeth* with his fathers.

ing out the gospel, was once the groaning-chair of the good wife of the cottage. The cushion on which she sat for many a winter's eve, is now ornamented with tassels. The *arm* still retains its original *form*, though somewhat more upright than when it served for a support to the old dame's elbow. Swift describes the exact manner of the metamorphosis.

> " The groaning-chair began to crawl,
> " Like an huge snail, against the wall;
> " There stuck aloft, in public view,
> " And with small change a pulpit grew."

The crutches, which erst supported dame *Baucis*, now support the clerk's reading-desk.

The triangle, environed by a glory, was placed in the church by old *Philemon*. In his youth he had been a very good carpenter, and, when become a divine, retained so much of his original disposition, as to suppose he could explain an awful mystery by a mechanical representation. The only misfortune which attended this curious delineation was, that not one of his parishioners could understand it: they, however, were silent; they thought it too serious an affair to dispute or call names about. It would perhaps have been as well, if many of our learned and right grave divines had been *silent* upon this subject, on the same principle.

Swift says, that the jack was turned to a clock:

in this circumstance he must have been mistaken, for the hour-glass, which was the constant companion of dame *Baucis* at her wheel, retains its old form, and is placed at the parson's left hand.* Underneath it is the following applicable inscription, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians: "I "am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you "labour in vain."

The windows are evidently intended for companions, but there is a considerable difference in their proportions, panes of glass, &c. At the time this massy temple was erected, our countrymen neither studied *Vitruvius*, nor considered uniformity as in any degree requisite in architecture.

This print was published on the 26th of October, 1736; but we learn by an inscription on the sinister side of the plate, that on the 21st of April, 1762, it was re-touched and improved by the author.

* An hour-glass is still placed on some of the pulpits in the provinces. *Daniel Burgess*, of whimsical memory, never preached without one, and he frequently *saw it out* three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at the conventicle in *Russel-court*, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass: but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and, altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to say upon the sin of drunkenness: "Therefore," added he, "my brethren, we will have another glass------ "*and then.*"

There is a pirated copy, tolerably executed, but not quite so large; nor has it any price affixed beneath.

The original picture was in the collection of the late Sir Edward Walpole; the present proprietor I do not know. The face of the clerk is admirably painted: but he does not appear to be leering at the girl; he is half asleep.

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THE DISTREST POET.

"Furnish'd with paper, pen, and ink,
"He gravely sat him down---to think:
"He bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
"But wit and fancy both were dead:
"Or, if with more than usual pain,
"A thought came slowly from his brain,
"It cost him Lord knows how much time
"To shape it into sense or rhyme;
"And, what was yet a greater curse,
"Long thinking made his fancy worse."

Such is the fate of many a miserable scribbler, who usurps the sacred name of *a poet*. *Parnassus* must be peopled, and those *fashionable versifiers* who have no other aim than that of feeding on the produce, have sometimes cropped better pasturage at the foot of the hill, than has been found by those *hallowed bards* who have attained the summit. Of *gentle* readers, that demand the strains of *gentle* writers, there are in this our city an innumerable host. They are sober and well-disposed persons, good subjects to their king, and useful members of the community; but being, by their various avocations, confined to a smoky town, are debarred from the cheering prospects of *purling streams*, *waving woods*, and *shady groves*. They

have, nevertheless, great comfort and delectation in reading descriptions of scenes so profusely beautified with the *amœnities* of nature. Happily for such admirers of *rural simplicity*, there is a band of *pastoral poets*, who make the press groan with description. Seated, like this unfortunate labourer of the Muses, in their *attic* story, and scarcely ever seeing a green tree, except in the Moorfields Mall, they daily present the public with amplifications of *verdant meads, glistening dew-drops*, and *liquid rains*. In the sublime strains of these gentlemen—

" The *misty mountains* lift their *cloud-capt* heads;
" Th' *enamell'd mead* its *velvet carpet* spreads;
" The groves appear *all drest* with *wreaths* of flowers,
" And from their leaves drop *aromatic* showers."*

Upon the same principle with our *town-made* rhymers, who have generally written about things

* Doctor Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and the Dean, have united their talents to expose the *anti-climax*, and selected innumerable conceits from the ponderous works of Sir Richard Blackmore, and others. They have unkindly neglected their friend Gay; and yet Blackmore's *mowing* the beard, is not much worse than Gay's *shaving* the grass.

" When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
" And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
" The lab'rer, with the bending scythe, is seen
" *Shaving* the surface of the *waving* green;
" Of all her native pride *disrobes* the land,
" And meads lays waste before his *sweeping* hand."

GAY'S RURAL SPORTS, p. 5. l. 39, &c.

which they have neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood, this our Distrest Poet is now spinning a Poem *upon Riches*. Of their *use* he probably knoweth little; and of their *abuse*,—if judgment can be formed from externals,—*certes*, he knoweth less.

Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night-gown,—enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, he is disturbed by a nymph of the *Lactarium*, who is menacing his wife. Her shrill-sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves*, whose *chorus* disturbs his meditation. A link of the golden chain is broken! —a thought is lost!—to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb:—enraged at the noise, he tortures his head for the fleeting idea;

> But, ah! no thought is there!

Proudly conscious that the lines already written are *sterling*, he possesses by anticipation *the mines of Peru*, a view of which hangs over his head. Upon the table we see *Byshe's Art of Poetry*;*

* When I was very young, I once paid a morning visit to a poet. Upon his table was BYSHE'S ART OF POETRY. I naturally observed, "Your manager of a puppet-show is "more prudent than you are; he keeps his *wires* out of "sight." So tremblingly alive are these *valets to the Muses*, that this good-natured hint, which had its source in a wish to serve him, was never forgiven.

for, like the packhorse, who cannot travel without his *bells*, he cannot climb the hill of Parnassus without his *jingling-book*. On the floor lies the *Grub-street Journal*,* to which valuable reposi-

* This excellent paper is now no more; but our modern *poets* and *poetesses* have a still more extended channel in which to pour out their warm effusions. Reams of good white paper are daily metamorphosed, and become magazines, newspapers, and, though last mentioned, not least in regard, *auctioneer's catalogues*. That the last named is as poetical as are the two former, many examples might be adduced to prove;--- one shall suffice, and that one is so bespangled with beauteous metaphors, that, though neither in rhyme nor blank verse, yet, from its brilliancy of colouring and splendour of diction, it must be classed amongst the most sublime compositions of our most sublime bards. Thus is a sale announced in the catalogue:---" Particulars and con-
" ditions of sale of that elegant freehold villa called *Lux-*
" *borough*, which will be sold on the 26th of June, 1765, to-
" gether with the several farms that encompass the pre-
" mises, containing in the whole near six hundred acres of
" rich arable, meadow, pasture, and wood land, lying and
" being in an extensive vale, whose *surrounding acclivities*
" are *nobly cloathed*, and, rising in *magnifique* form, exhibit
" *luxuriant* prospects of unequalled richness and beauty.

" The pleasure-ground is comprized in a space of eleven
" acres, encompassed with HA-HA! and *grub walls*. The
" *elegant* disposition of the ground is beautifully improved
" with *vistas*, *groves*, and plantations, through which *walks*
" *wind* in extensive circuit. Store-ponds and *elevated ba-*
" *sons occupy* the areas, regale those fragrant coverts, and
" afford a constant and inexhaustible supply of water for the
" house, by means of lead pipes, *aqueducts*, &c.

" *Nature*, *propitious*, hath luxuriantly *featured* the *cir-*

tory of genius and taste he was probably once a contributor. To shew that he is a master of the PROFOUND, and will envelope his subject in a cloud, his pipe and tobacco-box, those friends to cogitation deep, are close to him.

His wife, mending that part of his dress in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, is worthy of a better fate. Her figure is peculiarly interesting.* Her face, softened by adversity, and marked with domestic care, is at this moment agitated by the appearance of a boisterous woman, insolently demanding payment of the milk-tally. In the excuse she returns, there is a mixture of concern, complacency, and mortification. As an addition to the distresses of this poor family, a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair.

The sloping roof, and projecting chimney, prove the throne of this inspired bard to be high above

" *cumadjacent* grounds, and art hath been judiciously in-
" troduced, to give richness and effect.---The lawn *swells*
" with *gentle* rise, and *easy* slopes; clumps of trees are placed
" in pleasing irregularity; a serpentine stream flows through
" the vale, heightening the verdure of the *divided* pasture;
" and the villages of Chigwell, Woodford, and *Woodford-*
" *bridge*, dawn through that mass of *prolific richness* which
" fills the wide of expanse."

* Had the artist given this speaking countenance to the girl who is exhibited in the first print of the Rake's Progress, how much more should we have been interested in her situation?

the crowd;—it is a garret. The chimney is ornamented with a *dare for larks*; and a book, a loaf, the tea-equipage, and a saucepan, decorate the shelf. On a line before the fire hangs half a shirt, and a pair of ruffled sleeves. His sword lies on the floor; for though our professor of poetry waged no war, except with words, a sword was in the year 1740 a necessary appendage to every thing which called itself *gentleman*. At the feet of his domestic seamstress, the full-dress coat is become the resting-place of a cat and two kittens: in the same situation is one stocking; the other is half immersed in the washing-pan. The broom, the mop, and bellows, are scattered round the room. A fencing foil is degraded;—like the dagger of *Hudibras*, which occasionally served to toast cheese, it now serves to stir the fire. The open door shews us that their cupboard is unfurnished, and tenanted by an hungry and solitary mouse. In the corner hangs a long cloak, well calculated to conceal the threadbare wardrobe* of its fair owner.

* If any gentleman objects to the word, let him consult *Joe Miller's Reports*; where he will find that, on a very cold day, Lord Chesterfield, passing over Westminster-bridge, observed a poor little fellow, clad in thin and threadbare apparel, standing with great composure in the eye of the wind, looking at the water. "How is it possible, my good man," said the nobleman, "for you to bear this piercing air, and "appear warm, while all around you are shivering with

The strict attention Mr. Hogarth paid to propriety of scenery, is evinced by the cracked plaistering of the walls, the broken window, and uneven floor, in this miserable habitation of this poor weaver of madrigals.*

" cold?"---" By a very easy method," replied the fellow; " if your lordship would do the same, you would be warmer " than I am;---I wear *all my wardrobe* at once."

* When this was first published, the following quotation from *Pope's Dunciad* was inscribed under the print:

" Studious he sate, *with all his books* around,
" Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound:
" Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
" Then wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair."

All his books, amounting to *only four*, was, I suppose, the artist's reason for erazing the lines.

There is a reduced copy, with some variations, placed as *the head-piece* of an Epistle to *Alexander Pope*, Esq. by Mr. *Banckes*. One of the variations is, a cobweb over the grate. If this good gentleman had consulted his own *head-piece*, he would have recollected that, as *even a poet* must *sometimes eat*, and the poor bard had no other room, or grate, it was natural to think he must *sometimes* have a fire to dress his scanty meal. In almost every other respect, he is indeed a much more *unaccommodated man* than was *Stephen Duck*, when he was a thresher. *Duck*, having made some rhymes, which for a thresher were deemed extraordinary, was taken out of his barn, furnished with a stock in trade, and set up as *a poet*. After that time he never wrote a stanza; his Muse forsook him; he was *haunted by the foul fiend*, and hanged or drowned himself, because *Queen Caroline*, who had made him a *parson*, could not make him a *bishop*.

In one of the journals of the day, dated June 30, 1736,

The original picture is in the collection of Lord *Grosvenor*.

I find written as follows:---"A handsome entertainment was "this day given at *Charlton*, in *Wiltshire*, to the threshers "of that village, by the Lord Viscount *Palmerston*, who "has given money to purchase a piece of land, the produce "of which is to be laid out in an annual entertainment, on "the 30th of June, *for ever*, in commemoration of *Stephen* "*Duck*, who was a thresher at that place."---Happy man! patronized by the Queen's Majesty, and

"So lov'd, so honour'd, in the House of Lords!"

See *Pope*'s Epistle to Mr. *Murray*, now Lord *Mansfield*:

"Grac'd, as thou art, with all the pow'r of words;
"So known, so honour'd, in the House of Lords!"

Hawkins Browne parodied the lines,

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks;
"And he has chambers in the King's-bench Walks."

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THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

" With thundering noise the azure vault they tear,
" And rend, with savage roar, the echoing air:
" The sounds terrific he with horror hears;
" His fiddle throws aside,---and stops his ears." E.

THE last plate displayed the *distress* of a poet; in this the artist has exhibited the *rage* of a musician. Our poor bard bore his misfortunes with patience, and, rich in his Muse, did not much repine at his poverty. Not so this master of harmony, of heavenly harmony! To the evils of poverty he is now a stranger; his *adagios* and *cantabiles* have procured him the protection of nobles; and, contrary to the poor shirtless mendicant of the Muses, whom we left in a garret, he is arrayed in a coat decorated with frogs, a bag-wig, a solitaire, and ruffled shirt. Waiting in the chamber of a man of fashion, whom he instructs in the *divine science of music*, having first tuned his instrument, he opens his crotchet-book, shoulders his violin, flourishes his fiddle-stick, and

" Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,
" Soon he soothes his soul to pleasure."

Rapt in Elysium at the divine symphony, he is awakened from his beatific vision, by noises that distract him.

------" An universal hubbub wild,
" Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
" Assaults his ear with loudest vehemence."

Confounded with the din, and enraged by the interruption, our modern *Terpander* starts from his seat, and opens the window. This operates as air to a kindling fire; and such a combination of noises burst upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears,—but to stop the torrent is impossible!

---" A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
" Break his bands of thought asunder!
" And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
" At the horrible sound
" He has rais'd up his head,
" As awak'd from the dead,
" And amazed he stares all around."

In this situation he is delineated; and those who for a moment contemplate the figures before him, cannot wonder at his rage.

" A crew of *bell-bounds* never ceasing bark,
" With wide *Cerberean* mouth, full loud, and ring
" A hideous peal."

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow in a tone that would *rend hell's concave*, bawling, DUST, HO!

DUST, HO! DUST! Next to him, an amphibious animal, who nightly pillows his head on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, in a voice that emulates the rush of many waters, or the roaring of a cataract, is bellowing, FLOUN-DA,A,A,RS! A daughter of May-day, who dispenses what in London is called milk, and is consequently a *milk-maid*, in a note pitched at the very top of her voice, is crying, BE LOUW!* While a ballad-singer is dolefully drawling out *the Ladie's Fall*, the infant in her arms joins its treble pipe in chorus with the screaming parrot, which is on a lamp-iron over her head. On the roof of an opposite house are two *cats*, performing what an *amateur* of music might perhaps call a *bravura duet*; near them appears

A sweep, shrill twittering on the chimney-top.

A little French drummer, singing to his rub-a-dub, and the agreeable yell of a dog, whose leg is crushed by the grinder's wheel, conclude the *vocal performers*.

OF THE INSTRUMENTAL,

a fellow blowing a horn, with a violence that would have almost shaken down the *walls of Jericho*,

* How this comes to be the cry for milk, it is not easy to determine. It was, perhaps, originally the custom of these *nymphs*, to make their perambulations through the streets accompanied by a cow; and they might by this means attain the power, and acquire the habit, of imitating the lowing of that animal.

claims the first notice; next to him, the dustman rattles his bell with ceaseless clangour, till the air reverberates the sound. The *intervals* are filled up by a paviour, who, to every stroke of his rammer, adds a loud, distinct, and echoing HAUGH! The pedestrian cutler is grinding a butcher's cleaver with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire. This, added to the agonizing howls of his unfortunate dog, must afford a perfect specimen of the *ancient chromatic*. The poor animal* between a man and a monkey, piping *harsh discords* upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her *crepitaculum*, or rattle, and the boy beating his drum, compleats the catalogue of this harmonious band.

Thus much we may be almost said to *hear*; and we *see*, by the flag displayed at the church, that the *fanciers* of *corals* for *grown gentlemen* are performing a round of double *bob-majors*, in the belfry. "*John Long, pewterer,*" is inscribed over a door, and intimates the business going on in the house, where the strokes of some thirty or forty hammers ringing incessantly upon pewter, produce a sound more sonorous than that which is echoed from the forge of *Vulcan*.

This delineation originated in a story which was

* This unfortunate creature, in the memory of many persons now living, used to parade the streets of the metropolis with a hautboy, which afforded him a precarious subsistence.

told to Mr. *Hogarth* by the late Mr. *John Festin*,* who is the hero of the print. He was eminent for his skill in playing upon the *German flute* and *hautboy*, and much employed as a teacher of music. To each of his scholars he devoted one hour each day. "At nine o'clock in the morning," said he, "I once waited upon my Lord "*Spencer*, but his lordship being out of town, "from him I went to Mr. *V——n*, now Lord "*V——n*. It was so early, that he was not arisen. "I went into his chamber, and, opening a shutter, "sat down in the window-seat. Before the rails "was a *pauvre miserable* playing upon the hautboy. "A man with a barrow full of onions, seated himself on the side of his moveable warehouse, and "offered the piper an onion if he would play him "a tune. That ended, he offered a second onion "for a second tune; the same for a third, and was "going on: but this was too much; I could not "bear it; it angered my very soul—"Zounds!" "said I, "stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my "profession; he is playing on the *hautboy* for "onions!"

This scene is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observed, that it deafens one to look at it.

The roar of the fisherman, with one hand so

* He was brother to the *Festin* who led the band at *Ranelagh*, and has been dead about fifteen or sixteen years.

placed as to become a sort of sounding-board, and give reverberation, is admirably depicted. You perceive that he has, *professionally speaking*, not merely a *volume*, but a *folio volume*, of voice. As well as that of the dustman, it is a *thorough bass*, and, added to the tenor and treble of the other performers, must produce a concert, though not quite so harmonious, yet nearly as loud, as those which have been graced with the royal presence in Westminster-abbey.*

The scene seems to be taken from the lower part of St. Martin's-lane; it is certainly intended to represent the steeple of St. Martin's church.

A heap of bricks, piled up close to the little girl with an orange in her hand, have been said to represent a contrivance of some boy to catch birds; I rather suspect them to be so placed by an orange merchant, for the small fry who chuse to give away their copper for a chance of a great prize, to bowl through. I once saw a similar contrivance, in the street opposite Whitehall, when the successful bowler received three oranges. The sprigs planted close to this *little Babel*, may have been the handy-work of the young gentleman in a corner-cap, who appears to have been dragging a slate, fastened to a string, and tied round his waist, over a

* This great commemoration to the honour of *Handel*, produced two miracles. It induced fine gentlemen to go to church, and obliged fine ladies to leave their pillows at five o'clock in the morning.

rough pavement, that he also might make *a pretty noise.*

A play-bill on the wall describes the unaccountable run of that very popular and pernicious performance, *The Beggar's Opera*, to have been for sixty-two nights. In a copy of this opera, published in 1729, the *dramatis personæ* appear as here written; and the good fortune which followed Miss *Fenton*'s attractions in *Polly*, is known to all the world.

The figures are well grouped, and most excellently described: those in the back-ground have very great force; but the boy with a drum is ill drawn, and the milk-pail is much too large.

In the London Daily Post, for November 24, 1740, is the following advertisement. "Shortly "will be published, a new print, called *the Pro-* "*voked Musician*, designed and engraved by Mr. "*William Hogarth*; being a companion to a print "representing a *Distrest Poet*, published some "time since. To which will be added, *a third on* "*painting*, which will complete the set; but as "this subject may turn upon an affair depending "between the right hon. the lord mayor and the "author, it may be retarded for some time."

Humphry Parsons was at that time *lord mayor*; but the business alluded to not being in the city records, must remain obscure until some one who knows more about it, than I do, shall explain it.

In Doctor *Beattie*'s Essay on Laughter, and ludicrous Composition, quarto edition, p. 608, speaking of the modes of combination by which incongruous qualities may be presented to the eye or the fancy, so as to provoke laughter, he observes, that "this extraordinary group form a "very comical mixture of incongruity and rela- "tion: of incongruity, owing to the dissimilar "employment and appearances of the several per- "sons, and to the variety of dissonance of their "respective noises; and of relation, owing to "their being all united in the same place, and for "the same purpose of tormenting the poor fiddler. "From the various sounds co-operating to this "one end, the piece becomes more laughable than "if their meeting were conceived to be without "any particular destination; for the greater num- "ber of relations, as well as of contrarieties, that "take place in any ludicrous assembly, the more "ludicrous it will generally appear. Yet though "this group comprehends not any mixture of "meanness and dignity, it would, I think, be al- "lowed to be laughable to a certain degree, merely "from the juxta position of the objects, even "though it were supposed to be accidental."

Of the immense fortunes realized by the *Italian professors of music* we have many examples in this island; but the success of *Lully*, in France, was greater than any of his countrymen ever ex-

perienced here. He was by birth a Florentine. By his fiddle and his impudence, he raised himself from the *Queen* of *France*'s kitchen to be chief of the band of music, and carried the art to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown in that kingdom. *Louis XIV.* gave him letters of nobility, and on his account enacted, that the profession of music should consist with the quality of a gentleman. He died by excessive drinking, and left a most enormous fortune. The nobleman who had entertained him when he drank what proved his *quietus*, paying him a visit, " Ah! my lord," said his wife, with a deep sigh, " you are the last who " made my husband drunk." *Lully*, who was dying, heard the remark, and had just voice enough left to add, " He shall be the first who " makes me so again when I get upon my legs!"

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY.

In the *Progress of an Harlot*, and the *Adventures of a Rake*, Mr. *Hogarth* displayed his powers of painting history. Holding the mirror up to Nature, he shews

---" Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the " very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Had he exhibited no other specimen of his art, these fourteen prints would have given him a right to the title of *a moral painter*; and thus was he denominated by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, in his Adventures of *Joseph Andrews*.

In the *series* before us, he treads poetic ground. A description of *the day*, particularly the *morning*, has been generally deemed the *bard*'s peculiar province. Considering *Homer* as the father of poesy, the whole family of *Apollo* have echoed his notes, and *run their divisions of fancy* upon his scale. With one of them,

" The morn, wak'd by the circling hours,
" Unbars the gates of light."

With another, she " sows the earth with orient

"pearl." At one time, with a star for her gentleman usher, she

"Draws night's humid curtains, and proclaims
"The new-born day forth dawning from the east."

At another, she is placed in a glittering chariot, bespangled with dew-drops, and drawn by ethereal coursers, with flaming nostrils, "*driving the* "*day.*" With one, she is *grey Aurora*; with another, the *meek-ey'd morn*; and a third tells us she has red hands. She has generally saffron streamers, and always a *dewy robe.*

These *heathenish* descriptions may be very beautiful in their way; but hear our own *Shakspeare:*

"Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
"Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top."

Again,

"The glow-worm shews the *matin* to be near,
"And 'gins to pale her ineffectual fire."

This comes home to all men's business and bosoms; it is picturesque, it is poetical; it is intelligible to the *peasant* or the *philosopher*, to the most classic admirer of ancient mythology, or the man who never heard that the gates which *Aurora* unbars, are made of *the purest chrystal.*

It is true, that the pictures drawn by *Homer*, and all the long list of *etceteras* who have debased

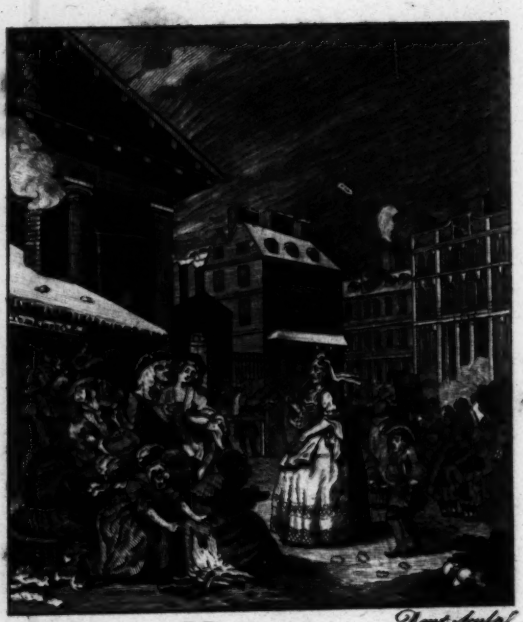
his splendid images by the mixture of their own dross, have their scenes laid in the country; but Hogarth has represented his *dramatis personæ* in the centre of a great city. Had the learned author of *Hudibras* been a painter, I believe he would have done the same. From all the sublime effusions of the most sublime writers, it will not be easy to select two lines that have more *wit*, than his description of the morning; and Mr. *Pope* says, that "*wit* is nature to advantage drest."

> "Now, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
> "From black to red began to turn."

This description is appropriate to either city or country.

In Mr. *Hogarth*'s Four Parts of the Day, there is only one scene laid out of town; and that may, I think, be properly enough called a *London pastoral*, for it is at the pleasant village of *Islington*. The three others are described as in the most public parts of the metropolis, and exhibit a picture which will give a very correct idea of the dresses and pursuits of the inhabitants of this city in the year 1738.

BRITISH MUSEUM



MORNING

MORNING.

" Keen blows the blast, and eager is the air;
" With flakes of feather'd snow the ground is spread:
" To step, with *mincing pace*, to early prayer,
" This clay-cold *vestal* leaves her downy bed.

" And here the reeling sons of Riot see,
" After a night of senseless revelry,---

" Poor,---trembling,---old,---her suit the beggar plies;
" But *frozen chastity* the little boon denies." E.

THIS withered representative of Miss *Bridget Alworthy*, with a shivering foot-boy carrying her prayer-book, never fails in her attendance at morning service. She is a perfect symbol of the season.—

------" Chaste as the isicle
" That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
" And hangs on Dian's temple,"

she looks down with scouling eye, and all the conscious pride of severe and stubborn virginity, on the poor girls who are suffering the embraces of the two drunken *beaux* that are just staggered out of *Tom King's Coffee-house*. One of them, from the basket upon her arm, I conjecture to be an *orange girl:* she shews no displeasure at the boisterous salute of her *Hibernian* lover. That the hero in a laced

hat is from the banks of the *Shannon*, is apparent in his countenance. The female whose face is partly concealed, and whose neck has a more easy turn than we often see in the works of this artist, is not formed of the most inflexible materials.

An old woman, seated upon a basket; a girl, warming her hands by a few withered sticks, that are blazing on the ground, and a wretched mendicant,* wrapped in a tattered and party-coloured blanket, entreating charity from the *rosy-fingered* vestal who is going to church, compleats the group. Behind them, at the door of *Tom King*'s Coffee-house, are a party engaged in such a fray as seems likely to create some business for both surgeon and magistrate; we discover swords, as well as cudgels, in the hands of the combatants.

On the opposite side of the print are two little school-boys. That they have *shining morning faces* we cannot positively assert, but each has a

* "What signifies," says some one to Doctor *Johnson*, "giving halfpence to common beggars? they only lay them "out in gin or tobacco." "And why," replied the doctor, "should they be denied such sweeteners of their exist-"ence? It is surely very savage to shut out from them "every possible avenue to those pleasures reckoned too "coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none "of us can swallow without gilding, yet for the *poor* we de-"light in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to "shew even visible marks of displeasure, if ever the bitter "taste is taken from their mouths."

satchel at his back, and according with the description given by *the poet of nature*, is,

" Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

The lantern appended to the woman who has a basket on her head, proves that these dispensers of the riches of *Pomona* rise before the sun, and do part of their business by an artificial light. Near her, that immediate descendant of *Paracelsus*, Doctor *Rock*,* is expatiating on the *never-failing virtues* of his *wonder-working* medicines, to an admiring audience. One hand holds a bottle of his *miraculous panacea*, and the other supports a board, on which is the *king's arms*, to intimate that his practice is sanctioned by *royal letters patent*. By two porringers and a spoon, placed on the bottom of a basket, we perceive that the woman who is seated near them is a vender of rice-milk, at that time brought into the market every morning.

A porter, fatigued by the business of the morning, is leaning on a rail; and a blind man going towards the church: but whether he will become one of the congregation, or take his stand at the door, in the

* This is said to be a striking resemblance of that very great man. For many years he attended *Covent-garden* market every morning.

hope that religion may have warmed the hearts of its *votaries* to

"Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man,"

is uncertain.

The clock, in the front of *Inigo Jones*'s barn, has the motto,

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

Had Mr. *Hervey*, of Weston Favel, written upon the works of *Hogarth*, he would have expatiated, for ten pages, upon the relation which this motto has to the smoke which is issuing from the chimney beneath; he would have written about it, and about it, and told his readers that the glory of this world is represented by the smoke, and, like the smoke, it passeth away; that *man* himself is a mere *vapour*, &c. &c. &c.

The snow upon the ground, and the isicles hanging from the pent-house, exhibit a very chilling prospect; but, to dissipate the cold, there is happily a shop where spirituous liquors are sold *pro bono publico*, at a very little distance. A large pewter measure is placed upon a post before the door, and three of a smaller size hung over the window of the house.

The character of the principal figure* is ad-

* It has been said that this incomparable figure was designed as the representative of either a particular friend, or a relation. *Individual satire* may be very gratifying to the

mirably delineated. She is marked with that prim and aukward formality which generally accompanies the order to which she belongs, and is an exact *type* of the season; for every part of her dress, except the flying lappets and apron, ruffled by the wind, is as rigidly precise as if it were frozen. Extreme cold is very well expressed in the slip-shod foot-boy,* and the girl who is warming her

public, but is frequently fatal to the *satirist*. *Churchill*, by the lines,

--------" Fam'd *Vine-street*,
" Where Heaven, the kindest wish of man to grant,
" Gave me an old house, and an older aunt,"

lost a considerable legacy; and it is related that *Hogarth*, by the introduction of this withered *votary of Diana* into this scene, induced her to alter a will which had been made considerably in his favour: she was at first well enough satisfied with her resemblance, but some designing people taught her to be angry.

* Of this there is an enlarged copy, which some of our collectors have ingeniously enough christened, *The half-starved Boy*. It bears the date of 1730, and is inscribed, *W. H. pinx. F. Sykes, sc.* *Sykes* was the pupil of either Sir *James Thornhill* or *Hogarth*, and the 0 might be intended for an 8, but the *aqua fortis* failing, it appears to have an earlier date than the print from which it was copied. If the date is right, *Sykes* undoubtedly copied it from a sketch of his master's, which might then be unappropriated. In any case, it is too ridiculous to imagine, for a moment, that Hogarth was a plagiary; for supposing, what is not very probable, that his pupil was capable of delineating the figure, he would scarcely have made the sketch without some concomitant circumstances to explain its meaning.

hands. The group of which she is a part, is well formed, but not sufficiently balanced on the other side of the picture.

The hand of the dial pointing to a few minutes before seven, the marks of the little shoes and pattens in the snow, and the various productions of the season in the market, are an additional proof of the *minute* accuracy with which this artist inspected and represented objects, which painters in general have overlooked.

The scene is laid in *Covent-garden*, but every building in the print is reversed.* This is a very common error in Mr. Hogarth. It did not, I think, arise from his being ignorant of the use of the mirror, but from his considering it as a matter of little consequence.

The propriety of exhibiting a scene of riot in *Tom King's Coffee-house*, is proved by the following quotation from the *Weekly Miscellany*, for June 9, 1739. "Monday, Mrs. *Mary King*, of "*Covent-garden*, was brought up to the King's-"bench bar, at *Westminster*, and received the "following sentence, for keeping a disorderly "house; viz. to pay a fine of *two hundred pounds*, "to suffer three months imprisonment, to find se-"curity for her good behaviour for three years, "and to remain in prison till the fine be paid."

* I speak of the large print; in the small copy, which is inserted in this work, they are properly placed.

BRITISH MUSEUM



NOON

When her imprisonment ended, she retired from this our *vanity fair*, built three houses on *Haverstock-hill*, near *Hampsted*, and in one of them, on the 10th of September, 1747, she died. Her mansion was afterwards the residence of *Nancy Dawson*, and with the two others constitutes what is still distinguished by the appellation of *Moll King's Row*.

NOON.

" Hail, *Gallia*'s daughters! easy, light, and free;
" Good-humour'd, *debonnaire*, and *degagee*:
" Though still fantastic, frivolous, and vain,
" Let not their *airs* and *graces* give us pain:
" Or fair or brown, at toilet, prayer, or play,
" Their motto speaks their manners,---TOUJOURS GAI.
" But for that powder'd compound of grimace,
" That capering *he-she thing* of fringe and lace;
" With sword and cane, with bag and solitaire,
" Vain of the full-dress'd dwarf,---his hopeful heir,
" How does our spleen and indignation rise,
" When such a tinsell'd coxcomb meets our eyes,
" So twisted out of God and Nature's plan,
" Yet know that *coxcomb* must be call'd a man!" E.

AMONG the figures who are coming out of church, an affected, flighty Frenchwoman, with her fluttering fop of an husband, and a boy,

habited *a-la-mode de Paris*, claim our first attention. In dress, air, and manner, they are most singularly national. The same may be said of the whole congregation; each of whom, whether male or female, old or young, carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment. As well as the three principal figures, they are all marked with some affected peculiarity. *Affectation*, in a woman, is supportable upon no other ground than that general indulgence we pay to the omnipotence of beauty, which in a degree sanctifies whatever it adopts. In a boy, when we consider that the poor fellow is attempting to copy what he has been taught to believe praiseworthy, we laugh at it; the largest portion of ridicule falls upon his tutors; but in a *man*, it is contemptible!

The old fellow, in a black periwig, has a most vinegar-like aspect, and is looking with great contempt at the frippery gentlewoman immediately before him. The woman with a demure countenance seems very piously considering how she can contrive to pick the pocket of the embroidered *beau*. Two old *sybils* joining their withered lips in a *chaste salute*, is nauseous enough, but, being a national custom, must be forgiven. The divine seems to have resided in this kingdom long enough to acquire the roast-beef countenance, of the country. The little boy, with a woollen night-cap shaped like a bee-hive, and pressed over a most venerable

flowing periwig, and the decrepid old man, leaning upon a crutch-stick, who is walking before him, I once considered as two vile *caracatures*, out of nature, and unworthy the artist. Since I have seen the peasantry of Flanders, and the *plebeian youth* of France, I have in some degree changed my opinion, but I still think them rather *outre*.

Under a sign of the *Baptist's-head* is inscribed, "*Good Eating*;" and on each side of the inscription, for those who dislike the flavour of wild honey,* there is a mutton chop. By the violent action, and impassioned eloquence, of the good lady at the window above it, we are led to believe that she has had a little disagreement with her husband,—and to retaliate upon him for his *provoking temper*, she throws their Sunday's dinner into the street.

A girl, who is bringing a pie from the bake-

* The monastery of St. Benedict, in France, had for time immemorial been supposed to possess that precious relic the head of *John the Baptist*. Some forty years ago, the monastery of St. Francis overthrew their claim, by declaring that in their dormitory they had discovered the genuine *caput*: and one of the friars, to remove every objection of its being the real *Baptist's head*, in the most solemn manner asserted, that when, in an holy fervour, he frequently kissed the lips, he found they still retained the flavour of *locusts and wild honey!* So strong a proof there was no withstanding; the claim of St. *Francis* was admitted, and established by the conclave.

house, is stopped in her career by the rude embraces of a blackamoor, who eagerly rubs his sable visage against her blooming cheek.

Good eating is carried on to the lower part of the picture. A boy* has placed a dish, in which is a baked pudding, upon a post; but having been somewhat violent in his action, the dish is broken, the fragments fall to the ground, and, while he is loudly lamenting his misfortune, and with tears anticipating his punishment, the smoking remnants are eagerly snatched up by a poor girl. Not educated according to the system of *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, she feels no qualms of conscience about the original proprietor, and not troubled with that fastidious delicacy which destroys the relish of many a fine lady in this our great city, she eagerly swallows the hot and delicious morsels, with all the concomitants of Hog-lane.

In opposition to the head without a body, which is hung out as the sign of an eating-house, we see a body without an head, exhibited as the

* This boy is copied from a figure in a picture of *the Rape of the Sabines*, by *N. Poussin*, now in the collection of Mr. *Hoare*, at *Stourhead*. The late Mr. *John Henderson* has often sportively told his friends, that he stood to *Hogarth* for the sketch when he was with *Fournier*, the drawing-master. If any one doubted the assertion, he appealed to his mother, to prove the resemblance.

sign of a *distiller's*. This, by general consent, is quaintly and wittily denominated, THE GOOD WOMAN.*

The scene is laid at the door of a *French chapel*, in *Hog-lane*; a part of the town at that time almost wholly peopled by *French refugees*, or their descendants.

A *kite* has been blown from an adjacent field,† and the string being entangled on the roof of the chapel, hangs pendant on the wall. One of Mr. Hogarth's commentators asserts, that *this is introduced only to break the disagreeable uniformity of a wall.* It certainly has that effect; but he so rarely presents any object without a particular and pointed allusion, that I am inclined to think he had some other meaning. May it not be designed to intimate that the good people who compose the congregation, after being blown out of their own country by *a religious storm*, found a peaceful harbour under this roof, safely sheltered from the hurricanes of enthusiasm, or the blasts of superstition.

By the dial of St. Giles's church, which appears in the distance, we see that it is only half past eleven. At this early hour, in these *good times*, there was as much *good eating* as there is now at

* From what combination is this now made the sign for a *colour-shop?*

† At that period there was a windmill at the bottom of *Rathbone-place*.

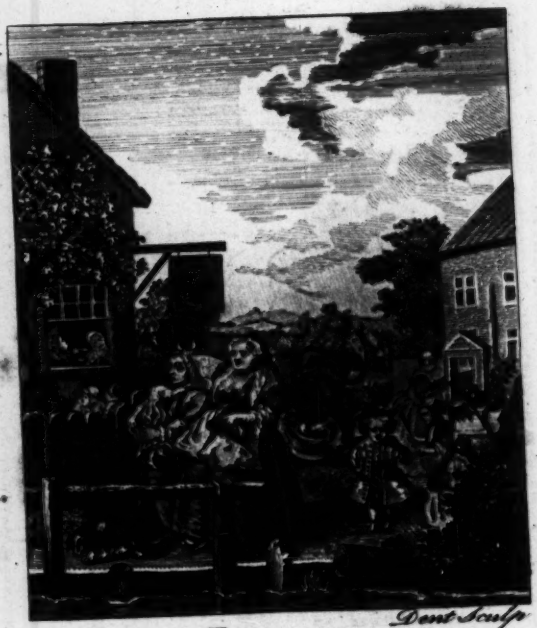
five o'clock in the afternoon. From about twenty pewter measures, which are hung up before the houses of different distillers, it seems that *good drinking* was considered as equally worthy of their serious attention.

The dead cat, and choaked kennels, mark the little attention shewn to the streets by the scavengers of St. Giles's.* At this period noxious effluvia was not peculiar to that parish. The neighbourhood of Fleet-ditch, and many other parts of the city, were equally polluted.

Even at this refined period, there would be some use in a more strict attention to the *medical police* of a city so crouded with inhabitants. We ridicule the people of Paris and Edinburgh for neglecting so essential and salutary a branch of delicacy, while the kennels of a street in the vicinity of St. Paul's church are floated with the blood of slaughtered animals every market-day. Moses would have managed these things better;—but in those days there was no *physician* in *Israel!*

* The old church was built in 1625. The ground by which it was surrounded was gradually so raised by the accumulation of filth and other adventitious matter, that, in the year 1730, the floor of the church was eight feet lower than the surface of the surrounding earth. This alone made it necessary to rebuild the church, which was finished in 1734, at the expence of ten thousand pounds, in a manner that does great credit to the architect, Mr. *Henry Flitcroft*.

BRITISH MUSEUM



EVENING

EVENING.

" One sultry Sunday,---when no cooling breeze,
" Was borne on *Zephyr*'s wing, to fan the trees;
" One sultry Sunday,---when the torrid ray
" O'er nature beam'd *intolerable day*;
" When raging *Sirius* warn'd us not to roam,
" And *Galen*'s sons prescrib'd---*cool draughts at home*;
" One sultry Sunday,---near those fields of fame
" Where weavers dwell, and *Spital* is their name,
" A sober wight, of reputation high
" For tints that emulate the *Tyrian dye*,
" Wishing to take his afternoon's repose
" In easy chair, had just began to doze,
" When, in a voice that sleep's soft bondage broke,
" His *oily* helpmate thus her wishes spoke:

" Why, spouse, for shame!--my stars! what's this about?
" You's ever sleeping!---come, we'll all go out;---
" At that there garden,---pr'ythee, do not stare!---
" We'll take *a mouthful* of the country air;
" In the *yew bower* an hour or two we'll kill;
" There you may smoke, and drink what punch you will.
" *Sophy* and *Billy* each shall walk with me,
" And you must carry little *Emily*.
" *Veny* is sick, and pants, and loaths her food;
" The grass will do *the pretty creature* good.
" Hot rolls are ready as the clock strikes five---
" And now 'tis after four, as I'm alive!"

" The mandate issued, see the tour begun,
" And *all the flock* set out for *Islington*.
" Now the broad sun, refulgent orb of day,
" To rest with *Thetis*, slopes his western way;

" O'er every tree embrowning dust is spread,
" And tipt with gold is *Hampstead*'s lofty head.
" The passive husband, in his nature mild,
" To wife consigns his hat, and takes the child;
" But *she* a day like this hath never felt---
" *Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,*
" *Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!*---
" Such monstrous heat---dear me!---she never knew.
" *Adown her innocent and beauteous face,*
" *The big, round pearly drops each other chase;*
" Thence trickling to those hills, erst white as snow,
" That now like *Etna*'s mighty mountains glow,
" They hang like dew-drops on the full-blown rose,
" And to the ambient air their sweets disclose.
" *Fever'd* with *pleasure*, thus she drags along;
" Nor dares her *antler'd* husband say 'tis wrong.
" The blooming offspring of this blissful pair,
" In all their parents' *attic* pleasures share.
" *Sophy* the soft, the mother's earliest joy,
" Demands her froward brother's tinsell'd toy;
" But he, enrag'd, denies the glittering prize,
" And rends the air with loud and piteous cries.
" Thus far we see the party on their way---
" What dire disasters mark'd the close of day,
" 'Twere tedious, tiresome, endless to obtrude;
" *Imagination* must the *tour* conclude." E.

It is not easy to imagine *fatigue* better delineated than in the appearance of this *amiable pair*. In a few of the earliest impressions, Mr. *Hogarth printed* the hands of the man in *blue*, to intimate that he was a dyer, and the face and neck of the woman in *red*, to express her extreme heat.* The

* I have seen more than one modern impression with the

lady's aspect lets us at once into her character; we are certain that she was born to command. As to her husband, *God made him, and he must pass for a man:* what his wife has made him, appears by the cow's horns; which are so perfectly appropriate to his countenance, that they become his own. *Venus* and *Adonis* are very properly represented on this fair lady's fan. The hopes of the family, with a cockade in his hat, and riding upon *papa*'s cane, seems less easy under a *female sway*, than is his sire. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl, it is scarcely possible to conceive. Upon such a character, the most casual observer pronounces with the certainty of a *Lavater*.

Nothing can be better imagined than the group enveloped by their own smoke in the alehouse window. They have come to take a refreshing walk in the country, and, being determined to have a cooling pipe, seat themselves in a chair-lumbered closet, with a low ceiling; and there every man pulling off his wig, and throwing his pocket-handkerchief over his head, inhales the fumes of hot punch, the smoke of half a dozen pipes, and the dust from the road. If this is not rural felicity, what is? The old gentleman in a black bag wig, and the two women near him,

hands and face tinged with red and blue. Those only are genuine which are *printed* in colours.

sensibly enough, take their seats in the open air.

From a woman milking a cow, we conjecture the hour to be about five in the afternoon; and from the same circumstance, I am inclined to think they are *going to their pastoral* bower, rather than returning *from it.*

The cow and dog appear as much inconvenienced by heat as any of the party: the former is whisking off the flies; and the latter creeps unwillingly along, and seems looking very wishfully at the chrystal river, in which he sees his own shadow. A remarkably hot summer is intimated by the very luxuriant state of a vine, which creeps along an alehouse window. On the side of the New River, where the scene is laid, is one of the wooden pipes employed in the water-works. Opposite *Sadler's Wells* there still remains a sign * of Sir *Hugh Middleton*'s head.

* To the memory of this great and public-spirited citizen, I never saw any other memorial. Such a benefactor to the city ought to have had a statue in gold placed in the centre of the *Royal Exchange.*

He was a native of Denbigh, in *North Wales,* and a citizen and goldsmith of London. Though there were three acts of parliament, empowering the freemen of London to cut through lands, and bring a river from any part of *Middlesex,* or *Hertfordshire,* the project had always been considered as impracticable, till Sir *Hugh Middleton* undertook it. He made choice of two springs, one in the parish of *Amwell,* in *Hertfordshire,* the other near *Ware,* each of them about

This print is engraved by *Baron*; but some touches of Mr. Hogarth's burine are discoverable on the faces.

Doctor Johnson, I think it is, who observes, that an ardent pursuit of pleasure generally defeats its own purpose; for when we have wasted days and nights, and exhausted our strength, in the chace, it eludes our grasp, and vanishes from our view.

twenty miles from town. Having united their streams, with immense labour and expence, he conveyed them to *London*. This most arduous and useful work was begun on the 20th of February, 1608, and brought into the reservoir at *Islington*, on Michaelmas-day, 1613. Like almost every other projector, he ruined his private fortune by his public spirit. King *James the First*, however, created him a baronet; and his descendants, in lieu of a very considerable estate, had the honour of being called *Sirs*. For the benefit of the poor members of the goldsmith's company, he left a share in his New River water; and his portrait is still preserved in their hall.

The seventy-two shares into which this great liquid property was divided, originally sold for one hundred pounds each, and for thirty years afforded scarce any advantage to the proprietors. In the year 1780, shares were sold at nine and ten thousand pounds each; and their price is increasing in proportion to the increase of the dividends, by which their value is regulated.

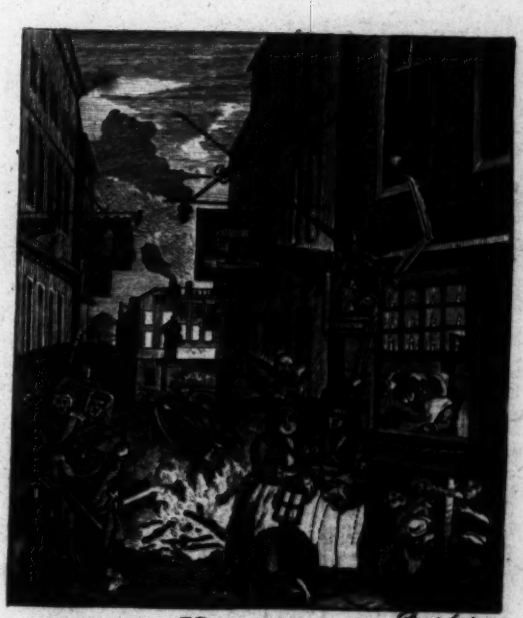
NIGHT.

" Now burst the blazing bonfires on the sight,
" Through the wide air their coruscations play;
" The windows beam with artificial light,
" And all the region emulates the day.

" The *moping mason*, from yon tavern led,
" In *mystic* words doth to the moon complain
" That unsound port distracts his aching head,
" And o'er the waiter waves his clouded cane." E.

Mr. *Walpole* very truly observes, that this print is inferior to the three others; there is, however, broad humour in some of the figures.

The wounded free-mason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank his bumpers to the craft till he is unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir *Thomas De Veil*, and, from an authenticated portrait which I have seen, I am inclined to think it is so, notwithstanding Sir *John Hawkins* asserts, that " *he* could " discover no resemblance." When the knight saw him in his magisterial capacity, he was probably sober and sedate; here he is represented a little disguised. The *British Xantippe* showering her favours from the window upon his head,



NIGHT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

may have its source in that respect which the inmates of such houses as the *Rummer Tavern* had for a *justice* of *peace*. On the resignation of Mr. *Horace Walpole*, in February, 1738, *De Veil* was appointed inspector general of the imports and exports, and was so severe against the retailers of spirituous liquors, that one *Allen* headed a gang of rioters for the purpose of pulling down his house, and bringing to a summary punishment two *informers* who were there concealed. *Allen* was tried for this offence, and acquitted, upon the jury's verdict declaring him *lunatic*.

The waiter who is supporting his worship, seems, from the patch upon his forehead, to have been in a recent affray; but what use he can have for a lantern, it is not easy to divine, unless he is conducting his charge to some place where there is neither moonlight nor illumination.

The Salisbury flying coach oversetting and broken, by driving over a bonfire, is said to be an intended burlesque upon a right honourable peer, who was accustomed to drive his own carriage over hedges, ditches, and rivers; and has been sometimes known to drive three or four of his maid servants into a deep water, and there leave them in the coach to shift for themselves.

The butcher, and little fellow, who are assisting the terrified passengers, are possibly *free* and *accepted* masons. One of them seems to have a mop in his hand;—the pail is out of sight.

"Next lodge *I'll* be free-mason,---nothing less!
"Unless I happen to be F. R. S."

To crown the joys of the populace, a man with a pipe in his mouth is filling a capacious hogshead with British Burgundy.

The joint operation of shaving and bleeding, performed by a drunken 'prentice on a greasy oil-man, does not seem a very natural exhibition on a rejoicing night.

The poor wretches under the barber's bench display a prospect of penury and wretchedness, which I hope is not so common now, as I believe it was then.

In the distance is a cart laden with furniture, which some unfortunate tenant is removing out of the reach of his landlord's execution.

There is humour in the barber's sign and inscription; "*Shaving*, *bleeding*, and *teeth drawn* "*with a touch.* ECCE SIGNUM."

The Rummer tavern still retains its old situation. It was then quaintly distinguished as the NEW BAGNIO.

It appears by the oaken boughs on the sign, and the oak leaves in the free-masons' hats, that the *time* of this rejoicing night is the twenty-ninth of *May*, the anniversary of our second Charles' restoration; that happy day when, according to the excellent old ballad,

"The king he enjoy'd his own again."

This might be one reason for the artist laying his

scene in sight of the beautiful equestrian statue* to the memory of Charles the First.

In the distance we see a house on fire; an accident very likely to happen on *such a night as this.*

The original pictures of *Morning* and *Noon* were sold to the Duke of *Ancaster* for fifty-seven guineas; *Evening* and *Night* to Sir *William Heathcote,* for sixty-four guineas.

* On this spot once stood the cross erected by *Edward the First,* as a memorial of affection for his beloved *Queen, Eleanor,* whose remains were here rested in their way to the place of sepulture. It was formed from a design by *Cavalini,* and destroyed by the religious fury of the Reformers. In its place, in the year 1678, was erected the animated equestrian statue which now remains. It was cast in brass, in the year 1633, by *Le Sœur*; I think by order of that munificent encourager of the arts, *Thomas Howard,* Earl of Arundel. The *parliament* ordered it to be sold, and broken to pieces; but *John River,* the brazier who purchased it, having more taste than his employers, seeing, with the prophetic eye of good sense, that *the powers which were,* would not remain rulers very long, dug a hole in his garden, in Holborn, and buried it unmutilated. To prove his obedience, he produced to his masters several pieces of brass, which he told them were parts of the statue. M. de *Archenholz* adds farther, that the brazier, with the true spirit of trade, cast a great number of handles for knives and forks, and offered them for sale, as composed of the brass which had formed the statue. They were eagerly sought for, and purchased by the loyalists from affection to their murdered monarch,---by the other party, as trophies of the triumph of *liberty* over *tyranny.*

STROLLING PLAYERS.

As the act prohibiting performance of any play or interlude which had not the sanction of the lord chamberlain, passed about the time that the print of the Strolling Actresses was published, and is particularly referred to in the engraving, a short view of the *English drama*, and the circumstances which occasioned the bill's being brought into the House of Commons, seems immediately connected with the subject.

Our first *theatrical exhibitions* had a religious tendency;* they were under the direction of the clergy, represented a story compiled from the Bible, or some legendary tale of a canonized saint, and were denominated *mysteries*. In the year 1378, the scholars of *Paul's school* presented a

* Doctor *Arne*, in one instance, seemed to think that they should still continue so. Having composed a very dull opera, and the town disapproving, and consigning it to a merited oblivion, the *Doctor* asked *Foote* what was his opinion of it; "For," added he, "I really think there is a "great deal of good in it." "There is, my *dear fellow*," replied the wit; "there is a great deal *too much* good in it: "but, setting aside its goodness and piety, there never was "any thing more justly damned since damning came into "fashion."

petition to *Richard II.* praying his Majesty to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the History of the *Old Testament*, to the great prejudice of the clergy, who had been at much expence in order to represent it publicly at *Christmas*. In 1390, *interludes* were played at *Skinner's Well*; and again, in 1409, the parish clerks of *London* performed plays, for eight days successively, at *Clerkenwell*, which took its name from these right *learned* and *worthie* performers. Their play had for its subject *the creation of the world*, and was honoured with the presence of most of the *nobility* in the kingdom, and verie manie of the *gentrie* also attended. This unenlightened period has been properly enough called, *the dead sleep of the Muses*. They did not presently awake: the *moralities*, which followed, were produced in a kind of *morning dream*. They, however, had some shadow of meaning; which is more than can be said of the exhibitions which preceded them. The *mysteries* represented, in a confused and senseless manner, some incredible tale; but in the *moralities*, a design was aimed at, and something like poetry was attempted. The virtues, vices, and affections of the mind were frequently personified; good actions were rewarded, and wickedness chastised. Religion was at that time the leading object, and even their amusements had a tendency to promote it: were *moralities* to be

now performed, they would unquestionably turn upon politics.

In the reign of that *most righteous* prince *Henry the Eighth*, very properly distinguished from the monarchs who preceded him, as *Defender of the Faith,—and so forth*, an act was made for the promoting of *true religion*; in this act a clause is inserted, "restraining all *rimours*, or *plaiers*, from "singing in songs, or playing in interludes, any "thing that should contradict the *acknowledged* "*doctrines*."

It was customary, at this time, to enact these moral and religious *dramas* in private houses; and the *dramatis personæ* were so contrived, that five or six actors might represent twenty characters. "Players," says honest *John Stowe*, "were "in former times *retainers* to noblemen; and none "had the privilege to act plays but such as were "so retained. These divertissements were then a "recreation, and used, therefore, now and then "occasionally; but afterwards, by abuse, they be-"came a trade and calling, and so remain unto "this day."

In 1574, Sir James Hawes being mayor, the common council of London passed an act, wherein it was ordained, that no play should be openly acted within the liberties of the city, wherein should be uttered any words, examples, or doings, of any *unchastitie*, sedition, or such like unfit or uncome-

ly matters, under the penalty of five pounds, and fourteen days imprisonment. And farther, that no plays should be acted till first PERUSED and allowed by *the lord mayor and court of aldermen.* But even these sagacious and judicious laws failed in their effect, for the *drama* remained not only dead, dull, and unprofitable, but depraved; when, like the sun bursting through a cloud,

------" Immortal Shakspeare rose;
" Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
" Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
" Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
" And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
" His pow'rful strokes presiding truth confess'd,
" And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

From that period to this, theatrical amusements have undergone many changes, which do not come into my plan to relate, and the legislature have passed many acts to check their licentiousness, which it is not my province to enumerate.

A short time previous to the publication of this print, our *dramatic* writers thought proper to dip their pens in the sea of politics. To check this growing evil, the minister contrived to have a very indecent performance, fabricated for the express purpose of shewing the enormities of writers for the theatre, presented to one of the managers. It was brought from the manager to the minister, shewn to a number of persons in power, and made a pretence for bringing in a bill to prohibit the

performance of any play or interlude, until it had been perused, and received the sanction of the *lord chamberlain* for the time being. It was introduced as intended to explain, amend, and enforce so much of an act made in the 12th year of the reign of Queen Anne, as related to rogues, vagabonds, and common players of interludes.

Lord *Chesterfield*, in a very long speech, reprobated the principle upon which it was founded, and exerted all his eloquence to prevent its passing into a law. This oration gave a temporary popularity to the speaker, but did not serve the cause in which it was made. The bill passed; but the noble lord's objections were so pointedly acute, that I think my readers will thank me for inserting part of his speech.

" *My lords*,

" The bill now before you I apprehend to be of " a very extraordinary, a very dangerous na- " ture. It *seems* designed as only a restraint on " the *licentiousness* of the stage, but it will *prove* a " most arbitrary restraint on the *liberty* of the " stage: I fear it looks still farther; I fear it tends " towards a restraint on the liberty of the *press*, " which will be a long stride towards the destruc- " tion of *liberty* itself.

" Our *stage*, my lords, ought certainly to be " kept within due bounds, but for this our laws, as " they stand at present, are sufficient. If our

" stage players at any time exceed those bounds, " they ought to be prosecuted,—they may be pu- " nished: we have precedents, we have examples, " of persons having been punished for things less " criminal. A new law must therefore be unne- " cessary; and in the present case it cannot be " unnecessary without being dangerous. Every " unnecessary restraint upon licentiousness, is a " fetter upon the legs, is a shackle upon the hands, " of liberty. One of the greatest blessings we " enjoy, one of the greatest blessings a people, my " lords, can enjoy, is liberty.—But every good in " this life has its alloy of evil: licentiousness is the " alloy of liberty. It is an ebullition, an excres- " cence;—it is a speck upon the eye of the political " body, which I can never touch but with a gentle, " with a trembling hand, lest I injure the eye, lest " I destroy the body, upon which it is apt to ap- " pear. If the stage becomes at any time licen- " tious, if a play appears to be a libel upon govern- " ment, or upon any particular man, the king's " courts are open, the law is sufficient for pu- " nishing the offender; and in this case the person " injured has a singular advantage, he can be un- " der no difficulty to prove who is the publisher: " the players themselves are the publishers, and " there can be no want of evidence to convict " them.

" There is such a connection between licen-

" tiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct
" the one, without dangerously wounding the other:
" it is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit
" between them: like a changeable silk, we can
" easily see there are two different colours, but
" we cannot easily discover where the one ends,
" or where the other begins.—When we com-
" plain of the insufficiency of our laws, and the li-
" centiousness of the stage, I fear we have more
" reason to complain of bad measures in our po-
" lity, and a general decay of virtue and morality
" among the people. In public as well as in pri-
" vate life, the only way to prevent being ridi-
" culed or censured, is to avoid all ridiculous or
" wicked measures, and to pursue such only as
" are virtuous and worthy. The people never
" endeavour to ridicule those they love and
" esteem, nor will they suffer them to be ridi-
" culed: if any one attempts it, the ridicule returns
" upon the author; he makes himself only the
" object of public hatred and contempt. The ac-
" tions or behaviour of a private man may pass
" unobserved, and consequently unapplauded or
" uncensured; but the actions of those in high
" stations can neither pass without notice, nor
" without censure or applause; consequently, an
" administration without esteem, without autho-
" rity among the people, let their power be ever
" so great, let their power be ever so arbitrary,

" will be ridiculed: the severest edicts, the most
" terrible punishments, cannot entirely prevent it.
" If any man, therefore, thinks he has been cen-
" sured, if any man thinks he has been ridiculed,
" upon any of our public theatres, let him examine
" his actions,—he will find the cause; let him al-
" ter his conduct,—he will find the remedy. As
" no man is perfect, as no man is infallible, the
" greatest may err, the most circumspect may
" sometimes act in a ridiculous manner. In
" such cases, it is not licentiousness, but an useful
" liberty always given to the stage in a free coun-
" try, to become the vehicle of that reproof which
" none of his friends will be either free or faithful
" enough to give him.

" By this act you prevent a play's being acted,
" but you do not prevent its being printed. If,
" therefore, a licence for its being acted should be
" refused, we may depend upon it that the play
" will be printed and published, with the *refusal* in
" capital letters on the title-page. People are al-
" ways fond of what is forbidden. *Libri prohibiti*
" are in all countries generally and diligently
" sought after.—But suppose, my lords, it were
" necessary to make a new law for restraining the
" licentiousness of the stage, which I am very far
" from granting, yet I shall never be for establish-
" ing such a power as is proposed by this bill. If
" *poets* and *players* are to be restrained, let them

" be restrained as other subjects are, by *known* " *laws*. If they offend, let them be tried as every " *Englishman* ought to be, by God and their coun- " try. Do not let us subject them to the arbi- " trary will and pleasure of one man. A power " lodged in the hands of any one man, to judge " and determine without any limitation, without " any control or appeal, is a sort of power un- " known to our laws, and inconsistent with our con- " stitution: it is a higher, a more absolute power " than we trust even to the king, and therefore I " must think we ought not to vest any such power " in his majesty's *lord chamberlain*.

" The bill now before us cannot so properly be " called, *a bill for restraining the licentiousness*, " as it may be called a bill for restraining the *li-* " *berty* of the stage; and for restraining it too, " in that branch which in all countries has been " the most useful: therefore I must look upon the " bill as a most dangerous encroachment upon li- " berty in general. Nay, further, my lords, it is " not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is " likewise an encroachment upon property. *Wit*, " my lords, is a sort of property; it is the pro- " perty of those that have it, and too often the only " property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, " but a precarious dependence. Thank God, WE, " —my lords,—have a dependence of another " kind; WE have a much less precarious support,

" and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences " of the bill now before us; but it is our duty to " encourage and protect *wit*, whosoever may be " the proprietor. Those gentlemen that have any " such property, are all, I hope, our friends: do " not let us subject them to any unnecessary or ar- " bitrary restraints. I must own I cannot easily " agree to the laying any tax upon *wit*, but by this " bill it is to be heavily taxed,—it is to be excised; " —for if this bill passes, it cannot be *retailed* in " a proper way without a *permit*,—and the *lord* " *chamberlain* is to have the honour of being *chief* " *gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and* " *jury*. But, what is still more hard, though the " poor author,—the proprietor I should say,—can- " not, perhaps, dine till he has found and agreed " with a purchaser, yet, before he can seek for a " purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his " goods rummaged at this new *excise office*, where " they may be detained for fourteen days, and even " then he may have them returned, as prohibited " goods, by which his chief and best market will " be for ever shut against him, and that without " any cause, without the least shadow of reason, " either from the laws of his country, or the laws " of the stage.

" These hardships, this hazard, which every gen- " tleman will be exposed to who writes any thing " for the stage, must certainly prevent every man

" of a generous and free spirit from attempting any " thing in that way. And as the stage has always " been esteemed the proper channel for wit and " humour, when I speak against this bill, I must " think I plead the cause of wit, I plead the cause " of humour, I plead the cause of the *British* " stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the " kingdom."

The people were so irritated, that the powers which this bill gave the *lord chamberlain*, should be exerted in favour of *foreigners*, that in the year 1738, when some French actors, authorized by his licence, attempted to perform a French play at the Haymarket, a mob in the street broke the windows, and attempted to pull down the house, though many persons of the first rank, and the French ambassador, were in the boxes.

The print to which this little account is introductory, receives a title from its *female* performers only; and yet in this theatrical house of *commons*, we discover *at least* four representatives of the other sex, viz. *Jupiter*, *Cupid*, and two *devils*.

BRITISH MUSEUM



STROLLING ACTRESSES DRESSING IN A BARN.

" Since *Thespis*, mighty father of the art,
" Declaim'd, and rav'd, and ranted in a cart,
" His wandering offspring, to their parent true,
" Have kept their great original in view:
" *Patents* they scorn, as modern innovation,
" And here, have humbly made a barn their station:
" A BARN!---in which though time has made a breach,
" They cleave the general ear with horrid speech.

" The wearied rustic now the flail suspends,
" And the drum's thunder all the region rends;
" Where once the reapers sung their Harvest Home,
" The martial trumpet echoes through the dome:
" Remov'd, the chaff-dispersing, winnowing fly,
" Lo! the Norwegian banners flout the sky:*
" Where perch'd the moping owl, we now behold
" The Roman eagle waves his wings in gold;
" And where the circling bat each night was seen,
" *Medea's dragons* draw their barbarous queen;
" On that oak floor, once pil'd with sheaves of corn,
" See *Juliet*'s bier in sad procession borne;
" Where the sleek rat was wont to pilfer grain,
" The fiery *Tibbald* falls, and *Hamlet*'s slain;
" And where each night the cunning *badger* crept,
" *Richard* has roar'd, and *Desdemona* wept." E.

Mr. *Horace Walpole* thinks that this print, for wit and imagination, without any other end, ought

* There may be those who will object to a banner flout-

to be ranked as the first of *Hogarth*'s works, and *Rouquet*, in the only mention he makes of it, says, "Les comediens de campagne sont represented "dans une grange, au milieu d'un melange ridi- "cule de misere et de pompe theatrale, se pre- "parant a joüer une tragedie."

The scene is laid in a barn,* and intended to

ing the *sky*, in a barn; let such consider, that the roof is not above half thatched, and their objections will vanish. These breaches in the roof will throw a new light upon the line.

* Let not this humble situation be considered with contempt. In the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, the loyal inhabitants of *Shrewsbury*, expecting that her majesty would pass through their town in one of her northern perambulations, prepared to entertain her with a play, which was to have been performed in a dry marl pit, in the *Quarry*; but the *queen's highness* did not come.

Milton wrote the masque of *Comus* with the avowed intention of its being performed in a wood, near Ludlow Castle, where it was accordingly played, by the family of the Earl of *Bridgewater*, in the summer of 1634, and the scene so contrived, as to terminate in a real view of the river Severn. The wood being remarkable for reverberating a very fine echo, gave occasion to the introduction of that beautiful song which has been so often *re*-echoed in a London theatre. But how superior must have been the effect

"By slow meanders' margent green,
"And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
"Where the love-lorn nightingale
"Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well."

In the gardens at *Herenhausen* palace is a compleat theatre, cut out into green seats, with a *green-room* of shrub-

represent the *state dressing-room* of a strolling company. Here, at the same hour that the gallant Hotspur laces his leathern armour, the lively Beatrice laces her stays. The time is evening, and the actors from the London theatres are preparing to perform a farce, which by the play-bill is declared to be *The Devil to pay in Heaven.* The *dramatis personæ* are principally deities, and deities of the first order. On the bill are the names of *Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, Cupid; two devils, a ghost, and attendants.* To this *divine* catalogue is added, rope-dancing, tumbling, &c.* The inferior per-

beries for the retreat of the players. Near this *vernal* theatre is the finest *orangerie* in the world, with a wilderness of evergreens, a multitude of fountains, and as many pieces of sculpture as would fill the warehouses of half the statuaries in London.

" This is true taste; and whoso likes it not,
" Is puppy, coxcomb, blockhead, fool, and sot."

* These elegant amusements were at that time introduced into our royal theatres. In a weekly paper, entitled *the Prompter,* January 27th, 1736, was published the following *manifesto* or *declaration* of all the pretty fellows in and about this great metropolis:

" Whereas several scandalous and defamatory libels have " lately been published in a paper called *the Prompter,* " highly reflecting upon the many elegant shows, and panto- " mimic entertainments, which the managers of both thea- " tres daily contrive for the diversion, as well as edification, " of persons of taste and distinction; and *whereas* a most " audacious attempt has been made by the aforesaid author

formers are two musical kittens, a pair of fiery dragons, one Roman eagle, and, though last men-

" to cast an *odium* upon the late addition to modern taste,
" by the incorporation of *rope-dancing* and *tumbling* to
" *singing* and *pantomime*; and that he has presumed, in
" defiance of public sanction and applause, to recommend
" *old English sense*, in derogation of modern politeness, *we*,
" therefore, under written, in behalf of ourselves, and all
" *gentlemen of our fashion*, who have travelled for the im-
" provement of *taste*, do hereby *declare* and *certify*, that
" old English sense is mere *brutality*, that *tragedy* and *co-*
" *medy* are its *nurses*, and, as such, deserve to be totally ba-
" nished from the stage, unless they consent to be sup-
" ported by *pantomime*, *rope-dancing*, and *tumbling*; and
" we hereby further declare, that if they presume to appear
" on their own bottom, we will hiss them off the stage, and
" let the insolent authors know,---*the theatres can subsist*
" *without their help*.

" We think ourselves highly obliged to the managers of
" both theatres, and we confess our acknowledgments are
" in particular due to the incomparable Mr. *Lunn*, who first
" opened this inexhaustible fountain of delight which now
" flows daily in upon us. To him we owe the most facetious
" *Harlequin*, and agreeable *Pierot*. By him the British
" theatre was first honoured with *gods* and *goddesses*, *devils*
" and *machines*. To him is due the discovery of the won-
" derful extent of *human* genius and ability, by convincing
" us that our species is the most perfect in the creation; for
" we now plainly see that *man*, *mere man*, can personate a
" *dog*, a *cat*, a *monkey*, a *bear*, &c. to such a degree of simi-
" litude as to *deceive the sight*. We are sorry, however, to
" find, that he cannot yet properly personate a *pig*, but are
" in hopes that *in time* he may.

" What can raise the *British* reputation to a more ele-

tioned, not least in consequence, a venerable monkey.

Seated upon an inverted wheel-barrow, which may occasionally serve for a triumphal car, a lady, who by her haughty demeanour, and imperial crown, we know to be the *ox-eyed Juno*, is majestically stretching out her leg, and pathetically rehearsing her part. Descended from her ebon car, with a sooty face, and star-bespangled robe sweeping the ground, the sable goddess *Night* is mending her majesty's stocking. The star of evening, which sheds its sober light above her head, is apparently formed of a brass instrument used in making pastry. A venerable female, with one eye, who by the dagger in her mantle we conjecture to be the Tragic Muse,* is cutting off a

" vated point of glory, than to have it known, that *here alone* " the *ablest* professors of *grimace, dance, song*, and *panto-* " *mime* in *Europe*, have the honour to perform before *croud-* " *ed audiences*, composed of men and women of the first " rank and quality. Does not this speak the nation as wise " as it possibly can be? What is it we want but *amuse-* " *ment?* and the measure of our satisfaction is, by the care of " our managers, almost full. To them we earnestly recom- " mend to think of no *new plays*, but to continue exhibiting " all the rare creatures, monsters, and exotic animals, that " can be brought here from the most remote corners of the " earth, *for such is our will and pleasure.*

" Signed, *Gewgaw, Rattle, Headpiece*, Lords; *Lan-* " *guish Trifle*, Esq. *&c.*"

* This gentlewoman has generally been considered as in-

cat's tail, in order to extract a sanguine stream, for some murderous representation, or that

" The mailed *Mars* may on his altar sit
" Up to the ears in blood."

But this savage transaction, which seems to excite no emotion in the *performer*, is warmly resented by the *feline sufferer*, who, enraged at the pain, is revenging this barbarous indignity, by tearing, with teeth and talons, the female tumbler who holds her; and, could she speak, would vehemently exclaim, in the words of *Shakspeare*,

" Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!"

Two little devils, with horns just budded, are eagerly contesting the right in a flagon of ale, out of which one is drinking, and seems determined to get to the bottom, if it were a mile. The flagon has been placed on a Grecian altar, with a loaf of bread, and a pipe of tobacco, which being still lighted, the smoke ascends in curling eddies; the grateful incense is inhaled by all present,

" And heavenly fragrance fills the circuit wide."

The fascinating female stripped to her *chemise*,

tended for *the ghost:* from her employment, I rather think she is the representative of *Tragedy*:

" Death in her hand, and murder in her eye."

The sage *Melpomene* herself could not go through her business with more philosophic indifference.

her head decorated with feathers and flowers, appears by her crescent to be goddess of the silver bow,—*the chaste Diana.* A principal figure in the picture, with one foot resting upon her hoop, and the other behind the altar,

> ------" She stands, like feather'd Mercury,
> " New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"

impressed with the dignity of her character, and inspired with divine fervour, she is rehearsing her part. At her right hand is the blooming *Flora*, seated at her toilet; and *the toilet of Flora* is a wicker hamper, to which is appended a label, inscribed *jewels*; from whence we may naturally infer it contains the glittering regalia of the company. Carelesly thrown over it, by way, perhaps, of a veil, is *her robe of various dyes*; and placed upon it, is somewhat like part of a coffee-mill with a candle in it, a broken looking-glass, a broken ivory comb, and an oyster-shell, containing what Mr. *Warren* emphatically calls *love-inspiring rouge*, " to dye the white rose to a bloody " red."

> " The ruddiness upon her lip is wet,
> " You'll mar it if you kiss it."

In one hand is a candle, with which she is delicately pasting up her hair—

> " Sweets to the sweet:"

the other holds a dredger, to powder her head.

Jupiter and *Cupid* are jointly engaged in reaching down a pair of stockings that are hung to dry on a cloud. The little archer—

> " Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
> " The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
> " Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,"---

the little archer has wings, but they will not exalt him to the clouded canopy; he is obliged to mount a ladder.

On the ground, beneath him, is *Aurora*, designated by

> " The bright morning star, day's harbinger,"

glittering in her hair. Her rosy fingers are employed in the service of the charming, though intoxicated *syren*, who is offering the female hero (that is perhaps intended to personate *Ganymede*), a glass of spirits. This *the cup-bearer of Jupiter* very gladly accepts, in the hope of relief from an aching tooth, the raging of which is intimated by his countenance, and the handkerchief which once was lost by the chaste *Desdemona*, being held up to his face.

> " There was never yet philosopher
> " That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
> " However they have writ the style of gods,
> " And made a *pish* at chance and sufferance."

In one corner is a lady, who personates Jove's eagle, feeding a child.

——"Within the hollow crown
"That rounds the mortal temples of a king,"

is placed a tin saucepan with the infant's food. The child, terrified with the enormous beak which hangs over its head, refuses the offered nourishment. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty *Bolingbroke*;

"And when young *Harry* did the crown purloin,
"He wept----because it was not current coin."

In the other corner is a monkey, in a long cloak, a bag-wig and solitaire, degrading the plumed helmet of *Alexander*.

Two kittens seem very happily engaged; one of them, in a style that shews she has a fine finger, "touching the trembling lyre;" the other, rolling an orb imperial. Near them are a number of balls,* and two cups; which intimate that this company of comedians practise slight of hand, and, to fill their house, will *sometimes* condescend to play legerdemain tricks. In the same part of the print are three emblems of the law,—two judges' periwigs, and a halter.

* By the halter near them, I once conjectured that these *balls* were intended to represent *bullets*, and designed to intimate that some one of this noble company might, on a leisure evening, in humble imitation of the heroic Captain *Macbeath*, endeavour to *turn his lead to gold*; and, like that very great man, be in consequent danger of making an *exit* with a rope round his neck.

A mitre, filled with *tragedies* and *farces*, and a dark lantern, are placed upon a pulpit-cushion. Whether the artist intended these for emblems of the church, and designed to hint at the dark cloud which long enveloped the mysteries of religion, or had any other meaning, must be determined by those who have studied polemic divinity, and considered *ecclesiastical* history, more than I have.

A trunk, which has occasionally served for the concealment of *Iachimo*, and been displayed as the coffin of *Juliet*, is now placed with the end upwards, and become the reading-desk of the blue-eyed *Juno*. Upon it is a tinder-box, and the thunder-bolt of *Jove*; a salt-box, and a rolling-pin. The two last articles have much importance in the catalogue of the *properties* of their *orchestra*. Their leading musical instrument, the sonorous *bass-viol*, leans against the *altar*, and the sweet-sounding *lyre* lies upon the ground.

Ten small tallow candles are stuck in clay—

> " To what base uses may we return!
> " Why may not imagination trace the noble dust
> " Of Alexander, &c."

To illuminate the theatre, these candles will be fastened to a hoop, which, suspended by a pack-thread over the centre of the stage, must form a most magnificent *chandelier*.

On that bed which has been pressed by the gentle *Desdemona*, and softened the sleep of the beau-

teous *Imogen*, are two play-bills, and four eggs. One of the eggs is broken; the others may, perhaps, be soon taken by the silver-toned *Syren*, in the hope of rendering her voice still more musically harmonious.

Two sets of waves, which gave the tempest-tost vessel an appearance of being suspended

> " 'Twixt the green sea and cloudy canopy
> " Of o'er-arching heaven,"

are in a dead calm, resting upright against the wall. One of them is become the roosting-place of a hen and chickens.

The frieze, a festooned column, and an arched door, form part of their grand scene; but they, as well as the vase with flowers, which is placed below, are in too elegant a style for their accompaniments.

The spirit-stirring drum, the martial trumpet, and enchanted besom, make an admirable trophy. The two first may either serve to call the shallow *Richmond* to arms, or rouze *Macbeth* to more than mortal deeds; the latter is unquestionably used in the incantations of *Hecate*, and may be sometimes bestrid by one of the weird sisters, to

> " Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

The two dragons will astonish a rustic audi-

ence; and the rattling car, rolled over the elastic planks, will make excellent thunder.*

The British flag will do for every nation upon earth;† it may be borne before *Macedonia's madman*, in his triumphal entry, or wave upon the battlements of *Macbeth*'s castle. It is either the ensign of *Henry*, or the standard of *Coriolanus*.

The straw deposited in the corner, may serve for the bed of *Lear*, the head of *Edgar*, or the hands of *Ophelia*.

Canopied by an opaque cloud, inscribed *Oedipus* and *Jocasta*, and evidently intended as a scene in *Lee*'s mad play,‡ we discover the heads of two

* We are told by *John Milton*, that cannon were invented by the *devil*. We are told by *Alexander Pope*, that stage thunder was invented by that great critic, *John Dennis*; and so jealous was *Dennis* of his bolt being wielded by an improper hand, that being once in the pit at *Drury-lane theatre* when the company were performing *Macbeth*, and hearing the mustard-bowls rattling over his head, he started from his seat, grasped his oaken stick, and exclaimed, with an emphasis that drowned the voices of the players, "Eter-" nal curses light on these scoundrels! they have stolen my " thunder, and don't know how to roll it!"

† Our *royal* theatres have *sometimes* neglected and violated the *costume*. We have seen the head of *Cato* covered with a periwig that emulated Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*'s, and a *Prince of Denmark* decorated with the order of *St. George*; *Othello* habited as a captain of the foot guards; and *Kent*, the tough old *Kent*, as a *Chelsea pensioner*.

‡ In the second act of *Oedipus* is the following stage di-

figures reposing in the straw, instead of the garden,

" As was their custom in the afternoon."

A fellow, clambered to the top of the barn, is profanely prying into the hallowed mysteries of the green-room. A little lower is the Roman eagle and standard; close to them is a paint-pot, palette, and pencils. The very *natural* appearance of two rural scenes which lean against the wooden wall, evince that some eminent artist has united the two professions, and is both the *painter* and *hero* of the company.

" Hills and dales are of his dressing."

He can delineate the blasted oak, or the nodding turret; the lofty castle, or the humble cottage, with such brilliancy of colouring, and splendour of effect, that the astonished *connoisseur* sometimes exclaims,

" There is something in this *more than nature*,
" If philosophy could find it out."

A target, close to the altar, is richly embossed with *Medusa*'s head. A salt-box before the divine *Juno*, is chalked with *hieroglyphic*

rection: " The cloud draws that veiled the heads of the " figures in the sky, and shews them crowned with the " names of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta* written above, in great " characters of gold."

marks, that might have been originally made by this sovereign daughter of the *drama*, as a check upon an alehouse score. This economical attention to *Cocker's Arithmetic* is very necessary with even a royal revenue; for *thrift is a blessing, if men steal it not.*

" He who to-night is seated on a throne,
" Calls subjects, empires, kingdoms, all his own,
" Who wears the diadem and regal robe,
" Next morning shall awake as poor as Job."*

* " Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
" Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear;
" And scanty is the pittance he can earn,
" Wandering from town to town, from barn to barn.
" Where are my forty knights? cries frantic Lear.
" A page replies,---Your majesty, they're here,---
" When lo!---two bailiffs, and a writ appear."

That these representatives of royalty *sometimes* meet with such accidents, appears by the following letter from a late lecturer upon heads, at a time when he was member of a company of comedians, who performed at Yarmouth.

" *Yarmouth Gaol, 27th May*, 1761.

" SIR,

" When I parted from you at Lincoln, I thought, long " before now, to have met with some oddities worth ac- " quainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to " write lives; I now, and for a long time, have had leisure " sufficient to undertake mine, but want materials for the " latter part of it: for my existence *now* cannot properly be " called living, but what the painters term *still life*, having

The *chemise*, apron, cap, and ruffles, hanging upon a rope to dry, display marks of a laudable industry, and prove that these dignified personages, maugre their exalted rank, wash their own

" ever since March 13th been confined in this town gaol for " a London debt. As the hunted deer is always shunned by " the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company; my " share taken off, and no support left me, except what my " wife can spare out of hers:

" Deserted, in my utmost need,
" By those my former bounties fed."

" With an economy, which till now I was ever a stranger " to, I have made a shift hitherto to victual my little garri- " son; but then it has been by the assistance of some good " friends: and alas! my cloaths furnish me this week with " my last resort; the next, I must atone for my errors upon " bread and water.

" *Themistocles* had many towns to furnish his tables, and " a whole city had the charge of his meals. In some re- " spects I am like him, for I am fed by the labours of a mul- " titude. A wig has kept me two days; the trimmings of " a waistcoat as long; a ruffled shirt has paid my washer- " woman; a pair of velvet-breeches discharged my lodgings; " my coat I swallow by degrees, the sleeves I breakfasted " upon for three days, the body, skirts, &c. served me as " long; and two pair of pumps enabled me to smoke several " pipes. You would be surprised to think how my appe- " tite, *barometer-like*, rises in proportion as my necessities " make their *terrible* advances. I here could say something " droll about *a good stomach*; but it is ill jesting with edged " tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me.

" You may, perhaps, think I am lost to all sense of my " condition, that while I am thus wretched I should offer

linen. The gridiron, close to the bed, intimates that they were not above broiling their own beef-steaks.

The expression of the figures in this print is admirable. Nothing can exceed the mock-heroic dignity of Juno:* she is as haughty as one of her

" at ridicule; but, Sir, people constitutioned like me, with " a disproportionable levity of spirits, are always most mer- " ry, when most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of " the consumptive, which are brightest the nearer the pa- " tient approaches his dissolution. But to shew you that I " am not lost to all reflection, I here think myself *poor* " enough to *want* a favour, and *humble* enough to *ask* it. " Then, Sir, I could draw an encomium on your good " sense, humanity, &c, &c. but I will not pay so bad a " compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour by a " parade of phrases to win it over to my interest. If at the " concert you could make a gathering for me, it would be a " means of obtaining my liberty.

" You well know, Sir, the first people of rank abroad, " perform the most friendly offices for the sick; be not " therefore offended at the request of the unfortunate

" GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS."

* On the *spirited* style in which the late Miss *Catley*, of melodious memory, performed this character, the following lines were written; but I do not recollect having seen them printed.

" Hail, vulgar goddess of the foul-mouth'd race!
" (If modest bard may hail without offence,)
" On whose majestic, blush-disdaining face,
" The steady hand of Fate wrote---IMPUDENCE!

own peacocks. The Tragic Muse has been so frequently *up to the ears in blood*, that she laughs at

" Hail to thy dauntless front, and aspect bold!
" Thrice hail! magnificent, immortal scold!

" The goddess, from the upper gallery's height,
" With heedful look the jealous fish-wife eyes;
" Though early train'd to urge the mouthing fight,
" She hears thy bellowing powers with new surprise;
" Returns instructed to the realms that bore her,
" Adopts thy tones, and carries all before her.

" From thee the roaring Bacchanalian crew,
" In many a tavern round the Garden known,
" Learn richer blackguard than they ever knew;
" They catch thy look,---they copy every tone:
" They ape the brazen honours of thy face,
" And *push the jorum* with a double grace.

" Thee from his box the macaroni eyes;
" With levell'd tube he takes his distant stand,
" Trembling beholds the horrid storm arise,
" And feels for *Reinhold* when you raise your hand;
" At distance he enjoys the boisterous scene,
" And thanks his God the pit is plac'd between.

" So, 'midst the starry honours of the night,
" The sage explores a *comet*'s fiery course;
" Fearful he views its wild eccentric flight,
" And shudders at its overwhelming force;
" At distance safe, he marks the glaring ray,
" Thankful his world is not within its way.

" Proceed then, *Catley*, in thy great career,
" And nightly let our maidens hear and see

the tortures of the poor *quadruped* whose tail she is cutting off. The faces of the tumbler, the cat, and the Medusa, in beauty and character,

" Contend for mastery."

The little devil who has his fist clenched, and is threatening the other for drinking so deep, is admirably marked: from the eyes of his twin-brother, with the vessel to his mouth, we see that he is highly relishing, and greedily inhaling, the delicious draught.

The *group* which is formed by the five preceding characters is well composed, and their various dispositions most forcibly delineated. In the ranting representation of the *pale moon*, we see unblushing, unabashed impudence; in the *Syren*, mawkish intoxication; and in the *Ganymede*, that sort of pain which arises from the toothach.

Notwithstanding the candle, that is near setting fire to the hamper of jewels, it appears, through a breach in the thatch, that this is a day-light picture: in so shattered a tenement, it is not easy to determine from what source the figures are illuminated.

By the act of parliament, which lies upon the

" The sweetest voice disgust the listening ear,
" The sweetest form assume deformity;
" Thus shalt thou arm them with their best defence,
" And teach them modesty by impudence."

bed, we see that this *diabolical drama* will be their last performance; and when this *abstract and brief chronicle of the times*, have fretted their hour upon the stage, and made their *exit*, the barn will be appropriated to its proper uses;

" Rich harvests bury all their pride has plann'd,
" And laughing Ceres re-assume the land."

That time come,

------" This glittering show
" Of canvass, paint, and plaster, shall lie low;
" These gorgeous palaces, yon cloud-capt scene---
" This barn itself, will be a barn again:
" The spirit-stirring drum will cease to roar,
" The prompter's whistle will be heard no more;
" But echoing sounds of rustic toil prevail,
" The winnowing hiss, and clapping of the flail;
" Hither once more may unhous'd vagrants fly,
" To shun th' inclement blast, and pelting sky;
" On *Lear*'s own straw may gypsies rest their head,
" And trulls lie snug in *Desdemona*'s bed."

The original picture is in the possession of Mr. *Wood*, of *Lyttlecote*; he purchased it for twenty-six guineas.

MR. GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

" Give me another horse,---bind up my wounds,---
" Have mercy, Jesu!---Soft; I did but dream.---
" O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!---
" The lights burn blue!---Is it not dead midnight?
" Cold, fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh.---

SUCH is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. In character and expression of countenance, the artist has succeeded, but in resemblance—he has failed. The features have no likeness to the features of Mr. Garrick, and the figure gives an idea of a larger and more muscular man. The lamp, diffusing a dim religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, and unsheathed sword at his hand, and the armour lying upon the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. His



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helmet is crested with *a boar passant*,* the armorial ensign of his family. Near it lies a piece of paper, on which is inscribed,

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

This paper was put on the Duke of Norfolk's tent, the night before the engagement, but not being brought to Richard until after the time represented in this scene, can only be admitted by that *poetical licence* which has been generally allowed to bards and painters. Richard's remark, that this distich was *a weak invention of the enemy*, is worthy of himself.

The figures in the distance, two of whom,

"Like sacrifices by their fires of watch,
"With patience sit, and inly ruminate
"The morning's danger,"------

are properly introduced, and highly descriptive of the lines of the poet.

* To this *Richmond* alludes in the following lines:
"*Richard*, the bloody and devouring *boar*,
"Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
"Laid this fair country waste, and rudely cropp'd
"Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity, &c.

For writing the following distich, which turns upon the same thought, and is also allusive to the crests of those three pernicious counsellors of the usurper, Lord Lovel, Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir William Catesby, a Mr. Collingborne was put to death, and quartered:

"The cat, the rat, and *Lovel* the dog,
"Rule all England under the *hog*."

The tents of Richmond are so near

" That the fix'd centinels almost receive
" The secret whispers of each others watch."

Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, and the figures well drawn. The drapery illustrates his own precepts in the Analysis, where he says, " The robes of state are always made " large and full, because they give a grandeur of " appearance suitable to offices of the greatest " distinction. The judges' robes have an awful " dignity given them by the *quantity* of their con- " tents, and when the train is held up, there is a " noble waving line descending from the shoul- " ders of the judge to the hand of his train bearer. " So when the train is gently thrown aside, it ge- " nerally falls into a great variety of folds, which " again employ the eye and fix its attention.

" The grandeur of the Eastern dress, which so " far surpasses the European, depends as much " on *quantity*, as costliness. In a word, it is " *quantity* which adds greatness to grace."

Shakspeare tells us that

" The air's refreshing,
" And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay,
" Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour."

This is one among many instances of the poet's exact attention to *time:* in the neighbourhood of *London* the hay harvest is much earlier; in *Lei-*

cestershire it is sometimes later than even this. The battle was fought 22d of August, 1486.

There was propriety in *Hogarth* choosing to paint Mr. *Garrick in this character.* It was the first he appeared in, on the 19th of October, 1741, at Goodman's Fields, and his manner of performing it gave a proof of talents which merited that celebrity he afterwards attained. At that time *Quin* was the popular player; but his laboured action, hollow tones, and the manner in which he heaved up his words, were not borne, after *Garrick*'s easy, familiar, and yet forcible style had been seen by the town. The surly actor's remark upon this heresy of the critics, was, that "all this was a new religion; but though "*Whitfield* was followed for a time, the people "would soon return to the true church." *Garrick*'s epigram, in reply, has some point.

"Poor Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
"Complains that heresy corrupts the town:
"Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain;
"But eyes will open,---and to church again!
"Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
"Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
"When doctrines meet with general approbation,
"It is not heresy, but reformation."

His soliloquy, written in the character of Quin, on seeing *Duke Humphrey* at *St. Albans*, has humour.

" A plague on *Egypt*'s arts, I say,
" Embalm the dead!---on senseless clay
" Rich wines and spices waste!
" Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
" Drown'd in a precious pickle lie,
" Which I can never taste?

" Let me embalm this flesh of mine
" With turtle fat, and *Bourdeaux* wine,
" And spoil the *Egyptian* trade;
" Than *Humphrey's duke*, more happy I-----
" Embalm'd alive, old *Quin* shall die,
" A MUMMY ready made."

By Lord *Orrery*'s * persuasions, Mr. *Pope* went to *Goodman's Fields*, and saw him in the first

* The late Lord Orrery was a singularly formal character. Sir Anthony Branville, in the Discovery, was intended for his portrait, and exhibits a strong likeness. It was sometimes the wish of Mr. *Garrick* to play upon the suavity of this old nobleman, and induce him to contradict himself. This power he exerted very successfully, on the following occasion. Lord Orrery wrote a letter from Ireland to Mr. *Garrick*, requesting that Mossop might be engaged. The request of a man of rank was a command to the manager of *Drury-lane*, and Mossop was engaged. When, some months afterwards, the peer came to England, he took an early opportunity of breakfasting with Mr. Garrick: the moment he entered the room, he began his favourite subject.

Orrery. " David, I congratulate you: I inquire not about " the success of your theatre; with yourself and Mossop, it " must be triumphant. The *Percy* and the *Douglas* both

dawn of his fame. This great poet, who had formed his taste upon the solemn and dignified

" in arms, have a right to be confident. *Separate*, you " were two bright luminaries: *united*, you are a constella- " tion! the *gemini* of the theatric hemisphere. Excepting " yourself, my dear *David*, no man that ever trod on tragic " ground, has so forcibly exhibited the various passions that " agitate, and I may say agonize the human mind. He " makes that broad stroke at the heart, which being aimed " by the hand of nature, reaches the prince or the peasant, " the peer or the plebeian. He is not the mere player of fa- " shion, for the player of fashion, *David*, may be compared " to a man tossed in a blanket; the very instant his sup- " porters quit their hold of the coverlet, down drops the he- " ro of the day. However, as general assertions do not carry " conviction, I will arrange my opinions under different " heads, not doubting your assent to my declarations, which " shall be founded on facts, and built upon experience. " First, of the first,---his voice; his voice is the *argentum* " *vox* of the ancients; the silver tone, of which so much " has been written, but which never struck upon a modern " ear till *Mossop* spoke;

" Then mute attention reign'd."

Garrick. " Why, my Lord, as to his voice, I must ac- " knowledge it, it is loud enough: the severest critic cannot " accuse him of *whispering* his part; for, egad, it was so so- " norous that the people had no occasion to come into the " theatre to hear him; they used to go into the pastry- " cook's, in Russel-court, and eat their custards, and hear " him as well as if they had been in the *orchestra:* he made " the welkin roar; no one could doubt the goodness of his " lungs, or accuse him of sparing them, but as to-----

Orrery. " What, you have found out he bellows, have " you? you have discovered that he roars?---Upon my

elevation of voice which distinguished *Betterton*, (to whom he was so partial, that he once painted

" soul, *David*, you are right; he bellows like a bull. We " used to call him *Bull Mossop*,---*Mossop the bull*,---we had " no better name for him in the country. But then, *David*, " his *eye*, is an eye of fire; and when he looks, he looks " unutterable things. It is scarce necessary that he should " *speak*, for his eye conveys every thing that he means, and " excepting your own, is the brightest, most expressive, " most speaking eye that ever beamed in a------

Garrick. " Why, my Lord, with the utmost submission " to your Lordship, from whose accurate taste, and compre- " hensive judgment, I tremble to differ, does not your " Lordship think there is a---a---a dull kind of a heaviness, " a blanket, a------

Orrery. " What, you have discovered that he is blind? " Egad, *David*, whatever his eye may be, nothing can es- " cape yours. He is blind as a beetle. There is an *opacity*, " a *stare* without sight, a sort of filminess, exactly as you " describe. But notwithstanding I allow that he bellows like " a bull, and is blind as a beetle, his memory has such pe- " culiar *tenacity*, that whatever he once receives, adheres to " it like glue: he does not forget a syllable of his part.

Garrick. " Upon my honour, my Lord, if his memory " was what you describe in *Ireland*, he must have forgot to " bring it with him to *London*, for *here*, the prompter is " obliged to repeat every sentence; and he cannot retain a " *whole* sentence; there is absolutely a necessity for split- " ting it into two parts.

Orrery. " What, you have discovered that his head runs " out? Upon my soul, it never would hold any thing: Lady " *Orrery* used to call him *Cullender Mossop*,---*Mossop* the " *cullender*: the fellow could not remember a common " distich. But, notwithstanding this, his carriage is so

his portrait, which, until it was burnt in the riots of 1780, was in the possession of Lord *Mans-*

" easy, his air so gentleman-like, his deportment has so " much fashion, that you perceive at a glance he has kept " the best company; and no one who sees him conceives " they are looking at a player. He looks like one of our " house: he has the port of nobility.

Garrick. " As to his *port*, my Lord, I grant you that the " man is tall, and upright enough; but with submission, " the utmost submission to your Lordship's better judg- " ment, don't you think there is an awkwardness, a rigid, " vulgar, unbending sort of a---a------ we had fencing " masters, dancing masters, and drill serjeants, but all would " not do; he looked more like a tailor than a gentleman.

Orrery. " What, you have found out that he is stiff? " By the Lord, *David*, you are right,---nothing escapes " you: he is stiff---stiff as a poker: we used to call him " *Poker Mossop*; we had no better name for him in the " country. But however his body might want (as I must " acknowledge it did) the graceful, easy bend of the *Anti-* " *nous*, his mind was formed of the most yielding and flexible " materials: any advice which you gave him, he would " take; from you, I am persuaded, a hint was sufficient.

Garrick. " Why, in this, my Lord, I must be bold enough " to differ from you in the most pointed and positive terms, " for, of all the obstinate, headstrong, and unmanageable " animals I ever dealt with, he is the most stubborn, the " most untractable, the most wrong-headed. I never knew " one instance where he followed the advice that I gave him, " in any, the smallest degree. If I recommend him to dress " a character *plain*,---he comes upon the stage like a ginger- " bread king;---if I advise him to be splendid in his appa- " rel,---he endeavours to get a quaker's habit from the keeper " of our wardrobe; and in every thing, he,---more than I

field.) This great poet, was so struck with the natural elocution of Mr. *Garrick*, that he exclaimed, " This young man will be flattered, and " he will be ruined; for there will be no compe- " titor that can excite his emulation." The prophecy was in part verified, for though he had many competitors, he had no equal. In the course of his theatrical career he had frequent attacks, but they were generally foiled. One great source of his success was that *Shakspeare*'s plays were at that time becoming much more popular than they had been at any preceding period. Let it be recorded to the honour of our fair countrywomen that this was in some degree owing to several ladies of the first rank and most distinguished taste, who about seven years before formed themselves into a society to support, by their presence and encouragement, all the best plays of *Shakspeare*. They were called the *Shakspeare Club*, and every week ordered some favourite play

" thought, belonged to human nature,---had that impene- " trable, that---that---that------

Orrery. " So !---you have discovered that he is obstinate? " upon my soul he is---as obstinate as a pig; he has more " of that animal's pertinacity than any man I ever knew in " my life. But yet, *David*, with all these faults, he is------ " I have not time to enter into particulars.---But be what " he will, you have engaged him; I sincerely wish you may " agree together, and am, my dear fellow, your most obe- " dient servant. Say no more.---Farewell.---To Mrs. *Gar- " rick* present my compliments."

of our divine poet; but the unequal abilities of the performers were not sufficient to support the reviving taste of the public. The best among them thought that the whole art of playing consisted in measured, pompous periods, and that an approach to nature, was a departure from eloquence. The pellucid stream of *Avon* was congealed by the coldness of their declamation, and the beams of *Shakspeare* enveloped in the vapour of their mock heroic recitative. Until the appearance of this our *Newton* of the theatre, the drama was under a dense cloud,——

"He came, and all was light."

Mr. *Garrick*'s profession was not adopted from necessity, but from choice; and to him the profession is very materially obliged, as he has placed it in a much more respectable point of view than it ever had before; and, surely, if the *drama* is considered as the promoter of virtue, a player, merely for being a player, should not be considered as a contemptible member of society.

His various powers as an actor, to those who have seen him, it is unnecessary to describe; to those who have not, it is impossible. His powers as a writer were not of the first order, but they were by no means of the last. It has been remarked, that his prologues and epilogues had generally some allusion to eating: considered as local and temporary compositions, they have much

merit; and his *epigrams*, which usually turned upon some little circumstance of the day, have much point. They sometimes drew forth the additional flashes of his friends, and sometimes the retort of those at whom they were aimed; as in the following, addressed to the redoubted and eccentric *Doctor Hill*.

" For physic and farces,
" Thy equal there scarce is;
" Thy farces are physic,
" Thy physic a farce is."

The two next, were afterwards inserted in the public prints, and said to be the productions of some of Mr. Garrick's friends.

" Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
" At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
" The worst that we wish thee for all thy d----d crimes,
" Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.
" THE JUNTO."

Answer to the Junto.

" Their wish in form must be reverst,
" To suit the doctor's crimes;
" For he who takes his physic first,
" Will never read his rhymes.
" *Another Junto.*"

This was too bad, and the Doctor sent to one of the papers the following answer:

" Ye desperate Junto, ye great, or ye small,
" Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil, and all,

" Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
" Your impertinent curses shall never prevail;
" I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey:
" Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.
" ANTI JUNTO."

Like his brethren of the sock and buskin, our English *Roscius* was honoured with much attention from the public prints.* They gave us much *critical* examination of his powers, and much *critical* disquisition upon his defects; from an enumeration of which it was proved, clearly proved, that he could not make a good actor. The remarks of these ingenious gentlemen were soon forgotten; the testimony of an applauding public answered and refuted them. By way of antidote to these poisons, it must be acknowledged that Mr. *Garrick's friends* nearly surfeited the town with injudicious praise: their flattery was gross

* On occasion of some curious strictures that were several years ago published upon *another actor*, the following lines were addressed to the newspaper critics, but they were never before printed.

" Tell me, ye candid, if it is not hard,
" That actor, painter, manager, and bard,
" Should, in the course of one revolving season,
" Be gibbeted, as guilty of high treason,
" By each diurnal, tiny, scribbling elf,
" Who signs *vox populi*,---but means himself?
" Gives forth his dogmas with imperious frown,
" And calls his trash,---the censure of the town;

enough to have disgusted any other man; but he had been so accustomed to strong dozes of panegyric, that he could at last swallow them double distilled. I have said that he was an actor by choice; I might have added, that he was always an actor. Goldsmith's lines in Retaliation are a true portrait.

" Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
" And the puff of a dunce,---he mistook it for fame;
" Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
" Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
" But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
" If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind;

" With,---this *we* think is wrong,---that is not right;
" Here, he's mistaken,---there, erroneous quite.
" Players are *fair game* I own; but tell me, why
" You eager hunters do not qualify;
" Before ye *critiques* write, you might as well,
" Good worthy gentles, learn your words to spell:
" Learn grammar too,---nor vilely thus, instead
" Of bruising players' heels,---break *Priscian*'s head.
" Ye *hyper-critics*, whom I dread to name!
" Ye arbitrators of our fate and fame;
" Ye mighty judges!---let slight errors pass,
" Nor kick at *all*, as doth the angry ass.
" If thus you shoot your arrows in the dark,
" Your venom'd shafts will miss the destin'd mark:
" If in the open day you drew the bow,
" Who but would smile, when he beheld the foe?
" Would smile to see such puny * * * * *

cætera desunt. E.

" Ye *Kenricks*, ye *Kellys*, ye *Woodfalls*, so grave,
" What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
" gave !
" How did *Grub-street* re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
" While he was *be-Roscius'd*, and you were be-prais'd ?
" But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
" To act as an angel, and mix with the skies." &c.

The ode to the memory of Shakspeare, which he wrote, and spoke at Stratford, amongst many weak lines, has some that shew strong marks of fervid imagination, and a vigorous mind. To instance the following :

" When Philip's fam'd, all-conquering son,
" Had every blood-stain'd laurel won,
" He sigh'd that his creative word,
" Like that which rules the skies,
" Could not bid other nations rise,
" To glut his yet unsated sword.

" But when our Shakspeare's matchless pen,
" Like Alexander's sword, had done with men,
" He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan ;
" Not limited to human kind,
" He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
" Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own." *

* In an ode to the memory of *Le-Stue*, cook to the Duke of Newcastle, this ode was very whimsically parodied, by a Mr. Shaw, who also wrote a *monody* addressed to Lord *Lyttelton*.

" When *Philip*'s fam'd, all-conquering son,
" Had every blood-stain'd laurel won,

His verses to Mr. *Gray*, contain some very fine stanzas.

To Mr. Gray on his Odes.

" Repine not, Gray, that our weak, dazzled eyes
" Thy daring height and brightness shun;
" How few can track the eagle to the skies,
" Or, like him, gaze upon the sun?

" The gentle reader loves the gentle muse,
" That little dares, and little means;
" Who humbly sips her learning from Reviews,
" And flutters in the Magazines.

" No longer now from learning's sacred store
" Our minds their health and vigour draw;
" Homer and Pindar are rever'd no more,
" No more the Stagyrite is law.

" Though nurs'd by these, in vain thy muse appears
" To breathe her ardours in our souls,
" In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears
" The lightning gleams, and thunder rolls.

" He sigh'd,---that his creative word,
" Like that which rules the skies,
" Could not bid other nations rise,
" To glut his yet unsated sword.

" But when *Le-Stue*'s unrivall'd spoon,
" Like *Alexander*'s sword, with flesh had done,
" He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan;
" Not limited to human kind,
" To fire his wonder-teeming mind,
" He rais'd *ragouts* and *olios* of his own."

" Yet droop not, Gray, nor quit thy heaven-born art,
" Again thy wondrous powers reveal;
" Wake slumbering virtue in the Briton's heart,
" And rouze us to reflect and feel.

" With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,
" Those deeds which mark Eliza's reign;
" Make Britons Greeks again,---then strike the lyre,
" And Pindar shall not sing in vain."

Of his impromptus, many are related: I remember to have heard one which I never saw recorded. When he and Mr. *Quin* performed at the same theatre, and in the same play, the performance ending, and it being a very stormy night, each of them ordered a chair, and each of them walked to the door of the playhouse. To the mortification of *Quin*, Mr. *Garrick*'s chair came first; " Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, " let me get into the chair, " and put little *Davy* into the lantern." " By " all means," added Mr. *Garrick*, " I shall " ever be happy to *give Mr. Quin light* in any " thing."

The little tribute which *Doctor Johnson* has paid to his memory, is written from the heart: I cannot resist the transcribing it.——

" At this man's (Mr. *Walmsley's*) table I en-
" joyed many cheerful and instructive hours with

" companions, such as are not often to be " found: with one who has lengthened, and " one who has gladdened life: with Dr. James, " whose skill in physic will be long remember- " ed; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped " to have gratified with this character of our " common friend. But what are the hopes of " man! I am disappointed by that stroke of " death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, " and impoverished the public stock of harmless " pleasure." *Life of Edmund Smith.*

With *David Garrick*, Mr. *Hogarth* lived in habits of strict intimacy; and at the time of the *Stratford* Jubilee, designed for him, as president of the *Shakspeare Club*, a chair, which was executed in mahogany, and richly carved. To the back of it is suspended a medallion with a bust of the poet, carved by *Hogarth* from a piece of the *Stratford* mulberry tree. Mr. *Garrick* purchased the four Election prints, which, with the first sketch of a design for *a Happy Marriage*, designed by the artist as a counterpart of *Marriage à la Mode*, are in the possession of Mr. *Garrick*'s widow, at Hampton.

The original paintings of the *Harlot's Progress*, and the *Strolling Players*, produced little more than a hundred guineas.

In such estimation are portraits, that the ori-

ginal picture, from which this print was copied, was purchased by the late Mr. Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire, at two hundred pounds; it still remains in his family. The print, by Mr. *Hogarth*'s permission, was copied for a watch-paper.

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

" 'Tis from high life our characters are drawn."

In his preceding prints, Mr. *Hogarth* generally pointed his satire at persons in a subordinate situation, and took his examples from the inferior ranks of society. From the situation of his characters, and the minute precision with which he displayed the scenes he professed to delineate, we sometimes see little violations of that decorum which is, perhaps, necessary in engravings professedly designed for furniture. For this neglect of delicacy some of his prints were censured; to remove all apprehensions of this series being liable to the same objections, they were thus announced in the London Daily Post of April 7th, 1743.

" Mr. Hogarth intends to publish, by subscrip-
" tion, six prints, from copperplates, engraved by
" the best masters in Paris after his own paintings;
" the heads, for the better preservation of the
" characters and expressions, to be done by the
" author, representing a variety of modern occur-

" rences in high life, and called *Marriage à la* " *Mode.*

" Particular care is taken that the whole work " shall not be liable to exception, on account of " any *indecency* or *inelegancy*; and that none of " the characters represented shall be personal, " &c."

The artist has adhered to his engagement; he has struck at an higher order, and displayed the follies and vices which frequently degrade our nobility. He has exhibited the prospect of a fashionable marriage, where the gentleman is attracted by riches, and the lady actuated by ambition. That misery and destruction succeeded an union founded upon such principles, is not to be wondered at; the progress of that misery, and the final destruction of the actors who become the victims of their own errors, is so delineated as to form a regular and well-divided tragedy. In the first act are represented five principal characters, and three of them, by a regular chain of incidents, naturally flowing from each other, fall victims to their own wickedness. The young nobleman, for attempting to revenge the violation of his wife's virtue, which he never cherished, is killed by her paramour, who for this murder suffers an ignominious death; and the lady, distracted at the reflection of having been the cause of their lives terminating in so horrid a manner, makes her own quietus with a dose of laudanum. This is painting

to the understanding, appealing to the heart, and making the pencil an advocate in the cause of morality. It is doing that poetical justice which our dramatists, have sometimes neglected, and in which they have perhaps been justified by the common events of human life; for it must be acknowledged, that while virtue is frequently unfortunate, we often see vice triumphant. Notwithstanding this, those pictures are surely best calculated to encourage men in the practice of the social duties, which display the evils consequent upon their violation. Whatever poetical justice may allow, morality demands, that some examples should be held up to prove this great, this awful truth:

That the omission of a duty frequently leads to the perpetration of a crime, and that crimes of so black a dye, as are here represented, almost invariably terminate in wretchedness, infamy, and death.

BRITISH MUSEUM



1 Dent Sculp.

PLATE I.

" While the proud Earl of *Rollo*'s royal race,
" Points to the peers his pompous parchment grace;
" Builds all his honours on a noble name,
" And on his father's deeds depends for fame;
" The wary citizen, with heedful eye,
" Inspects what's settled on posterity;
" Pours out the pelf by rigid avarice pil'd,
" To gain an empty title for his child.
" In vain the pomp, in vain the gold,
" Love cannot thus be bought and sold;
" Such sordid motives he disdains,
" Nor can be bound in *Mammon*'s chains.
" With cold contempt, disgust, and deadly hate,
" The new-made wife regards her tawdry mate;
" Her mate, *Narcissus*-like, with eager gaze,
" Eyes those fine features which his glass displays,
" In his own person centres all his pride,
" And as his bride loves him, he loves his bride.
" Like *Satan*, whispering in the ear of *Eve*,
" (By nature form'd to ruin and deceive,)
" A black-rob'd, smooth-tongued son of *Belial* see,
" That would betray his *Saviour* for a fee;
" With base, insidious smile, and tender air,
" Bend o'er the inexperienc'd, hapless fair,
" *Assaying by his devilish art to reach*
" *The organs of her fancy*, and to teach
" Pernicious, wicked tenets, that would taint
" The purest virgin, or the holiest saint;
" Tenets of baneful, deadly, sinful dye,
" That lead to shame, remorse, and infamy." E.

It has been observed that woman, among savages, is a beast of burthen; in the East, a piece

of furniture; and in Europe, a spoiled child. Under the last denomination, we may safely class the heroine of this history. She has all the pouting humours of a boarding school girl. This alliance originated in her father wishing to aggrandize his family, and the sire of the viscount wishing to clear his estate. These purposes answered, the two patriarchs troubled themselves no farther. As to a similarity of disposition, or an union of hearts, the nobleman considered it as too vulgar an idea for a man of rank, and in the citizen's ledger of happiness, there were no such items. Their different dispositions are strongly marked by the different objects which engage their attention.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is, *William Duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England.* The valour of his great progenitor, and the various merits of the collateral branches which dignify his pedigree, he considers as united in his own person, and therefore looks upon an alliance with his son, as the *acme* of honour, the *apex* of exaltation. While he is thus glorying in the dust which once compounded his ancestors, the prudent citizen, who in return for it, has parted with dust of a much more weighty and useful description, paying no regard to this heraldical blazonry, devotes his whole attention to the marriage settlement.

The whole soul of this haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his ancient and illustrious ancestry. Very different ideas engage the mind of the worshipful sheriff; regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely introductory to the future, he calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Wholly engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regard the new married pair as worthy of a moment's consideration. To do the Viscount justice, he seems as indifferent as either of them. He is married,—and his dress and demeanour prove him in love, —in love with himself. From his young bride he turns away, for the superior gratification of contemplating his own face:* gazing in the mirror with delight, and in an affected style displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite an husband à la mode. The lady is very well disposed to retaliate: playing with her wedding-ring, she repays this chilling coldness with sullen contempt; her heart is not worth her hus-

* From some late examples in our courts of justice, I have thought it barely possible that this dignified descendant of crowned heads, at the same time that he is admiring his own person, may be observing the counsellor's attention to his lady, and hoping that he shall find some future opportunity of detecting her infidelity, and obtaining a divorce. But this is merely conjecture. I wish, for the honour of human nature, that there had been no example to justify such a suspicion.

band's attention, and she determines to bestow her affections on the first suitor. The insidious lawyer, like an evil spirit, ever ready to move or second a temptation, appears at her right hand. That he is an eloquent pleader is intimated by his name, *Counsellor Silvertongue*: that he can make the worse appear the better cause, is only saying, in other words, that he is great in his profession. To prognosticate that, with such an advocate, the virtue of our viscountess is *in danger*, would not be sufficiently expressive. His captivating tones, and insinuating manners, must have ensnared the soul of *Lucretia*.

The two pointers in a corner, chained together against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which has lately passed.*

The cieling of this magnificent apartment is decorated with a painting of Pharoah and his host drowned in the Red Sea. To delineate the

* The following whimsical imitation of *Chaucer* was written, I believe, by *Hawkins Browne*.

" Right welle by lerned clerkis it is said,
" That womanhoode for manne his use was made;
" But naughtie manne liketh not *one*, or soe,
" But wisheth aye unthriftilie for mo;
" And when by holy church to *one* he's tied,
" Then for his soule he cannot her abide.
" Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
" His taile he waggeth, gladde thereof y-grown;
" But if thilke bone unto his taile thou tie,
" Pardie, he fearing it, away doth flie."

ocean on a cieling, is as strong an example of the taste of the projector,* as the large portrait is of

* Hogarth probably intended, by this cieling, and the improprieties and violations of order in the unfinished building seen out of a window, to hint at the absurdities of the then fashionable architect, *William Kent*. As a painter, *Kent* was below satire; as an architect, he was above it: but he was protected by Lord *Burlington*, patronized by Lord *Pembroke*, and employed by all who aspired to a character for *vertu*. *Hogarth* saw with disgust bordering upon indignation, that his taste in one art, modern gardening, of which he was the acknowledged father, procured him the reputation of excellence in another, in which he was grossly ignorant, and glaringly erroneous. In some of the grounds laid out by his directions, he realized that paradise which Milton had described. His patrons saw that he could improve nature in their plantations, and with great good-nature gave him the credit of a power which he never possessed, that of giving an imitation of nature upon canvas. By the *Dryads* his sacrifice had been accepted, but the offering which he laid on that altar sacred to the fine arts, was rejected with disdain. It was the praise of *Hercules*, that he destroyed monsters, and discomfited giants; it was the praise of *Kent*, that he cleared our gardens of their representatives. Before his time, the plantations round the seats of our nobility were a kind of vernal *menagerie*; the lion shook his shaggy mane in yew, the dragon waved his wings in evergreen, and in box the wild boar displayed his bristled neck and tusks terrific. Our disciple of true taste cleared away these fantastic forms, and in their place gave us NATURE;---

"Nature to advantage dress'd."

When consulted about interior decorations, his taste evaporated. The heavy canopy over the nobleman's head, the ponderous chairs, and massy frames which decorate the

the taste of the painter. This fluttering hero is probably intended for one of the peer's high born ancestors. He is invested with the golden fleece, and some other foreign orders. To give him still greater dignity, he is in the character of Jupiter; and while one hand holds up his ample robe, the other grasps a thunder-bolt. A comet is taking its rapid course over his head, and in one corner of the picture two of the family of Boreas are introduced very judiciously blowing contrary ways. To some such supernatural cause we must attribute the drapery, and long peruke flying in opposite directions. Immediately behind him is a cannon, represented in the moment of explosion; and, to leave the spectator no doubt of its being intended for serious business, and not as a mere *feu de joye*, the ball is seen

room, are from his designs. In some of the old houses of our ancient nobility we see furniture of a similar appearance, though the greatest part of it, after passing through the purgatory of a broker's shop, has been either placed in a very inferior situation, or consigned to the flames.

Of *Kent*'s abilities as a painter the public thought so highly, that he was absurdly enough opposed to Sir *James Thornhill*. This circumstance might be one source of *Hogarth*'s dislike; he, however, took an early opportunity of shewing it, by what is called a *burlesque* of *Kent*'s altar-piece at St. Clement's church, but which *Hogarth* himself declares to be *a fair representation*. It must have been if it at all resembled this, a very mean and contemptible performance.

in its progress. All this, it must be acknowledged, is ridiculous enough, but it is not an *iota* more absurd than are many of the French portraits which we have seen, and which Mr. *Hogarth* evidently intended to burlesque by this parody.* The painters have mistaken extravagance for spirit, and violence for freedom. Fine as are many of their engravings, they frequently give us lines that more resemble the flourishes of a writing-master, than the free strokes of an artist.

The next painting represents *Goliah* slain by *David*; he is recumbent on the earth, and in truth appears to cover many a rood. Beneath it is the merciful *Judith:* one hand grasps the sword with which she decolated *Holofernes*, and the other rests upon his bleeding head. The adjoining picture is a view of St. *Sebastian* pierced with arrows. On the other side of the room is *Prometheus* and the *vulture*; that beneath it represents

* Some of the portraits of *Louis XIV.* are quite as absurd. We are told that he once sent to Rome, for *Poussin*, to paint him in the character of *Jupiter*. This great artist obeyed the summons, and prepared his canvass and colours; when, to his extreme astonishment, the monarch informed him, that although he was to be delineated as the representative of Jove, *etiquette* did not permit him to appear without his major peruque, and he must, consequently, be so painted. *Poussin* not being able to conceive any way of giving appropriate dignity to the thunderer of Olympus with this flowing appendage, declined beginning the picture, and returned to Rome without making his *congé*.

Cain slaying *Abel*. St. *Laurence* upon the grid-iron, is placed under a painting of *Herod*'s cruelty. As the ornament of a chandelier, over the sopha on which are the bride and groom, is a relievo of a *Medusa*'s head. This, and the rest of these agreeable representations, may possibly have some covert allusions, but to me they are not obvious. Allegory was not Mr. Hogarth's *forte*, neither was it often his practice. His principal meaning, I believe, was to ridicule the bad taste of those purchasers who could prefer these barbarous delineations to his own paintings. For most of those pictures which were baptized by the names of *the old masters* he had a sovereign contempt, and gladly seized every opportunity which presented itself to satirize their absurdities.

The self-important haughtiness of the noble owner of this mansion, is displayed upon almost every piece of his furniture. The coronet glitters not only upon the canopy, but the crutches, is mounted upon the frame of the mirror, and marked upon the side of the pointer.

One of Mr. Hogarth's illustrators* observes, that "Among such little circumstances as might "escape the notice of a careless spectator, is the "thief in the candle, *emblematical of the mortgage* "*on his lordship's estate.*"—As the mortgage appears to have been paid off, one thinks the *thief*

* Biographical Anecdotes, page 274.

might have been spared. The artist might, however, mean to shew that his lordship's estate *was run to waste*, by the negligence and extravagance of the proprietor.

The same gentleman very properly remarks that the unfinished edifice seems at a stand for want of money, no workmen appearing on the scaffolds, or near them. He adds, that a number of figures which are before the building, were designed by the artist to represent the lazy vermin of his lordship's hall, who, having nothing else to do, are sitting on the blocks of stone, or staring at the building. I have some doubts about this explanation. His lordship's servants, I dare say, are as idle as those of any other nobleman; but they would hardly choose their lounging-place to be directly under their master's window, and immediately in his sight. From a carriage which appears to be driving under an arch-way, from the eagerness with which some of the figures seem to contemplate the building, and from the air and dress of all of them, except one servant with a portmanteau, I am inclined to think this company is made up of a party come to see the progress of the new house.

The characters in this print are admirably marked. Nothing can be better contrasted than the calculating, cautious countenance of the sheriff, and the haughty, overbearing air of the peer. To this may be added, the stare of the serjeant,

astonished at so magnificent an edifice, and the cunning craft of the usurer, delivering up the mortgage.

This plate was engraved by *G. Scotin*, and published April 1, 1745.

PLATE II.

" Behold how Vice her votaries rewards!---
" After a night of folly, frolic, cards,
" The phantom pleasure flies,---and in its place,
" Comes deep remorse, and torturing disgrace,
" Coroding care, and self-accusing shame,
" A ruin'd fortune, and a blighted fame!"

E.

WEARIED, languid, and spiritless, from the dissipations of the night, his sword broken in a riotous frolic in which he has been engaged, the modish peer comes home at noon, and finds his lady just arisen, and seated *en dishabille* at her *matin meal*. From the melancholy cast of his countenance, and both his hands being in his pockets, it is probable that he has been unsuccessful at the gaming table. From the cap and ribband which hang out of his coat pocket, it is fair to suppose that part of his night has been passed in



2 *Dent Sculp.*

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the company of a female, and from the attention the dog pays to the cap, we are led to suspect that he may have originally belonged to the lady who is its proprietor.

The viscountess* has been contemplating her face in a pocket mirror, and is scarcely recovered from the fatigue of a rout, which, by the cards, instruments, and music book upon the floor, we

* By the loose negligence of her habit, and some other circumstances, I am inclined to think the artist intended to represent her as pregnant. It has been said that after Baron had finished the plate, Mr. Hogarth added a lock of hair with Indian ink, but after a few impressions were taken off, inserted this supplemental ornament with the graver. In the Analysis is a remark which may perhaps, in some degree, account for the introduction of this fascinating attraction.

"It was once the fashion to have two curls of equal size, "stuck at the same height, close upon the forehead, which "probably took its rise from seeing the pretty effect of "curls falling loosely over the face.

"A lock of hair falling thus cross the temples, and by "that means breaking the regularity of the oval, has an ef- "fect too alluring to be strictly decent, as is very well "known to the loose and lowest classes of women: but be- "ing paired in so stiff a manner as they formerly were, they "lost the desired effect, and ill deserved the name of fa- "vourites."

Moralists of different nations have considered hair as calculated to entangle hearts, and one of our pious writers of the last century wrote a furious treatise on the unloveliness of love locks.

conclude to have been the amusement of the preceding night.*

An ungartered servant, who is yawning in the back ground, pays very little attention to his master and mistress, and is totally regardless of one of the chairs, which is in great danger from the blaze of an expiring candle, that, with those in the chandelier, left burning in the sockets since the conclusion of their nocturnal revelry, gives a delightful fragrance to the breakfast room.

The old steward's attitude and countenance clearly indicate that he foresees the gulph into which an united torrent of dissipation must inevitably plunge this infatuated pair.† He has

* A chair kicked down, an essay on whist, and cards thrown upon the floor, and the general confusion of every thing in the room, seem to intimate that some of this right honourable society were actuated by similar passions with those which inflame the gentlemen in the sixth plate of a Rake's Progress. Though a genuine gamester is not apt to lose his presence of mind on slight occasions, yet when a man of rank is stripped of what it will take the rents of his estate for years to replace, he is liable to lose his temper, and on such occasions sometimes vents his spleen on inanimate objects. Such things happen even now.

† Mr. Nichols records the following anecdote, upon the authory of Doctor Ducarel, but candidly remarks that there must be some mistake in it, as *Herring* was not archbishop till several years after the designs for Marriage à la Mode were made.

" *Edward Swallow*, butler to Archbishop *Herring*, had

brought a great number of bills for payment; upon one, and only one, is a receipt, which being dated January 4, 1744, determines the time to be winter, a period when vulgar tradesmen are extremely troublesome to men of fashion.

Of the paintings in this stately saloon, that of which we see only a part, is properly concealed by a curtain. The four cartoons very judiciously placed in the same line, are, I believe, intended for the four evangelists. Next to that which is opposite the chandelier, is a faint representation of another picture. The lines are ambiguous, but seem intended to represent a ship in

" an annuity of ten pounds given him in his grace's will. " For the honesty and simplicity of his phisiognomy, this " old faithful servant was so remarkable, that Hogarth " wanting such a figure in Marriage à la Mode, accompa- " nied the late Dean of Sarum, Doctor *Thomas Greene*, on " a public day to *Lambeth*, on purpose to catch the like- " ness. As they were coming away he whispered, ' *I have* " *him!*' And he may now be seen to the life preserved in " the old steward in plate II. with his hands held up, &c."

I do not see that honesty and simplicity which is described above, in the countenance of this man. From the book inscribed *Regeneration*, in his pocket, and the opinion which Mr. Hogarth (whether justly or not, is another enquiry) entertained of the sect of which this venerable personage is a member, I am inclined to think he meant to represent a very different character; and I believe if Lavater were to see this engraving, that masterly translator of the mind would say he has delineated a very different character.

a storm. A very proper emblem of the wreck which is likely to succeed the negligence and dissipation of this noble family. A marble head in a cut wig, perhaps intended for one of the *Cæsars*, with the nose broken, to shew that it is a genuine antique, decorates the centre of the chimney piece. In most of the other grotesque and fantastic ornaments,

> " Gay china's unsubstantial forms supply,
> " The place of beauty, strength, simplicity;
> " Each varied colour of the brightest hue,
> " The green, the red, the yellow and the blue,
> " In every part the dazzled eyes behold,
> " Here streak'd with silver, there enrich'd with gold."

The painting in a ponderous frame, which serves as a kind of pediment to the chimney-piece, is in a style which does equal honour to the classical and correct taste of the proprietor. It is Cupid playing upon the bagpipes. The ornaments round the clock are equally elegant, and peculiarly appropriate. It is encompassed by a kind of grove; on the summit is a cat, and at the bottom a Chinese pagoda. If the branches were tenanted by the feathered tribe, it would be no more than we see every day; it would be vulgar nature. To make it *uncommonly* grand, and peculiarly *magnifique*, they are occupied by two fishes.*

* Absurd as this may seem, until Mr. *Wedgewood* introduced those beautiful etruscan forms which now decorate the

The crowned chandelier, candlesticks, chairs, foot-stool, chimney-piece, and grate, are evidently made from the designs of William Kent.* To that fashionable architect they are indebted for the plan of the stupendous saloon, which has an air of grandeur and magnificence that is not often seen in Mr. Hogarth's works. It produces such a sensation as Pope describes on seeing *Timon's* villa,

" Where all cry out, ' what sums are thrown away!"

This plate is engraved by *Baron*, but the face of the old steward, I think marked by the burine of *Hogarth*.

rooms, and correct the taste of the possessors, these shapeless monsters disgraced the most splendid apartments in the metropolis.

* " Kent was not only consulted for furniture, as frames " of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for plate, for " a barge, for a cradle. So impetuous was fashion, that two " great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their " birth-day gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat de- " corated with columns of the five orders; the other like " a bronze, in copper-coloured sattin, with ornaments of " gold." *Walpole's* Anecdotes, 2d edit. vol. iv. p. 239.

PLATE III.

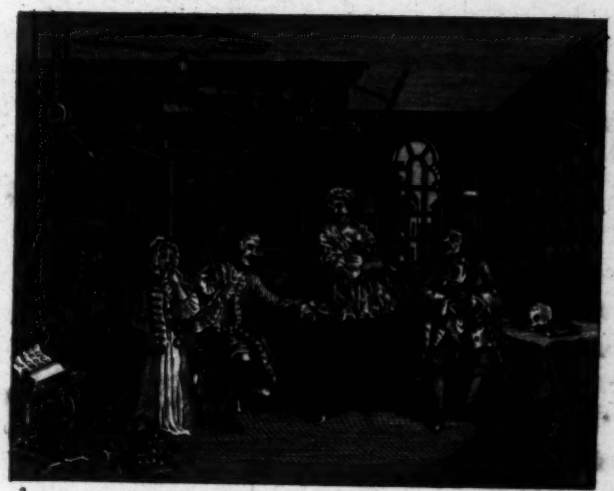
" To *Galen*'s great descendant list,--- oh list!
" Behold a surgeon, sage, anatomist,
" Mechanic, antiquarian, seer, collector,
" Physician, barber, bone-setter, dissector.
" The sextons, registers, and tombstones tell,
" By his prescriptions, what an army fell;
" Med'cines—by him compos'd will stop the breath,
" And every pill is fraught with certain death." * E.

THIS has been said to be the most obscure delineation that Hogarth ever published, and no two persons agreeing in their explanation, seems to confirm the remark. I think it must be considered as an episode, no farther connected with the main subject, than as it exhibits the consequences of an alliance entered into from sordid and unworthy motives. In the two preceding prints, the hero and heroine of this tragedy shew a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the peer, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affection of his la-

* This race still roll round the metropolis; and while some put their trust in chariots, horses, and impudence, others depend on the credulity of his Majesty's liege subjects.

The following Epitaph was written for one of them:

Beneath lies lean old Fillgrave, once, M. D.
Who hunger felt much oft'ner than a fee;
These were the last, last words the doctor spoke,
(And, believe me, sirs, the sentence was no joke:)
" The world I leave, but can't the world forgive,
" For by my patients I could never live."
In this, rejoin'd a friend, you'd but your due,
Your patients, doctor, ne'er could live by you. E.



3

Dent Sculp

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dy. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to head the musical dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions, but chilled with neglect, and frozen by coldness; by contempt it is estranged, and by habitual and long continued inconstancy, lost.

To shew that our unfortunate victim to parental ambition has been driven over this fiery ordeal, and suffered this mortifying climax of provocations, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the last plate he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this he has destroyed his health. From the hour of his marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth. Can we then much wonder at her retaliating. By the viscount she was despised; by the advocate she was adored. This insidious insinuating villain, we may naturally suppose acquainted with every part of the nobleman's conduct, and artful enough to make a proper advantage of his knowledge. From this agent of sin she probably learned how her lord was connected, and from his subtle suggestions, aided by resentment, is tempted to think these accumulated insults have dissolved her marriage vow, and given her a

right to retaliate. Impelled by such motives, irritated by such provocations, and attended by such an advocate, can we wonder that this fair unfortunate forsook the path of virtue, and plunged into the abyss of vice? To her husband, much of her error is to be attributed. She saw he despised her, and she hated him: she saw he had bestowed his affections on another, and she followed the example. To shew the consequence of his licentious wanderings, the author in this plate exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy impostors, who prey upon the credulity of the public, and vend poisons, under the name of drugs. This wretched quack being family surgeon to the old procuress, who stands at his right hand, formerly attended the young girl, and received his fee, as having restored his patient to perfect health. That he was paid for what he did not perform, appears by the countenance of the enraged nobleman, who lifts up his cane in a threatening style, accompanying the action with a promise to bastinado both surgeon and procuress for having deceived him by a false bill of health. These threats our natural son of *Æsculapius* treats with that careless *non chalance*, which shews that his ears are accustomed to such sounds. Not so the sage high priestess of the temple of Venus;*

* This is said to have been designed for the once celebrated *Betty Careless*, and the remark is supposed to be

tenacious of her good name, and tremblingly alive to any aspersion which may tend to injure her professional reputation, she unclasps her knife,

countenanced by the initials E. C. on her bosom. This woman, by a transmigration as natural as is that of the *chrysalis*, from being one of the most fashionable of the *Cyprian corps*, became keeper of a brothel; and after repeated arrests, and many imprisonments, was buried from the poor house of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, April 22, 1752. In many of the elegant Latin odes of Loveling, her name is immortalized; and of her person and appearance *Fielding* thus speaks in his Amelia.

"I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a "side-box at a play, where, in a balcony on the opposite "side, was placed the inimitable Betsy Careless, in company "with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober "appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said to the "other,---Did you ever see any thing look so modest and "so innocent as that girl over the way? what pity it is such "a creature should be in the way of ruin, as I am afraid she "is, by being alone with that young fellow.

"Now this lady was no bad physiognomist; for it was "impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, "innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed "in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances "notwithstanding, I myself (remember, critic, it was in my "youth) had, a few mornings before, seen that very identi-"cal picture of those engaging qualities in bed with a rake, "at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking "obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impu-"dence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull "of a soldier."

Hogarth noticed this woman in a former print; one of the madmen in the last plate of the Rake's Progress has written

determined to stab him, and wash out this foul stain upon her honour with the blood of her accuser.

Churchill being once asked what he thought was the meaning of this print, said, that to him it had always appeared so ambiguous, that he once asked Hogarth to explain it; and the artist, like many other commentators, left his subject as obscure as he found it. "From this circumstance," added the poet, "I am convinced he "formed his tale upon the ideas of Hoadley, Garrick, Townley, or some other friend, and never "perfectly comprehended what it meant." Such was the opinion of this severe satirist; but let it be remembered, that this opinion was given after the publication of John Wilkes's portrait, of the Bruiser, and of the Times: a circumstance which should lead us to receive it with caution, and a degree of distrust; for the heat of party warps the

"Charming Betsy Careless" on the rail of the stairs, and wears her portrait suspended to a ribband tied round his neck. Mrs. Heywood's Betsy Thoughtless was in MS. entitled Betsy Careless; but from the infamy at that time annexed to the name, had a new baptism. There are those who say that the letters upon this woman's bosom are not E. C. but F. C. and intended to designate Fanny Cock, daughter of Mr. Cock the auctioneer, with whom the artist had a casual disagreement. After all their conjectures, I think it is probable that these gunpowder initials are merely the marks of a woman of the lowest rank, and most infamous description.

undertanding, and political prejudice discolours every object which it contemplates.

The nick-nackitory collection which forms this motley museum is so exactly described by Doctor Garth, that one would almost think Hogarth had made the Dispensary his model in designing the print.

" Here mummies lie, most reverendly stale,
" And there, the tortoise hung her coat of mail:
" Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
" The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
" Aloft, in rows, large poppy-heads were strung,
" And near, a scaly alligator hung;
" In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd,
" In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid."

An horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber's pole; this, with the pewter bason, and broken comb, clearly hint at the former profession of our mock doctor. The high-crowned hat and ancient spur, which might once have been the property of Butler's redoubted hero, the valiant Hudibras, with a model of the gallows, and sundry non-descript rarities, shew us that this great man, if not already a member of the Antiquarian Society, is qualifying himself to be a candidate. The dried body* in the glass-

* From the gallows, immediately over his head, we are led to suppose the artist intended to hint that this gentleman died for the good of his country; but, from the records of some of our mortuary historians, it appears that,

case, placed between a skeleton and the sage's wig-block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. A figure above the mummies seems at first sight to be decorated with a flowing periwig, but on a close inspection, will be found intended for one of Sir *John Mandeville's Anthropophagi*, a sort of men

"Whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Even the skulls have character; and the principal mummy has so majestic an aspect, that one is almost tempted to believe it the mighty *Cheops*, king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, being the only one intombed in the large pyramid.*

about the time this set of prints were published, a number of bodies thus preserved, which had been exsiccated by some mode of embalming at present unknown, were discovered in a vault in Whitechapel church.

* This royal mummy being once the sole tenant of one of the largest pyramids, might be more positively ascertained than any of the Cleopatras. It was, however, profanely removed by a wild Arab, who, after he had stolen it, sold it to the consul of Alexandria, by whom it was transmitted to England; and a right grave antiquarian quotes a passage in Sandy's travels to prove its being genuine; where that learned and accurate voyager assures us, that he saw the sepulchre empty; which agrees exactly, saith he, with the theft above mentioned. He omits to observe, that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

When the late Andrew Millar was about to republish some of the laborious works of the indefatigable Thomas

By two machines, constructed upon most complicated principles, though intended for performing the most simple operations, we discover that our quack studies mechanics. On one of them lies a folio treatise, descriptive of their uses; by which it appears that the largest is for re-setting the collar-bone, the smallest, for drawing a cork; each of them invented by Monsieur *De la Pilulæ*, and inspected, and approved, by the Royal Academy of Paris.

Hearne, Doctor Hill coming into his shop, asked him what delayed the publication. "It is all printed," replied the bookseller, "but we want a motto for the title-page;---for "a good motto I would give five guineas."---"Give me the "pen," says the doctor, "and I will try what I can do for "you." He wrote the two lines which follow, and received the promised remuneration:

"Pox on't! says Time to Thomas Hearne,
"Whatever I forget you learn."

The late Mr. West added two other lines, which, considered as addrest to *Time*, make a good epigrammatic point:

"Damn it! says Tom, in furious fret,
"Whate'er I learn you soon forget."

PLATE IV.

" The new made countess treads enchanted ground,
" And madly whirls in pleasure's airy round;
" From *Circe*'s cup delicious poison quaffs,
" And drunk with pomp,---at cold discretion laughs.
" While the soft warbling of a senseless song,
" Pour'd from a neutral nothing,* charms the throng:
" To love's fond tale the fair her ear inclines,
" To *Satan's agent* all her soul resigns.
" Beware his soft insidious smiles,
" Fly from his glance, and shun his wiles.
" Avoid the serpent's poisonous breath,
" 'Tis fraught with infamy and death." E.

By the old peer's death our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and is become a countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal, by the consequent neglect of her domestic duties, for, by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow

* Carestini.



Corbould del. Dent Sculp

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of man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honourable group seem in the highest degree enraptured. This bloated animal, carelesly and consequentially leaning upon the back of a chair, is dressed in a richly embroidered coat, and has loaded every finger with a diamond. Though in a morning, his solitaire, kneebands, and shoes, are decorated with gems.* He is quavering,

"The seeming echo of what once was song,
"Sweet by defect, and impotently strong."

That our extravagant countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste

* A short time before the publication of these prints, the greatest part of our nobility acted as if they had been bitten by a tarantula. The sums lavished upon exotic warblers would have supported an army, the applause bestowed upon some of them, would have turned the brain of a saint. It was little short of adoration. Persons of inferior rank caught this jingling contagion, and all orders of the people were infected with a *musical mania*, totally foreign to our national taste, and highly dishonourable to our national character. In one of Hogarth's former prints is a list of the rich presents *Signior Farinelli*, the Italian singer, *condescended to accept* from the English nobility and gentry, for one night's performance in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, comprising gold snuff boxes, diamond rings, diamond buckles, &c. That such presents were actually made to this sounding animal, is ascertained by the newspapers of the day.

for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with all the luxuriant indolent grace of an *eastern Effendi*, is lolling on a sopha at her right hand. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel,* at the same time that he is shewing his infatuated inamorate a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. The fatal consequences of their unfortunate meeting are displayed in the two succeeding plates. The Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all the grimace of his country; he is the compleat *Canton* of the Clandestine Marriage. The contemptuous leer of a black servant, who is serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the *die-away* lady, seated before him.† Lost to every sense but that of hearing, she is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanting song of this pampered Italian. Not so the country gentleman,‡ with a whip in his hand. By the echoing TALLY HO! he is exhilarated! by the soft sounds of *Italia*, his soul is lulled to rest. The fine feeling creature, with a fan suspended from his wrist, is mark-

* The group of which this is composed, is worthy observation. The counsellor is pointing to a friar and a nun, who are in close conversation.

† Mrs. Lane (afterwards Lady Bingley).

‡ Fox Lane, her husband.

ed with that *foolish face of praise*, which understands nothing, but admires every thing—that it is the *ton* to admire! The taper supporters of Monsieur *en papillote*,* are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him,† is blowing a flute with every muscle of his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, examining a collection of grotesque china ornaments, which have been purchased at the sale of Esquire Timothy Babyhouse, pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and with a very significant leer points to his horns. Under a delineation of Jupiter and Leda, on a china dish, is written, *Julio Romano!* The fantastic group of *hydras*, *gorgons*, and *chimeras dire*, which lie near it, are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing-rooms, until the introduction of Etrurian ornaments. By the fantastic decorations upon a chimney-piece in the second plate, we see that our fashionable pair *have a taste*, and this taste may have been one source of their embarrassment. Another of their follies (which, when gaming is united to it, will level their lofty forest, and lay their proudest mansion in the dust) is displayed in the cards of invitation, scattered on the floor. They afford a good spe-

* This has been supposed to be intended for Monsieur Michel, the Prussian Ambassador.

† Weideman.

cimen of *polite literature*, and the writers deserve a niche in the catalogue of royal and noble authors. The list follows.

" Count Basset desire to no how Lade Squan-
" der sleep last nite."

" Lord Squander's company is desired at Lady
" Townly's drum. Munday next."

" Lady Squander's company is desired at Miss
" Hairbrain's rout."

" Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady
" Heathen's drum-major, *Sunday next*."

The pictures in this dressing-room are well suited to the profligate proprietors, and may be farther intended as a burlesque upon the strange and grossly indelicate subjects, so frequently painted by the ancient masters. Lot and his two daughters; Ganymede * and the Eagle; Jupiter and Io; and a portrait of the young lawyer, who is the favourite, or cicisbeo, or, more properly, the seducer of the countess.

This print is engraved by Ravenet, who seems to have preserved the characters, and in many respects has probably corrected the drawing.

* This curious delineation is whimsically placed immediately over the head of the Italian.


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5 Dent Sculp

PLATE V.

" Her dream of dissipation o'er,
" The bubble pleasure charms no more;
" The spell dissolv'd, and broke the chain,
" Reason too late resumes her reign.---
" In vain the tear, and contrite sigh,
" In vain the poignant agony;
" Henceforth---thy portion is despair,
" Remorse, and deep corroding care;
" Misery!---to madness near allied,
" And ignominious suicide.
" Thy minion's meed, by fate's decree,
" Is death,---a death of infamy!" E.

" Behold how Vice its votaries rewards!"

Our exasperated peer, suspecting his wife's infidelity, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces the two votaries of vice to a bagnio; where finding they are retired to a bed-room, he bursts open the door, and attacks this spoiler of his honour with a drawn sword. Too violent to be cautious, and too much irritated to be prudent, he thinks only of revenge, and making a furious thrust at the counsellor, neglects his own guard, is stabbed, and slain. The miscreant who had basely destroyed his

peace, and deprived him of life, was not bold enough to meet the consequences. Destitute of that courage which is the companion of virtue, and possessing no spark of that honour which ought to distinguish the gentleman; dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he makes a mean and precipitate retreat. Leaving him to the fate which awaits him, let us return to the degenerate countess. Feeling some pangs from the recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and some horror at the fate of her husband, she kneels at his feet, and entreats forgiveness.

"Some contrite tears she shed, but wip'd them soon."

They were not so much the tears of repentance for her sins, as the tears of vexatious regret for her detection. She is plunged too deep in vice to feel that conscious, ingenuous shame which accompanies a good mind torn by the recollection of having deviated from the path of virtue.

Alarmed at the noise occasioned by this fatal *rencontre*, the inhabitants of this wretched brothel call a watchman, who, with a constable, is ushered into the room by the master of the house. His meagre, and trembling figure, is well contrasted by the portly and consequential magistrate of the night. The watchman's lantern we see over

their heads, but the watchman knows his duty is to obey, and follow his superiors, he is therefore last; conscious that though the front may be the post of honour, yet, *in a service of danger*, the rear is the post of prudence.

Immediately over the door is a picture of St. Luke: this venerable apostle being the patron of painters, is so delineated that he seems looking at the scene now passing in the room, and either making a sketch, or a record of the transaction. On the hangings is a most lively representation of Solomon's wise judgment.* The

* Of the wisdom displayed in this *judgment* much has been said: I have sometimes thought that the decision of the late king of Prussia, was equally deserving of record.

When a list of criminals, who had forfeited their lives by violating the laws of their country, was once brought to him to sign; he observed the name of a soldier convicted of sacrilege. "That a soldier of mine should be guilty of so "atrocious a crime," said the king, "astonishes, and dis-"tresses me. I will not, however, sign his death warrant "until I have examined him myself." The man was brought into the royal presence, and two monks, who were his accusers, declared that he had come into their church, during the time they were celebrating mass, and placed himself under an image of the Virgin Mary, from whose shoes he had privately taken two pearl bows, and carried them out of the church: they pursued him, and found them in his pocket. The king turning to the criminal, desired to know what he had to say in his defence, which was simply this: That he was a disbanded soldier, and in great distress for a dinner: that he walked in a church yard, and earnestly prayed to the Virgin Mary that she would put him in the

countenance of this sapient monarch is not sagacious, but his attitude is in an eminent degree dignified, and his air commanding and regal. He really looks like a tyrant in old tapestry, and the arm of the chair is ornamented by a carving fraught with that terrific grace peculiar to the old masters. We cannot say that the Hebrew women, who attend *for judgment*, are either comely, or *fair to look upon*. Were not the scene laid in Jerusalem, they might pass for two of the silver toned Naiades of our own Billingsgate.

> " The grisly guards, with faces all awry,
> " Like Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry;
> " Each man an *Askapart*, with strength to toss
> " For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross."

The grisly guards,—have a most rueful and tremendous appearance. The attractive and grace-

way of getting one: that she appeared to him, and told him she heard his supplications, and pitied his distress; to relieve which, she begged him to accept of some pearls which were at the feet of her image in the neighbouring church. When the doors opened, he walked in, and took them out of her shoes, with an intent of converting them into money. This, said the king, alters the face of the business; but tell me, most reverend fathers, for you undoubtedly know, is it, according to your canons, possible that the Virgin could, to relieve distress, and preserve a life, appear to this poor man in the way he describes? " Un-
" doubtedly, my liege, she could; but it is not probable that
" she did."---" Is it possible?" " Certainly."---" Very well.
" I will not let a soldier of mine suffer death upon proba-
" bilities. He shall be discharged this time; but, observe

ful portrait of a nymph of Drury,* with a butcher's steel in one hand, and a squirrel perched upon the other, is hung in such a situation, that the Herculean pedestals of one of the Jewish soldiers, may be fairly supposed a representation of her legs, continued below the frame. Our counsellor's mask is on the floor, and so marked, as to *grin horribly* at the fatal catastrophe. Dominos, stays, shoes, &c. scattered round the room, shew the negligence of our ill-fated countess, when unattended by her *femme de chambre*. From a faggot, and shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room.† By a bill near them, we see that this elegant apartment is in *the Turk's Head bagnio*.

The back ground is engraved with uncommon delicacy; it was the work of Ravenet's wife, and evinces a knowledge of the art, and management of the burine rarely attained by the softer sex.‡

" what I say to you, young man, if I find at any future pe-
" riod, that you accept another present from either virgin,
" saint, or angel,---you shall be hanged."

* It is said to be copied from the frontispiece to a two-penny history of the notified Moll Flanders; but I do not remember seeing it among Mr. *Gulston*'s two and twenty thousand portraits of English heads.

† This is one, among many proofs, of Mr. Hogarth's very close attention to those little markings which have been generally disregarded by other artists. By a fire, he fixes the time to be winter, a season in which those fantastic amusements are most frequent in the metropolis.

‡ The taste and truth displayed in some late engravings by *Miss Caroline Watson*, do honour to her sex and country.

The dying agony of the earl (whose face is evidently retouched by the harsh graver of Hogarth), the eager entreaty of the countess, the terror of the host, and the vulgar inflated dignity of Mr. Constable, are admirably discriminated.

PLATE VI.

" Forlorn, degraded, and distrest,
" The furies tear her tortured breast.
" Remorse, with agonizing sigh,
" And sullen Shame, with downcast eye;
" Anguish,---by cold reflection fed,
" And wan Despair, and trembling Dread,
" In 'guise terrific hover round,
" And ring the knell of thrilling sound.
" Scar'd Reason totters on her throne,
" And Hope is fled!---and Peace is gone.
" Shuddering at phantoms ever in her sight,
" Hating the garish sun, and trembling at the night;
" To poison,---sad resort! she frantic flies,
" And self-destroy'd, the wretched maniac dies!"

E.

THE last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life, is in the house of her father, to which she had returned upon her husband's death. The law could not punish her as having been the primary cause of his murder, but a consciousness of her



Cornbread & Dust Study

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own guilt was a more severe punishment than any human laws could inflict. This, added to the reproaches of her father, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful, and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of any period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of putting an end to all her calamities by poison.

------" Dreadful deed, unbidden thus
" To rush into the presence of her judge,
" And challenge vengeance. 'Tis said
" Unheard of tortures are reserv'd
" For murderers of themselves. They herd together;
" The common damn'd shun their society
" As fiends too foul for converse."-----

Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the vial, which lies upon the floor, the artist has very judiciously placed *Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech*, thus intimating that he also has received the punishment he justly merited.* The records of their fate being so placed that the eye meets both at the same instant, shew, that as they were partners in wickedness, they are companions in death. These two terrific and monitory

* " If he do not become a cart as well as another man,---
" a plague on his bringing up !"

testimonies, are a kind of propitiatory sacrifice to the *manes* of her much injured and murdered lord.

Her avaricious father seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredations of the old nurse, coolly draws it from her finger. This little circumstance shews the prominent feature of his mind. Every sense of feeling absorbed in extreme avarice, he seems at this moment calculating how many carats each brilliant weighs.

From the gold chain with which he is decorated, we perceive that he is sheriff of London; and from a gown hung up near the clock, we know him to be an alderman. From his sleek appearance we have some right to infer that he is constant in his attendance at city feasts, for such a countenance could never be supported by the scanty and meagre viands of his own table. That his own table is generally furnished in much the same way, we now see is intimated by the gaunt and hungry appearance of a greyhound, who, taking advantage of the general confusion, is seizing the brawn's head.*

* A brawn's head with an orange in its mouth, was at that time a fashionable winter dish; and it was a standing dish, which might be marched from the pantry to the parlour, and give the semblance of plenty, for forty days. This was perhaps one reason for our votary of Mammon

A rickety child, heir to the complaints of its parent, shews some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous howl, and nasal whine of an old nurse, are most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of grief for the death of our wretched countess. The smug apothecary indeed shews some sort of concern at his patient dying before she has taken an *hepatic, soporific, somniferous julap*, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Her constitution, though impaired by grief, promised to have lasted

making it the leading article in his bill of fare,---the rest and residue of his feast is made up by a solitary egg.

A boiled egg was the usual dinner of Sir Hans Sloane. When he once complained to *Doctor Mortimer* that all his friends had deserted him, the doctor observed that *Chelsea* was a considerable distance from the residence of most of them, and therefore they might be disappointed when they came, to find he had so slight a dinner. This gentle remonstrance put the old baronet in a rage, and he exclaimed,---"Keep a table! Invite people to dinner! Would you have me ruin myself? Public credit totters already, and if (as has been presaged), there should be a national bankruptcy, or a sponge to wipe out the national debt, you may yet see me in a workhouse." His landed estate was at that time very considerable, and his museum worth much more than the twenty thousand pounds, which was, however, given for it by parliament.

Scanty as is our citizen's dinner, his tablecloth is ample. The founder of *Guy's hospital*, which is the first private foundation in the world, was not so extravagant. His constant substitute for a tablecloth, was either a dirty proof sheet of some book, or an old newspaper.

long enough to have cleared his shop of a few more *composing narcotics*, and *stomachic boluses*. Pointing to the dying speech, he is threatening the terrified foot-boy with a punishment similar to that of the counsellor, for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises never more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fright on an ignorant rustic were never better delineated, nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, dressed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days, had been the property of his master. We see the back of the retreating physician, and may readily conceive that finding his patient had dared to quit the world in an irregular way, neither abiding by his prescriptions, nor waiting for his *fiat*, he cast an indignant frown on all present, and exclaimed in heroic style,——

> "Fellow, our hat!"---no more he deign'd to say,
> "But stern as Ajax' spectre, stalk'd away."

The leathern buckets immediately over the doctor's head, were, previous to the introduction of fire-engines, considered as proper furniture for a merchant's hall. Every ornament in his parlour is highly and exactly appropriate to the man. The style of his pictures, his clock, a cobweb over the window, repaired chair, nay, the very form of his hat, are characteristic. A silver cup upon

the table, and jug on the floor, shew us his style of living. The scantiness of his own table is well contrasted by the plenty exhibited in the picture over the old nurse's head, where iron pots, brass pans, cabbages, and lanterns, are indiscriminately huddled together, with no other meaning than to shew how highly a Flemish artist could finish. The attic delicacy of this patient and laborious school, is displayed in the adjoining picture; and their humour, in that of a fellow wittily lighting his tobacco by the red nose of his companion.* The pipe and bottle placed under the day-book and ledger, and the whole crowned by a broken punch bowl, intimate that this venerable gentleman united business with pleasure. The view through an open window marks the situation of our plodding merchant's house to be near London bridge, and represents that absurd and ill-contrived structure in its original state, loaded with houses. A clock points the hour to be a little after eleven, which, at this highly polished and refined period, would be deemed an early hour for a citizen's breakfast; at *that*, it was his hour of dinner!

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation

* Let not any censure fall upon Mr. Hogarth for these indelicate representations. He evidently means to burlesque the gross and ridiculous absurdities of the Dutch painters.

and vice, to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide!

The drama of *Shakspeare* has been said to be the mirror of life, which to-day we see lighted up with gaiety, and to-morrow clouded with sorrow. *Shakspeare* had the power of exciting laughter or grief, not only in one mind, but in one composition. That *Hogarth* had the same power, and exerted it with the same disdain of the little cavils of little minds, is evinced in this series of prints; from the study of which a peasant, who has never strayed beyond the precincts of his own cottage, may calculate the consequences of dissipation; and he who has lived secluded from society, may form an estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality, or degraded by vice.

This plate, as well as the five preceding it, are admirably engraved by *G. Scotin:* two of the former, as has been before mentioned, were by *Ravenet*,* who was then young, unknown, and unprotected. At that period there were no men of spirit to patronize the rising artist, and he gladly made an engagement with Mr. *Hogarth.* The price proved far inadequate to the labour; the artist remonstrated, but in vain; he received no

* In *Hogarth*'s advertisements for subscriptions, he engaged to engrave the heads himself; but *Ravenet* would not consent to *Hogarth*'s burine making a single stroke upon any plate which had *his* name.

more than the stipulated sum. When *Hogarth*, at a future period, solicited his assistance in engraving the *Sigismunda*, *Ravenet*'s finances were in a better state, and he indignantly declined the connection.

In the year 1746, was published a coarse and vulgar poem, in doggerel verse, with the following title: "*Marriage à la Mode*, an humorous tale in six cantos, in Hudibrastic verse, being an explanation of the six prints lately published by the ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*. London, printed for *Weaver Bickerton*, in Temple Exchange Passage, in Fleet Street. Price one shilling."

The *Clandestine Marriage* is professedly formed upon the model of these prints.

The original pictures * were on the 6th of June,

* The following particulars relative to their sale were communicated by Mr. *Lane* to Mr. *Nichols*.

"Some time after the pictures had been finished, perhaps six or seven years, they were advertised to be sold by a sort of auction, not carried on by personal bidding, but by a written ticket, on which every one was to put the price he would give, with his name subscribed to it. These papers were to be received by Mr. *Hogarth* for the space of one month, and the highest bidder at twelve o'clock, on the last day of the month, was to be the purchaser: none but those who had in writing made their biddings, were to be admitted on the day that was to determine the sale. This *nouvelle* method of proceeding probably disobliged the public, and there seemed to be at that time a combination against poor *Hogarth*, who, perhaps, from the extraordinary and frequent approbation

1750, purchased at *Hogarth*'s auction, by Mr. *Lane*, of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, for one

" of his works, might have imbibed some degree of vanity, " which the town in general, friends and foes, seemed re- " solved to mortify. If this was the case (and to me it is " very apparent) they fully effected their design, for on the " memorable 6th of June, 1750, which was to decide the " fate of this capital work, about eleven o'clock, Mr. *Lane*, " the fortunate purchaser, arrived at the Golden Head, " when, to his great surprise, expecting (what he had been " a witness to in 1745, when *Hogarth* disposed of many of " his pictures) to have found his painting room full of noble " and great personages, he only found the painter and his " ingenious friend Dr. *Parsons*, secretary to the Royal So- " ciety, talking together, and expecting a number of spec- " tators at least, if not of buyers. Mr. *Hogarth* then pro- " duced the highest bidding, from a gentleman well known, " of 110l. Nobody coming in, about ten minutes before " twelve, by the decisive clock in the room, Mr. *Lane* told " Mr. *Hogarth* he would make the pounds guineas. The " clock then struck twelve, and *Hogarth* wished Mr. " *Lane* joy of his purchase, hoping it was an agreeable one. " Mr. *Lane* answered, *perfectly so*. Now followed a scene " of disturbance from *Hogarth*'s friend the doctor, and, " what more affected Mr. *Lane*, a great appearance of dis- " appointment in the painter, and truly with great reason. " The doctor told him he had hurt himself greatly by fixing " the determination of the sale at so early an hour, when " the people in that part of the town were hardly up. *Ho-* " *garth*, in a tone and manner that could not escape obser- " vation, said, *Perhaps it may be so!* Mr. *Lane*, after a " short pause, declared himself to be of the same opinion; " adding, that the artist was very poorly rewarded for his " labour, and if he thought it would be of service to him, " would give him till three o'clock to find a better pur-

hundred and twenty guineas; a sum by no means equal to their value.

" chaser. *Hogarth* warmly accepted the offer, and express-
" ed his acknowledgments for this kindness in the strongest
" terms. The proposal likewise received great encomiums
" from the doctor, who proposed to make it public. This
" was peremptorily forbidden by Mr. *Lane*, whose conces-
" sion in favour of our artist was remembered by him to the
" time of his death. About one o'clock, two hours sooner
" than the time appointed, *Hogarth* said he could no lon-
" ger trespass on his generosity, but, that if he was pleased
" with his purchase, he himself was abundantly so with the
" purchaser. He then desired Mr. *Lane* to promise that he
" would not dispose of the pictures without previously ac-
" quainting him of his intention, and that he would never
" permit any person, under pretence of cleaning, to meddle
" with them, as he always desired to take that office on him-
" self. This promise was readily made by Mr. *Lane*, who
" has been tempted more than once by Mr. *Hogarth*, to
" part with his bargain at a price to be named by himself.
" When Mr. *Lane* bought the pictures, they were in *Carlo*
" *Meratte* frames, which cost the painter four guineas
" a piece."

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

THE following description of Mr. *Hogarth*'s design in these twelve plates, is copied from his own hand writing.

" Industry and idleness, exemplified in the con-
" duct of two fellow prentices: where the one
" by taking good courses, and pursuing points for
" which he was put apprentice, becomes a valu-
" able man, and an ornament to his country: the
" other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls
" into poverty, and ends fatally, as is expressed in
" the last print. As the prints were intended
" more for use than ornament, they were done in
" a way that might bring them within the purchase
" of whom they might most concern; and lest
" any print should be mistaken, the description
" of each print is engraved at top."

Such is the professed design of the artist, and such is the apology he makes for the manner in which these prints are engraved; for they have, as Mr. *Walpole* justly observes, more merit in their intention than execution.

In his last story he portrayed, with a master's hand, the consequences which result from the licentious dissipations of high rank, here he has displayed, in colours equally luminous, the punishments that await sloth and inattention in persons of an inferior order. As a contrast to the idle and vicious character, who is brought to consequent misery and shame, he has depicted his fellow prentice, moral, attentive, and industrious; and brought him, by regular and natural gradations, to the highest dignities of the greatest city in Europe. This is making the pencil an instrument in the cause of virtue, holding up the mirror of morality and truth, and shewing the fair reward of industry and integrity, to be happiness, honour, and independance; and the inevitable consequences of idleness and vice to be poverty, misery, and shame.

The hint for contrasting these two very opposite characters, is taken from the old play of Eastward Hoe, written by *Ben Jonson*, *George Chapman*, and *John Marston*, printed for *William Aspley*, 1605, and reprinted in *Dodsley*'s collection. In this comedy, *Touchstone*, a plain and honest old citizen, and goldsmith, has two apprentices, *Golding* and *Quicksilver:* the former is a counterpart to *Hogarth's Good Child*, and the latter has many of the dispositions of Mr. *Thomas Idle*. Touchstone, in a proverbial and formal style, advises all who would attain

respectability, and acquire independance, to conduct themselves on the same principles that he had done, and by adherence to which he had gained his fortune.

" I hired me a little shop, bought low, took " small profits, kept no debt book; garnished " my shop, instead of plate, with good, whole- " some, thrifty sentences; such as, *Touchstone*, " keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee; light " gains makes a heavy purse; it is good to be " merry and wise, &c. &c."

" Seek not to go beyond your tether,
" But cut your thong unto your leather;
" So shall you thrive by little and little,
" 'Scape Tyburn, Counter, and the Spittal."

The prologue concludes with what may serve as an explanatory apology for the prints as well as the play.

" Bear with our willing pains,---or dull, or witty,
" We only dedicate it to the City."

Golding marries *Touchstone*'s favourite daughter, and the old citizen, in the quaint style of that day, wishes he may live to see him " *one of* " *the monuments of the city, and reckoned among* " *her worthies; to be remembered the same day* " *with Lady Ramsay, and grave Gresham,* when " the famous fable of *Whittington* and his puss " shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts be-

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" come the posies for hospitals; when thy name " shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds " played i'thy lifetime, by the best company of " actors, and be called their *Get-penny*; this I " divine and prophecy."

In the comedy, as in the prints, one of the scenes is laid at *Cuckold's Haven*: young *Golding* becoming a magistrate, *Quicksilver* is brought before him as a criminal, &c. &c.

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

Proverbs, Chapter xxiii. *Verse* 21.

" The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall " clothe a man with rags."

Proverbs, Chapter x. *Verse* 4.

" The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

At the time these twelve prints were published, the business of a silk weaver was considered as much more respectable and important than it has been since the very general fashion of wearing linen. The first view we have of the two heroes

of our history, is at the looms of their master, an inhabitant of Spittalfields. The assiduity of one of these young artizans is manifested in his countenance, and attention to the business he is engaged in. Over his head hang those two excellent old ballads, *Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London,* and *The Valiant Apprentice.* On the floor near him is the *Prentice's Guide,* a book which our citizen probably presented to every young man he had under his care, for we see the same title on a torn and mutilated volume at the feet of Mr. *Thomas Idle,* who being asleep, has dropped his shuttle, which a cat is playing with. On the wall hangs the ballad of *Moll Flanders,* and very near him is a tobacco pipe,* and a porter pot; the somniferous qualities of these two narcotics, have perhaps contributed to close his eyes. His countenance is

* When a gentleman, whose industry and integrity have raised him to the rank of Alderman of London, was apprentice, he one Sunday afternoon took a walk with some young friends to Islington. Considering smoking as a very *manly* accomplishment, he put a pipe in his mouth. A respectable citizen who knew his master, meeting him in the fields, with a very grave face accosted him as follows: "How now, "Tom! smoking tobacco! pray who was your teacher? If "you mean to be rich, unlearn it as fast as you can, for I "never knew a man worth a guinea who stuck a pipe in his "mouth before he was twenty." "The *de'il* you did not," replied the boy, "then I will never smoke another." He dashed his clay tube to the ground, and adhered to his resolution.

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Psalm 119. 97.

strongly expressive of his disposition; hair uncombed, collar unbuttoned, and worn-out coat, are very strong indications of negligence and sloth. With scouling eye, and cane lifted up, the master, who is just entering the room, seems very well disposed to punish his indolence and drowsiness; but his habits are too strongly rooted to be eradicated by chastisement. The trophy composed of fetters, whips, and halters, and that of the sword, mace, and gold chains, which ornament this and the other prints, are perhaps rather beneath the dignity of historical painting, but considered as addressed to boys, and exhibiting a view of the different termination of industry and idleness, are strictly proper.

PLATE II.

Psalm cxix. *Verse* 97.

"O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day."

THIS plate displays our industrious young man attending divine service, in the same pew with his master's daughter, where he shews every mark of decent and devout attention.

Mr. Hogarth's strong bias to burlesque was not

to be checked by time or place. It is not easy to imagine any thing more whimsically grotesque than the female Falstaff, a fellow near her emulating the deep-toned organ, and the man beneath, who, though asleep, joins his sonorous tones in melodious chorus with the admirers of those two pre-eminent poets, Sternhold and Hopkins. The pew opener is a very prominent and principal figure; the two old women adjoining Miss West's seat are so much in shadow that we are apt to overlook them: they are however all three making the dome ring with their exertions.

" Ah! had it been King David's fate
" To hear them sing----------

The preacher, the reader, and the clerk, as well as many of the small figures in the gallery, and beneath, are truly ludicrous, and we regret their being upon so reduced a scale, that they are scarce perceptible to the naked eye. It was necessary that the artist should exhibit a crowded congregation, and it must be acknowledged he has not paid much attention to making them of dimensions consonant to the rules of perspective. The print wants depth. In the countenance of Miss West and her lover, there is a resemblance. Their faces have not much expression, but this is atoned for by a natural and pleasing simplicity. Character was not necessary.

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Prov·19·29

PLATE III.

THE IDLE PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH-YARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

Proverbs, Chapter ix. *Verse* 29.

"Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the "back of fools."

WHILE the industrious and sedate apprentice is engaged in such exercises as mend the heart and improve the understanding; while he is in the church, properly devoting the seventh day to the praise of his Creator, returning thanks for the blessings he enjoys, and praying for their continuance; an inmate of the same house, about the same age, and of the same rank in society, who might have participated in all his advantages, is stretched upon a grave-stone in the church-yard, and gambling with a group of mendicants. Their amusement seems to be the favourite old English game of *hustle-cap*, and our idle and unprincipled youth is endeavouring to cheat by concealing some of the halfpence under the broad brim of his hat. This is perceived by the shoe-black, and warmly resented by the fellow with a black patch over his eye, who loudly insists on the hat's being fairly

removed. The eager anxiety which marks these mean gamblers, is equal to that of two peers playing for an estate. The latter could not have more solicitude for the turn of a die which was to determine the proprietor of ten thousand acres, than is displayed in the countenance of Mr. Thomas Idle. Their debate has been loud, and their attention so much engrossed, that they have not heard the cautious steps of a beadle, who is likely to put a speedy end to the dispute by a smart stroke from his rattan, which is aimed with apparent good will at the back of our disciple of indolence. His three associates are of the very lowest order: one of them is a shoe-black, and half naked. Like his companion, with one hand lifted up to his head, he is disturbing part of that clan who have been always distinguished for their tenacious adherence to the slothful. The tombstone being inscribed, HERE LIES THE BODY OF,—applies very well to the young gentleman, who in an attitude highly expressive of idleness, is now recumbent upon it. Even the skulls which lie on the ground near the new opened grave, have character. These, with the other mementos of mortality, are indiscriminately scattered upon the earth, and trampled upon by the most contemptible survivors.

"How rich, how honoured once, avails them not."

The figures in this print are well grouped, and

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the countenances of the gamblers and beadle admirably marked.

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE A FAVOURITE, AND INTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

Matthew, Chapter xxv. *Verse* 21.

" Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been
" faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler
" over many things."

From attention to business, and propriety of conduct, our prudent young man has gained the confidence of Mr. West. He is now in the counting house, intrusted with the management of the business, has the day-book, purse, and keys in his hands, and is attentively listening to the directions of his master; who, with a face expressive of the highest partiality and regard, is familiarly leaning upon his shoulder. The partnership, on the eve of taking place, is covertly intimated by a pair of gloves upon the escrutoire. The sedulous application of our young *Tyro*, is well hinted at by the head-piece to a *Lon-*

don Almanack, INDUSTRY TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK. The city porter, bringing in some bales of goods, has a true *Bardolphian* face. His mastiff attends him, but is violently opposed by the domestic cat, who, considering this house as her own peculiar domain, and having an hereditary dislike to the *canine* species, endeavours to drive him from the premises. Neither cat, dog, nor porter, are well drawn, nor is much regard paid to perspective, but the general design is carried on by such easy and natural gradations, and the consequent success of an attentive conduct displayed in colours so plain and perspicuous, that little errors in execution should be overlooked or forgiven.

PLATE V.

THE IDLE PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

Proverbs, Chapter x. *Verse* 1.

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

CORRUPTED by sloth, and contaminated by bad company, the idle apprentice having forfeited


Provincia V 1

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the regard, and tired the patience of his master, is sent to sea, in the hope that a separation from his associates, joined to the inevitable hardships of a maritime life, may in some degree reclaim him. He is here exhibited in the ship's boat, accompanied by his afflicted mother, whose dress seems to intimate that she is a widow, and who had naturally formed hopes of this boy's being a comfort to her old age. The waterman, with a significant face, points to a figure on a gibbet, advising him to look at it as *an emblem* of his future fate. A lad holds up a *cat-o'-nine-tails*, as a specimen of the discipline on board a ship. This *water-wit* our abandoned young man returns by holding up two of his fingers in the form of horns, and desiring this *Joe Miller* of the Thames, to look at *Cuckold's Point*, which is now in view. Having forfeited his indentures, he has thrown them into the river, is totally lost to reflection, and insensible to the grief of his mother, the ridicule of his companions, or his own unhappy situation.

That great geographer of the human face, *Lavater* of *Zurich*, has thought a copy of this print worthy a place in his *Essays on Physiognomy*.—His observations deserve attention.

" Here are the traits of drunkenness, com-
" bined with thoughtless stupidity. Who can look
" without disgust?—Would these wretches have
" been what they are, had they not by vice erazed

" nature's marks?—can perversion be more ap-
" parent than in the middle profile?"

PLATE VI.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

Proverbs, Chapter xii. *Verse* 4.

" The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

THE reward of industry is success. Our prudent and attentive youth is now become partner with his master,* and married to his daughter. To shew that plenty reigns in this mansion, while a servant is distributing the remains of the table to a poor woman, the bridegroom pays one of the drummers, who according to ancient custom, attend with their thundering gratulations the day after a wedding. A performer on the bass viol, and a company of butchers, armed with marrow-

* The sign, by which this circumstance is intimated, was at first inscribed GOODCHILD and WEST. Some of *Mr. Hogarth*'s city friends informing him that it was usual to place the name of the senior partner first, it was altered.


Prov. 12. 4
Lambert Sitius

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bones and cleavers, join this delightful concert, which, however deficient in melody, abounds in noise.* The cripple with a ballad of *Jesse*, or *the happy pair*, represents a man known by the name of Philip in the Tub, who had visited Ireland, and the United Provinces, and in the memory of many persons now living, was a general attendant at weddings. From those votaries of Hymen, who were honoured with his *epithalamiums*, he received a small reward. To shew that our young merchant's house is near the Monument, † the base of that stately column is in the back ground.

The footman, and butcher, at the opposite corner, compared with the other figures, are enormously too large. They might serve for the Gog and Magog of Guildhall.

It has been said that the thoughts in this print are trite, and the actions mean: perhaps they are, but

* *Madame Pompadour*, in her remarks on the English taste for music, says, *they are invariably fond of every thing that is full in the mouth.*

† The inscription must remind every reader of Pope's lines.

" Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
" Like a tall bully rears its head and lies." &c.

The Duke of Buckingham's epigram on this magnificent pillar is not so generally known:

" Here stand I,
" The Lord knows why;
" But if I fall—
" Have at ye all!"

it must be acknowledged they are natural, and appropriate to the rank and situation of the parties.

PLATE VII.

THE IDLE PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

Leviticus, Chapter xxvi. *Verse* 36.

"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

Our profligate young man returned from sea, is here exhibited in a garret with a common prostitute. Tired of a sea-faring life, where we may naturally suppose he met with punishments adequate to his crimes, he is returned to London, and by the pistols, watches, &c. which lie on and near the bed, it seems evident that the source of his present subsistence is from robbery on the highway. The horror of his mind is most strongly depicted in his agitated and terrified face.—What a contrast to the serenity displayed in the countenance of his fellow-prentice! To prevent surprise the door is locked, double bolted, and barricadoed with planks from the floor: not-


Levit: 26 36

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withstanding these precautions, the noise occasioned by a cat having slipped down a ruinous chimney, throws him into the utmost terror. Not so his depraved companion, solely engrossed by the plunder which is on the bed,* she is looking with delighted eyes at a glittering ear-ring. The broken jug, pipe, knife, plate, dram bottle, glass and pistols, are very properly introduced; and the rat, who makes a precipitate retreat, instinctively conscious that its natural enemy is near, gives additional disgust to every spectator of this dreary and desolate apartment. The lady's hoop is a good specimen of the fashion of that day, when this cumbrous and ungraceful combination of whales' bones, was worn by women of the lowest as well as the highest rank.

* To mark the midnight hour, each of the watches are about a quarter after twelve.

PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

Proverbs, Chapter iv. *Verse* 7, 8.

" With all thy gettings, get understanding. Exalt her, and
" she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to ho-
" nour when thou dost embrace her."

From his industry become opulent, from his integrity and punctuality respectable, our young merchant is now Sheriff of London, and dining with the different companies in Guildhall. A group on the left side are admirably characteristic. Their whole souls seem absorbed in the pleasure of their meal.* The divine, true to his cloth,

* If we may believe *Chatterton*'s admirable description of *Canynge*'s feast, the citizens of *Bristowe* had very similar dispositions to the citizens of *London*.

" Thoroughe the hall the bell han sounde,
" Bylecoyle doe the grave beseeme;
" The Ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
" And snoffle up the cheorte steeme.
" Lyke asses wylde, in desarte waste,
" Swetely the mornynge ayr doe taste,
" Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
" The dinne of angelles do theie keepe;
" Heire stylle the guestes ha ne to sai,
" But nodde yer thankes and falle aslepe.
" Thus echone daie be I to deene,
" Gyf Rowley, Ischem, or Tyb Gorges be ne seene."


Dont sculp
flor 4.7.8
Lombard Street

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swallows his soup with the highest *gout*.* Not less gratified is the gentleman palating a glass of wine. The man in a black wig is a positive representative of famine, and the portly and oily citizen, with a napkin tucked in his button-hole, has evidently burnt his mouth by his extreme eagerness.†

The backs of those in the distance be-hung with bags, major perukes, pinners, &c. are most laughably ludicrous. Every person present is so attentive to business, that one may fairly conclude, *they live to eat, rather than eat to live.*

The self-sufficient and consequential beadle, reading the direction of a letter to Francis Goodchild, Esq. Sheriff of London, is marked with all the insolence of office. The important and overbearing air of this dignified personage is well contrasted by the humble simplicity of a straight-haired delinquent behind the bar. The gallery is well furnished with musicians, and they seem busily employed in their vocation.

" Music has charms to sooth a savage beast,
" And therefore's proper at a sheriff 's feast."

Besides a portrait of William the Third, and a judge, the hall is ornamented with a full length

* This reverend gentleman is said to be intended as a representation of Mr. Platell, once curate of Barnet.

† A copy of this figure, on a large scale, is engraved by Mr. Bartolozzi.

of that illustrious hero Sir William Walworth; in commemoration of whose valour, the weapon with which he slew Wat Tyler was introduced into the city arms.

PLATE IX.

THE IDLE PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE, AND TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.

Proverbs, Chapter vi. Verse 26.

"The adultress will hunt for the precious life."

From a picture of the rewards of diligence, we return to the consequences of sloth. Our idle youth is here represented in a night cellar. * In this dreary and horrid cavern of vice and infamy he is dividing the spoil produced by a robbery, with one of his wretched accomplices. The woman that seems his favourite, and in whose garret

* This scene is laid in the cellar of a house near Water-lane, Fleet-street, then known by the name of The Blood Bowl House; which curious baptism was given it, from the various scenes of infamy and murder which were there perpetrated.


Prov. 6. 26

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we saw him in the seventh plate, coolly and deliberately betrays him. The officers of justice are entering, and he is on the point of being seized. A gentleman, who has been murdered, is with the utmost coolness let down into a cavity made in the floor for the purposes of concealment. To shew that the grenadiers' company were then, as now, a virtuous body of men, one of them is represented in the corner. A scene of riot, likely to terminate in blood, is going on in the back ground. The countenances of the combatants, and the noseless woman who brings the porter, are finely marked. The rope, hanging immediately over a fellow who is asleep, should not be overlooked. The watches which are in a hat, exhibit another instance of Hogarth's peculiar accuracy: each of them is a little after ten.—Some cards scattered upon the floor shew the amusements of this earthly *Pandemonium*.

PLATE X.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM, AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

Leviticus, Chapter xix. *Verse* 15.

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."

Psalm ix. *Verse* 16.

"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands."

He who was an industrious apprentice, is now an alderman and a magistrate. The idle boy having become a vicious man, is brought before him, and accused of robbery aggravated by murder. Shocked at seeing the companion of his youth in so degraded a situation, he holds his hand before his face to hide the emotions of his mind. Agitated, trembling, terrified, self-convicted, and torn by remorse, the wretched culprit is unable to support his tottering frame. Did he not lean upon the bar he would sink to the earth.

His distressed and heart-broken mother intercedes with the swollen and important constable to use *his* interest for her unhappy son. This ap-


Dent. sculp.
Psalm 9.V.16.
Leviticus C.19.V.15

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plication the mighty magistrate of the night answers by—"*We* that are in power must do justice!" A number of watchmen attend the examination, and one of them holds up the sword and pistols which were found upon the prisoner. A young woman* is bribing the swearing clerk to befriend the one-eyed wretch who has turned evidence against his accomplice, by suffering him to take the usual oath with his left hand laid upon the book instead of his right. †

This debased villain was first introduced to us gambling on a grave-stone; his second appearance is in a night-cellar, where he is dividing the evening's plunder with the very man who he now deliberately betrays.

The alderman's clerk is making out a warrant of commitment directed to the turnkey of Newgate.

* This has been supposed to be intended for the same prostitute who we have before seen exhibited in a garret, and a night-cellar; I do not discover the least *traits* of resemblance.

† I have been told that the *dealers in perjury*, at *Westminster-hall*, as well as the *Old Bailey*, consider this little circumstance as a complete salvo for false swearing.

PLATE XI.

THE IDLE PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

Proverbs, Chapter i. *Verse* 27, 28.

" When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction
" cometh as a whirlwind: when distress cometh upon
" them, then they shall call upon God, but he will not
" answer."

After a life of sloth, wretchedness and vice, the career of our degraded character terminates at Tyburn. His pale and ghastly looks proclaim the remorse and horror of his mind, and it must embitter his last moments to hear a Grub-street orator roaring out his dying speech. The ordinary of Newgate leads the procession, but the criminal's spiritual concerns he leaves to an enthusiastic follower of John Wesley, who zealously exhorts him to repentance.* On the right side

* A solemn exhortation was formerly given to the prisoners condemned to die at *Tyburn*, in their way from *Newgate*. Mr. Robert Dow, merchant-taylor, who died in 1612, left 1l. 6s. 8d. yearly for ever, that the bellman should pronounce to the unhappy criminals, as they went by in the cart, a most pious and awful admonition. An admonition of the same nature was delivered in the prison


Prov C 1N27-28

BRITISH MUSEUM

of the print is his afflicted mother: her coming to view this dreadful spectacle does not seem conso-

of Newgate, the night before they suffered. They are subjoined beneath.

"ADMONITION TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE, ON THE NIGHT BEFORE EXECUTION.

"You prisoners that are within,
"Who for wickedness and sin,

"after many mercies shewn you, are now appointed to die "to-morrow in the forenoon; give ear and understand that "to-morrow morning, the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's "shall toll for you in form and manner of a passing bell, "as used to be tolled for those who are at the point of "death; to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, "and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be "stirred up heartily to pray to God, to bestow his grace and "mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech you, for JESUS CHRIST's sake, to keep this night in watching and "prayer, to the salvation of your own souls, while there is "yet time and place for mercy; as knowing that to-morrow "you must appear before the judgment seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this "life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against him, unless upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy, through the merits, "death, and passion of your only mediator and advocate, "JESUS CHRIST, who now sits at the right hand of God, "to make intercession for as many of you as penitently "return to him.

"ADMONITION TO THE CONDEMNED CRIMINALS, AS "THEY ARE PASSING BY ST. SEPULCHRE'S "CHURCH-WALL TO EXECUTION.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lament-

nant to strict propriety, but there have been similar examples. In a cart above her is a curious *trio* of females: an old beldam, who might have been Sam. Foote's model for Mother Cole, breathing a pious ejaculation, and swallowing a bumper of spirits at the same moment; a young woman taking a glass from beneath, and a third dissuading a fellow from ascending the vehicle. While a vender of gingerbread * is expatiating on the excellence of his delicious cakes, a minor pick-pocket purloins his handkerchief. A female grimalkin, enraged at a man oversetting her orange barrow, is literally tearing his eyes out. To shew the reverence which an English mob have for any thing that bears the appearance of religion, and the effects which this exhibition has upon their minds, an inmate of St. Giles's seizes a dog by the tail, and is on the point of throwing it at the methodist parson. A female pugilist, near the centre of the print, is so earnest in punish-

" able tears: ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of " your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion " of JESUS CHRIST, who now sits at the right hand of " God to make intercession for as many of you as penitent- " ly return unto him.

" Lord have mercy upon you:
" Christ have mercy upon you:
" Lord have mercy upon you:
" Christ have mercy upon you!"

* A man who many persons now living remember, known by the name of *Tiddy-doll*.

ing a fellow who has offended her, that she neglects her child, which falling to the ground, is destined to be crushed to death. A tall butcher has suspended an old *legal* periwig on the end of his cudgel, as an emblem, perhaps, of the sanguinary complexion which marks our courts of justice.* The fellow smoking, the cripple, the soldier sunk knee-deep into a bog, and two boys laughing at him, are well imagined. Among the figures in the back ground, we must not overlook the gentleman emphatically called *Finisher of the Law*, who is sedately smoking a cooling pipe upon the gallows.

A carrier pigeon is despatched at the time the criminal arrives at Tyburn;† two initials which are on the coffin, not having been reversed from the original drawing, are wrong in the print, I. T. instead of T. I.

The back ground exhibits a view of Highgate and Hampstead hills.

The archness of a boy picking a pocket, the savage ferocity of a woman tearing a fellow's face, and the yell of another who is crying the dying speech, are admirably expressed. Many of the smaller figures are full fraught with ex-

* Notwithstanding the boasted *humanity* of our laws, I am told, more criminals are annually executed in this little island than in all Europe besides.

† I believe it was customary to despatch a second pigeon at the moment the criminal suffered.

pression; for the grouping, let us hear the reverend Mr. Gilpin.

" We seldom see a crowd more beautifully " managed than in this print. If the sheriff's " officers had not been placed in a line, and had " been brought a little lower in the picture, so " as to have formed a pyramid with the cart, the " composition had been unexceptionable." *Gilpin's Essay.*

Two skeletons hanging on the outside of the frame, are emblematical; the body of a murderer being usually consigned to Surgeon's-hall.

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Dent, Sculp.
Proverbs C 3. V 16.
Leonard Street.

PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Proverbs, Chapter iii. *Verse* 16.

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand "riches and honour."

In the last plate we saw a crowd witnessing the ignominious death of a murderer. In this a cheerful group are joining the procession of a chief magistrate.*

The scene is laid at the east side of St. Paul's church, just turning into Cheapside, and in particular honour of this day, the artist has introduced the late Prince and Princess of Wales, at a balcony in view of the pageant. A group on the scaffolding beneath, is formed of the most comic characters; and it exceeds all power of

* When *Oliver Cromwell*, attended by *Thurlow*, once went to dine in the city, the populace rent the air with their gratulations. "Your highness," said the Secretary, "may "see by this that you have the voice of the people, as well "as the voice of God." "As to God," replied the Protector, "I will not talk about him here, but for the *people*, "they would be just as noisy, and perhaps more rejoiced, if "you and I were going to be hanged."

face to abstain from laughing at the city militia, which are below. They were at that time made up of undisciplined men, of all ages and descriptions; some tall, some short; some crooked, some straight; some fat, some lean.

The man in a grenadier's cap, with a pot of porter in his left hand, might perform the part of *Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.** The next gentleman, in a cut wig, is scarcely able to support his firelock. The fellow firing off his musket, exclaims "*Who's afraid!*" The next may be a very great man, though nature has treated his exterior as she did that of our third Richard, rather unkindly, by *placing an envious mountain on his back.* The hero in a bag-wig, resting upon his arms, is made from a splinter of the monument; *his dimensions, to any thick sight are invisible.* Far different is the strong-built man of war, at his left hand: by his back front, he seems to have grown out at the sides; what nature has denied in height, she has abundantly made up in breadth. His long sword is so placed as to give the idea of a *blue-bottle* transfixed with a pin. A plank, supported by a tub and a stool, having given way, two of the *fair sex* fall to the ground. The most obtrusive figure in his lordship's coach, is *Mr. Sword-bearer*, in

* He is somewhat like a porter hogshead with a head on it. In the Straits of *Thermopylæ*, he must have been pressed to death; but dead, he would stop a breach better than a better man.

a cap like a reversed saucepan, which this officer formerly wore on these grand occasions, but it has for many years been laid aside. The company of journeymen butchers, with their marrow-bones and cleavers, appear to be the most active, and are infinitely the most noisy, of any who grace this solemnity.

Near the left hand corner is a blind man; conscious that he has but a poor chance in a crowd, he endeavours to preserve his hat and wig from the depredating multitude. The *Bunhill-Fields* trooper, who leans against a post, with one of his bandoleers in his left hand, has made a little mistake. A young man in the scaffold above, not having the fear of dignity before his eyes, is eagerly kissing a girl; the lady warmly resents this indecorum, and seems likely to leave marks of her talons upon his forehead. At the opposite corner is a vender of the Grub-street classics, proclaiming *a full, true, and particular account of the ghost of Thomas Idle, which appeared to the Lord Mayor.*

Crowds of spectators are upon every house, and in every window, *darting their desiring eyes* at the procession. Of the figures on a tapestry hanging from a balcony,* at the King's Head, I

* In the second volume of *Wood's Body of Conveyancing*, p. 180. is a London lease: one of the clauses gives a right to the landlord and his friends, to stand in the balcony during the time of *the shews or pastimes, upon the day commonly called the Lord Mayor's day.*

cannot discover the meaning. Two flags beneath are blazoned with the arms of the stationers' company; and that in a stand which exhibits *the ardent salutation*, before mentioned, belongs to the pinners and needlers. The *cornucopia* on the outside of the frame, are symbolical of the abundance which fills the hands of the diligent.

Many of the characters in this and the foregoing print, bear a strong resemblance to those which *Mr. Hogarth* etched about twenty years before, for an edition of *Butler's Hudibras*.

The following year was published a pamphlet, entitled "The effects of Industry and Idleness, "illustrated, in the life, adventures, and various "fortunes, of two fellow-prentices of the city of "London: shewing the different paths, as well "as rewards of virtue and vice, &c."

☞ This little book ought to be read by every prentice in England, to imprint in their hearts these two different examples: the contrary effects each will produce on their young minds, (being of more worth than a hundred times the price); *i. e.* an abhorrence of the vice and wickedness they perceive in the one boy; and on the contrary, to endeavour after an imitation of the actions of the other. It is a more proper present to be given by the chamber of London, at the binding and enrolling an apprentice, than any other book whatever. Printed by *C. Corbet*, at *Addison*'s head, Fleet-street.

In the chamber of London, where the apprentices are bound, these twelve prints very properly ornament the room.

The late *Mr. James Love*, Comedian, (otherwise *Dance*) dramatized this series of prints, and *Mr. King* performed the character of the good apprentice. *

* "It would be amusing to trace the progress of a *Lord* "*Mayor*, from the loom, or the fishmonger's stall, to the "chair of the Magistrate. To be informed with what dif- "ficulty he got the first hundred pounds; with how much "less he made it a thousand, and with what ease he round- "ed his plum. Such are, in the eye of reason, respectable "characters, and the more so as they rose with credit from "humbler stations."

Granger's Biographical Hist. vol. i. p. 149.

THE COUNTRY INN YARD, OR THE STAGE-COACH.

" THE poet's adage, ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
" Has stood the test of each revolving age;
" Another simile perhaps will bear,
" 'Tis a STAGE COACH, and all must pay the fare;
" There each his *entrance*, and his *exit* makes,
" And o'er life's rugged road his journey takes.
" Some unprotected must their tour perform,
" *And bide the pelting of the pitiless storm*:
" While others, free from elemental jars,
" By fortune favour'd, and propitious stars,
" Secure from storms, enjoy their little hour,
" Despise the whirlwind, and defy the shower.
" Such is our life,—in sunshine or in shade,
" From evil shelter'd, or by woe assay'd:
" Whether we sit, like *Niobe all tears*,
" Or calmly sink into the vale of years:
" With houseless, naked *Edgar*, sleep on straw,
" Or keep, like *Cæsar*, subject worlds in awe—
" To the same port our devious journeys tend,
" Where airy hopes, and sickening sorrows end;
" Sunk every eye, and languid every breast,
" Each wearied pilgrim sighs, and sinks to rest."

E.

AMONG the writers of English novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank: he was the no-



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velist of nature, and has described some scenes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. The scene is a country inn yard, at the time passengers are getting into a stage-coach, and an election procession passing in the back ground. Nothing can be better described; we become of the party—The vulgar roar of our landlady is no less apparent than the grave, insinuating, imposing countenance of *mine host*. *Boniface* is solemnly protesting that a bill he is presenting to an old gentleman in a laced hat, is *extremely* moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shews that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to *suffer* imposition.—They are in general *less sinn'd against than sinning*. An antient lady getting into the coach, is from her breadth a very inconvenient companion for such a vehicle, but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance, and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postillion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in

the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her; cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the vanities of the world go their own way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of the manners of France and England. Ben Block, of the Centurion, surveys the subject of *La Grande Monarque*, with ineffable contempt.

In the window are a very curious pair: One of them blowing a French-horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a *little sickness*, which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a gentlemen taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell, or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

A crowd in the back ground are marching in procession with a figure in effigy: they have placed in one hand a horn-book, and in the other a rattle. This was intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramston. The horn-book and rattle, are evidently displayed as *punningly* allusive to his name.*

* At this election a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing *a child*, in his arms: as he whipped it he exclaimed, "What, you little child, must you be a mem-"ber?" This election being disputed, it appeared from

Under the sign of an angel, who seems dancing a minuet upon a cloud, is inscribed THE OLD ANGLE IN TOMS. BATES FROM LONDON.*

the register book of the parish where *Lord Castlemain* was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself a candidate.

* Some pains has been taken to discover in what part of Essex this scene is laid, but from the many alterations made by rebuilding, removal, &c. it has not been ascertained.

ROAST BEEF AT THE GATE OF CALAIS.

THE thought on which this whimsical and highly characteristic print is founded, originated in *Calais*, to which place *Mr. Hogarth*, accompanied by some of his friends, made an excursion in the year 1747.

Extreme partiality for his native country, was the leading trait of his character; he seems to have begun his three hours voyage, with a firm determination to be displeased at every thing he saw out of *Old England*. For a meagre, powdered figure, hung with tatters, torn *à la mode de Paris*, to affect the airs of a coxcomb and the importance of a sovereign, is ridiculous enough; but if it makes a man happy, why should he be laughed at?—It must blunt the edge of ridicule, to see natural hilarity defy depression; and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance, under burdens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of *France* at



O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND &c.

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that period; but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience. The swarms of grotesque figures who paraded the streets, excited his indignation, and drew forth a torrent of coarse abusive ridicule, not much to the honour of his liberality. He compared them to *Callot's Beggars*, to *Lazarus* on the painted cloth, to the prodigal son, or any other object descriptive of extreme contempt. Against giving way to these effusions of national spleen in the open street, he was frequently cautioned, but advice had no effect: he treated all admonition with scorn, and considered the monitor as unworthy the name of *Englishman*. These satirical ebullitions were at length checked. Ignorant of *French customs*, and considering the gate of *Calais* merely as a piece of ancient architecture, he began to make a sketch of it. This was soon observed; he was seized as a spy, who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to *M. la Commandant*. His sketch book was examined leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to *tactics*. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, the governor with great politeness assured him, that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him

upon the ramparts: as it was, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few *military* attendants, who should do themselves the honour of waiting upon him, while he resided in the dominions of the *Grande Monarque*. Two *centinels* were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from whence they conducted him to the vessel; nor did they quit their prisoner until he was a league from shore; when seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without farther molestation.

The recital of so mortifying an adventure he did not like to hear, but has in this print recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner is a portrait of himself making the drawing; and to shew the moment of arrest, the hand of a serjeant is upon his shoulder.

In a cantata written soon after the publication, is a description of the principal figures, so particular as to render much addition unnecessary.

As I have been informed it was approved of by Mr. Hogarth, I make no apology for inserting it.

THE ROAST BEEF AT THE GATE OF CALAIS.

RECITATIVE.

" 'Twas at the gates of Calais, Hogarth tells,
" Where sad despair and famine always dwells;
" A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire's cook,
" As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took,

" Bending beneath the weight of fam'd sirloin,
" On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine;
" Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
" With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
" Who when he first beheld the greasy load,
" His benediction on it he bestow'd;
" And while the solid fat his finger press'd,
" He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd:

AIR.

A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

" O rare roast beef, lov'd by all mankind,
" Was I but doom'd to have thee,
" Well dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
" And swimming in thy gravy;
" Not all thy country's force combin'd,
" Should from my fury save thee!

" Renown'd sirloin ofttimes decreed
" The theme of English ballad,
" E'en kings on thee have deign'd to feed,
" Unknown to Frenchmen's palate;
" Then how much must thy taste exceed
" Soup meagre, frogs, and sallad.

RECITATIVE.

" A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
" Who such a sight before had never seen,
" Like *Garrick*'s frighted Hamlet gaping stood,
" And gaz'd with wonder at the British food;
" His morning mess forsook the friendly bowl,
" And in small streams along the pavement stole;
" He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
" And thus in plaintive tones declar'd his grief.

AIR.

" Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder
" Dat look so tempting red and vite?

" Begar, it is de *roast beef* from *Londre*,
" O grant to me one letel bite.

" But to my guts if you give no heeding,
" And cruel fate dis boon denies,
" In kind compassion to my pleading,
" Return, and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE.

" His fellow guard, of right *Hibernian* clay,
" Whose brazen front his country did betray,
" From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
" By honest means to get his daily bread:
" Soon as the well-known prospect he espy'd,
" In blubbering accents dolefully he cried.

AIR.

Ellen a Roon, &c.

" Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
" Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
" So taking thy sight is,
" My joy, that so light is
" To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at mine eyes.

" While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
" While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
" Ah! hard-hearted *Loui*,
" Why did I come to ye?
" The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
" starving.

RECITATIVE.

" Upon the ground, hard by, poor *Sawney* sate,
" Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate:
" But when Old England's bulwark he descried,
" His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside.

" With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
" Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

The Bonny Broom, &c.

" How hard, O Sawney, is thy lot,
" Who was so blithe of late ;
" To see such meat as can't be got,
" When hunger is so great.
" *O the beef, the bonny bonny beef,*
" *When roasted nice and brown,*
" *I wish I had a slice of thee,*
" *How sweet it would gang down !*

" Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
" This ne'er had hapt to me ;
" I would the De'il had pick'd mine eyne,
" Ere I had gane with thee.
" *O the beef, &c.*

RECITATIVE.

" But see, my muse to *England* takes her flight,
" Where *health* and *plenty* cheerfully unite ;
" Where smiling *Freedom* guards great *George*'s throne,
" And chains, and racks, and tortures, are not known :
" Whose *fame*, superior bards have often wrote,
" An ancient fable give me leave to quote.

AIR.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

" As once on a time a young *frog* pert and vain,
" Beheld a large *ox* grazing over the plain,
" He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
" *O the roast beef, &c.*

" Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
" Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
" Cried ' son, to attempt it, you're greatly to blame.'
" *O the roast beef, &c.*

" But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
" An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
" 'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.
" *O the roast beef, &c.*

" Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
" The *ox* is *Old England*, the *frog* is *Monsieur*,
" Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.
" *O the roast beef, &c.*

" For while by our commerce, and arts, we are able
" To see the sirloin smoking hot on our table,
" The French may e'en strain like the frog in the fable.
" *O the roast beef,*" &c.

The French centinel is so placed as to give some idea of a figure hanging in chains. An old woman, and a fish which she is pointing at, have a most striking resemblance. The abundance of parsnips, and other vegetables, give a good hint at what forms the principal part of a French feast, more especially in Lent.

The fat Friar is a portrait of Mr. Pine, the painter, who from being so habited acquired a new title, being ever after addressed by his intimates, as *Father* Pine. This did not much flatter him, and he frequently requested that the countenance might be altered, but the artist peremptorily refused.

Part of the print is engraved by *C. Mosley*, but the heads are evidently by *William Hogarth*.*

A copy has been repeatedly engraven as an head-piece to the cantata before mentioned; the profile of the artist was traced for a watch-paper: and a *wooden* representation of the starved soldier has frequently decorated the top of advertisements for recruits, where it is opposed to the figure of a well-fed *Gourmaund*, characteristically christened *a valiant British soldier*. †

The original picture is in the possession of *Lord Charlemont*. ‡

* In the *General Advertiser*, for March 9, 1748-9, it was thus announced:

"This day is published, price 5s. a Print designed and engraved by *Mr. Hogarth*, representing a PRODIGY which lately appeared before the *Gate* of *Calais*.

"O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND!

"To be had at the Golden-head in *Leicester-square*, and at the print shops."

† I remember some years ago observing in a print-shop window at *Lisle* in *Flanders*, a number of finely engraved portraits from *Reubens*, *Vandyke*, *&c.* The only *English* print was *a striking* representation of the *great Mr. Bright*, of *Maldon*, in *Essex*, in whose ample waistcoat, seven moderate sized men were buttoned at one time.

‡ Soon after the painting was finished, a nail was by some accident run through the cross at the top of the gate. *Hogarth* strove in vain to repair this blemish with paint of the same colour; he therefore introduced a half-starved crow, looking down on the beef, and thus completely covered the defect.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

" Now, I behold the chiefs in the pride of their "former deeds; their souls are kindled at the "battles of old, and the actions of other times. "Their eyes are like flames of fire, and roll in "search of the foes of the land. Their mighty "hands are on their swords; and lightning pours "from their sides of steel. They came like streams "from the mountains; each rushed roaring from "his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in the "armour of their fathers." * FINGAL, BOOK i. p. 7.

THAT so admirable a representation of the manners of *England* should be dedicated to the King of *Prussia*, † is one of those odd circumstances

* " Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, " when the king heard the music of harps, and the tales " of other times." SONGS OF SELMA, p. 302.

† In the early impressions it is spelt PRUSIA. It has been said with great confidence, that after twenty-five were worked off, this error in orthography was discovered and amended. I have seen at least fifty, and think it probable that *all* which were subscribed for were delivered before any alteration was made in the spelling.





which must surprise all who are not acquainted with the history of the plate. Before publication it was inscribed to his late Majesty, and the picture taken to *St. James's*, in the hope of *Royal* approbation. George the Second was *an honest man, and a soldier*, but he was not a judge of either a work of humour or a work of art. The military man he considered as employed in a way which dignified his nature, and gave him a title to the name and rank of a gentleman. The artist who wielded a pencil, or grasped a graver, however exquisite his skill, however elevated his conceptions, was on the king's scale, *a mere mechanic.*

When told that *Hogarth* had painted a picture of the Guards on their march to *Finchley*, and meant to dedicate a print engraved from it to the king of Great Britain, his Majesty probably expected to see an allegorical representation of an army of heroes devoting their lives to the service of their country; and their sovereign habited like *the mailed Mars*, seated upon a cloud, where he might

—— "With a commanding voice,
"Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war."

If such was his expectation, we may readily conceive his disappointment on viewing the delineation. His first question was addressed to a nobleman in waiting——"Pray, who is this "*Hogarth?*" "A painter, my liege." "I hate

" *bainting* and *boetry* too! neither the one nor " the other ever did any good! Does this fellow " mean to laugh at my guards?" " The picture, " an please your Majesty, must undoubtedly be " considered as a burlesque." " What! a *bainter* " burlesque a soldier? he deserves to be picketed " for his insolence! Take his trumpery out of " my sight."

The picture was returned to the artist, who was completely mortified at such a reception of what he very properly considered as his first work; and immediately altered the inscription beneath the print, inserting, instead of the *King of England*, the *King of Prussia*; *(as an Encourager of the Arts!)* It was engraved by *Luke Sullivan*, and we are told by a note which follows the title, retouched and improved by *William Hogarth*, and republished June 12, 1761.

In the Student, vol. ii. p. 162, the late *Bonnell Thornton* has given a description of this print: the account is amplified with some exactness; and having been generally approved, I thought the substance of his remarks would be acceptable to my readers; I have, therefore, inserted them.

" The scene of this representation is laid at " Tottenham-Court-turnpike; the King's Head, " Adam and Eve, &c. appearing in full view; be- " yond which are discovered part of the guards, " baggage, &c. marching towards *Highgate*, and " a beautiful distant prospect of the country.

"The picture affords a view of a military "march, and the humours and disorders conse- "quent thereupon. Near the centre, the painter "has exhibited his principal figure, which is a "handsome young grenadier, in whose face is "strongly depicted repentance mixed with pity "and concern; the occasion of which is disclosed "by two females putting in their claim for his "person: one of them has hold of his right arm, "and the other has seized his left. The figure "on his right hand, perhaps placed there by way "of preference, (as the object of love is more "desirable than that of duty) is a fine young girl "with child, and reduced to the miserable em- "ploy of selling ballads, who, with a look full of "love, tenderness, and distress, casts her eyes up- "on her undoer, and with tears descending down "her cheeks, seems to say—'sure you cannot— "will not leave me!'—The person and deport- "ment of this figure will justify the youth in turn- "ing towards her.

"The woman upon the left is a strong contrast "to this girl; for rage and jealousy mark every "feature. This is the wife, who finding her hus- "band engaged with such *an ugly slut*, assaults "him with a violence natural to a woman whose "*person* and *beauty* is neglected. To the fury of "her countenance, and the dreadful weapon her "tongue, is added another terror,—a roll of pa-

" pers, whereon is wrote THE REMEMBRANCER;*
" a word of dire and triple import, for while it
" shews the occupation the *amiable* bearer is en-
" gaged in, it reminds the youth of an unfortunate
" circumstance he would gladly forget; and the
" same word is also a cant expression to signify
" the blow she is meditating.

" It is discernible that the two females are of
" different parties. The ballad of *God save our*
" *noble King*, and a print of the Duke of Cum-
" berland in the basket of the girl; and a cross
" upon the wife's back, sufficiently denote the
" painter's intention; and what is truly beautiful,
" these incidents are applicable to the march.

" The hard-favoured serjeant directly behind,
" is not only a good contrast, but also throws for-
" ward the principal figure.

" Upon the right of the grenadier, is a drum-
" mer who has also *his* two *remembrancers:* a wo-
" man, and a boy, the produce of their kinder
" hours, who have laid their claim by a violent
" seizure of his person. The figure of the woman
" is that of a complainant: the craning of her
" neck shews her remonstrances to be of the shrill
" kind, in which she is aided by the howling of
" her boy. The drummer, who has a mixture of

* The two other papers, of which this fury is the vender, are the *Jacobite's Journal*, and the *London Evening Post*.

" whim and wickedness in his face, having heard " as many reproaches as suit his present inclina- " tions, with a bite of his lip, and a leering eye, " applies to the instrument of noise in his pro- " fession, and endeavours to drown their united " clamour, in which he is luckily aided by the *ear* " *piercing fife.*

" Between the figures before described, appears " an important, but meagre Frenchman, in close " whisper with an Independent. * The French-

* From the plaid, seen through an opening in his great coat, this appears to be meant for an old Highlander in disguise. Roucquet explains it as follows:

" A droite du principal group paroit une figure de *Fran-* " *çois*, qu'on a voulu representer comme un homme de " quelque importance, afin de lui donner plus de ridicule; " il parle à un homme dont la nation est indiquée par l'etoffe " de sa veste qui est celle dont s'habillent les habitans des " montagnes d'*Ecosse*: le *François* semble communiquer à " l'*Ecossois* des lettres qu'il vient de recevoir, & qui ont " rapport à l'evenement qui donne lieu à cette marche. Les " *Anglois* ne se réjouissent jamais bien sans qu'il en coute " quelque chose aux *François*: leur theatre, leur conver- " sation, leurs tableaux, et sur tout ceux de notre peintre, " portent toujours cette glorieuse marque de l'amour de la " patrie: les *romans* même sont ornés de traits amusans " sur cet ancien sujet; l'excellent auteur de *Tom Jones* a " voulu aussi lâcher les siens. Mais le pretendu mepris " pour les *François* dont le peuple de ce pais-ci fait pro- " fession, s'explique selon moi d'une façon fort equivoque. " Le mépris suppose l'oubli; mais un objet dont on est per- " petuèllement occupé: la satire constitue une attention qui " me feroit soupçonner qu'on fait aux *François* l'honneur " de les haïr un peu."

" man exhibits a letter which he assures his friend " contains positive intelligence that ten thousand " of his countrymen are landed in *England*, in " support of liberty and independency.

" There is a fine contrast between the smile " of innocence in the child at the woman's back, " and the grin of a gentleman near it: while the " hard countenance of its mother gives a delicacy " to the grenadier's girl.

" Under the *Adam* and *Eve*, are a group of " figures, two of which are engaged in the fashion- " able art of boxing:* and here the painter has " shewn his impartiality to the merit of our *noble* " *youths* (whose minds inflamed with love of glory, " appear not only encouragers of this truly laud- " able science, but many of them are also great " proficients in the art) by introducing a young " man of quality, † whose face is expressive of " those boisterous passions necessary for forming " a hero of this kind; and who, entering into the " spirit of the scene, endeavours to inspire the " combatants with a noble contempt of bruises and " broken bones. An old woman, moved by a " foolish compassion, tries to force through the " crowd, but she is prevented by a fellow who

* " Amid the circle now each champion stands,
" And poizes high in air his iron hands;
" Hurling defiance, now they fiercely close;
" Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows."

† Said to be Lord Albemarle Bertie.

" prefers mischief to humanity. Above them ap-
" pears a little man, * of meagre frame, but full
" of spirits, who enjoys the combat, and with fists
" clenched, in imagination deals blow for blow
" with the heroes. This figure is finely contrasted
" by a heavy sluggish fellow just behind.

" The painter, with a stroke of humour peculiar
" to himself, has exhibited a figure shrinking un-
" der the load of a heavy burden, who preferring
" curiosity to rest, is a spectator, and in this un-
" easy state waits the issue of the combat.

" Upon a sign-board the painter has humour-
" ously inserted *Tottenham-Court* NURSERY; al-
" luding both to a bruising booth in the place, and
" the group of figures underneath.

" Passing through the turnpike appears a car-
" riage laden with implements of war; as drums,
" halberds, tent-poles, and hoop-petticoats. Upon
" this are two old female campaigners puffing
" their pipes, and holding a conversation in fire
" and smoke. These grotesque figures are a good
" contrast to a delicate girl, upon the same car-
" riage, who is suckling a child. This excellent

* This is said to be a portrait of a man known by the name of *Jockey James*, a most frequent attendant on the *nursery* for bruising, under the management of the mighty *Broughton*. Jockey had a son who rendered himself eminent by boxing with Smallwood, and many other athletic pugilists. The *French* pieman, the young fifer, grenadier, and chimney sweeper, are taken from the life.

" figure evidently proves that the painter is as ca-
" pable of succeeding in the graceful style, as the
" humorous. * A little boy lays at her feet, and
" the painter, to shew him of martial breed, has
" placed a small trumpet in his mouth.

" The group of serious figures in the centre,
" are finely relieved by a scene of humour on the
" left. Here an officer is kissing a milk-maid:
" this is not unpleasing to the girl, if her eye is a
" fair interpreter of her mind. While the gallant's
" ruffles suffer in the action, the girl pays her price;
" for an arch soldier taking advantage of her neg-
" lecting her pails, is filling his hat with milk. A
" chimney-sweeper, with a face full of glee, puts
" in a request to the soldier to supply *him* with a
" capful. Another soldier points out the jest to
" a fellow who is selling pies: the pastry cook,
" with an inimitable face of simple joy, neglects
" the care of his goods, which the *adroit* hero
" dexterously removes. In the character of the
" pieman the pencil has exceeded description—
" Here the sounding epithets of *prodigious—ex-*
" *cellent—wonderful!*—and all the other terms
" used by connoisseurs, (when speaking of the
" beauties of an old picture, where the objects
" must have lain in eternal obscurity, if not con-
" jured out by the magic of description) are too
" faint to point out its real merit.

* This very graceful figure is, however, copied from *Guido's Madona*. E.

"The old soldier divested of one spatterdash, "near losing the other, and knocked down by all-"potent gin, upon calling for more, his waggish "comrade supporting him with one hand, en-"deavours to pour water into his mouth with "the other: this the experienced old toper re-"jecting with disdain, puts up his hand to his "wife, who bears the arms and bottle, and who "better acquainted with his taste, is filling a quar-"tern.

"A child with an emaciated countenance ex-"tends its little arms, and wishes for that liquor "which it seems well acquainted with the taste of. "And here, not to dwell wholly upon the *beauties* "of this print, I must mention an error discovered "by a professed connoisseur in painting.—'Can "there,' says he, 'be a greater absurdity than in-"troducing a couple of chickens so near such a "crowd—and not only so—but see their direction "is to objects it is natural for them to shun—is "this knowledge of nature?—absurd to the last "degree!' And here, with an air of triumph, "ended our judicious critic. How great was his "surprise when it was pointed out that the said "chickens were in pursuit of the hen, which ap-"pears to have a resting place in the pocket of a "sailor!

"An honest tar is throwing up his hat, and cry-"ing *God bless King George.* Before him is an

" image of drunken loyalty, who vows destruction
" on the heads of the rebels.

" A humane soldier perceiving a fellow heavy
" laden with a barrel of gin, and stopped by the
" crowd, bores a hole in the head of the cask, and
" is kindly drawing off a part of his burden.—
" Near him is a figure of what may, in the army,
" be called a fine fellow.* As I suppose the
" painter designed him without character, I shall
" only observe that he is *a very pretty gentle-*
" *man*, and happily the contemplation of his own
" dear person guards him from the attempts of
" the wicked woman on his right hand.†

" You will pardon the invention of a new term;
" I shall include the whole *King's Head* in the
" word *Cattery*; the principal figure of which is
" a noted fat Covent-Garden lady,‡ who with
" pious eyes cast up to heaven, prays for the army's
" success, and the safe return of many of her babes

* This gentleman displays the great difference between *an* officer, and *a officer:* he comes under the latter description.

† *Mr. Thornton* is rather too severe. *Lord North* once declared in the House of Commons, that he saw no harm in the officers of the guards. They have nothing to do, added he, but walk in the Park, kiss the nursery maids, and drink the children's milk.

‡ This figure is introduced in the eleventh print of *Industry* and *Idleness*, and was designed as a portrait of *Mother Douglas* of the *Piazza*.

" of grace. An officer offers a letter to one of " this lady's children, who rejects it. Above her, " a charitable girl is throwing a shilling to a crip- " ple, while another kindly administers a cordial " to her companion, as a sure relief against re- " flection. The rest of the windows are crowded " with similar characters; and upon the house-top " appear three cats, just emblems of the creatures " below."

In the Old Woman's Magazine, p. 182, is an explanation which places this print in a point of view somewhat different from the former, I have therefore subjoined it.

" A description of Mr. *Hogarth*'s original " painting, from whence was copied his curious " plate of *The March to Finchley*.

" SIR,

" As you desire my sentiments on Mr. *Ho-* " *garth*'s picture, I shall begin with pointing out " what is most defective. Its first and greatest " fault then is its being too new, and having too " great a resemblance to the objects it represents; " if this appears a paradox, you ought to take par- " ticular care of confessing it: this picture has yet " too much of that lustre, of that despicable fresh- " ness which we discover in nature, and which is " never seen in the celebrated cabinets of the cu- " rious. Time has not yet obscured it with that

" venerable smoke, that sacred cloud, which will " one day conceal it from the profane eyes of the " vulgar, that its beauties may only be seen by " those who are initiated in the mysteries of art. " These are its most remarkable faults; and I am " next going to give you an idea of the subject, " which is the march of some companies of the " foot guards to their rendezvous at *Finchley* " *Common*, when sent against the *Scottish rebels*, " who were advancing on that side.

" Mr. *Hogarth*, who lets no opportunity escape " him of observing the picturesque scenes which " numerous assemblies frequently furnish, has not " failed to represent them on the spot where he " has drawn the scene of his picture.

" This painter is remarkable for a particular sa- " gacity in seizing a thousand little circumstances " which escape the observation of the greatest " part of the spectators, and it is a collection of " a number of those circumstances which has com- " posed, enriched, and diversified his work.

" The scene is placed at *Tottenham Court*, where, " in a distant view, is seen a file of soldiers march- " ing in tolerable order up the hill; discipline is " less observed in the principal design; but if you " complain of this, I must ingenuously inform you, " that order and subordination belong only to " slaves; for what every where else is called li- " centiousness, assumes here the venerable name " of liberty.

" A young grenadier of a good mien, makes the " principal figure in the first group; he is accom- " panied, or rather seized and beset by two wo- " men, one of whom is a ballad-singer, and the " other a news-hawker: they are both with child, " and claim this hero as the father, and except this " circumstance they have nothing in common; for " their figures, their humours, their characters, ap- " pear extremely different: they are even of oppo- " site parties, for the one disposes of works in fa- " vour of the government, and the other against it.

" On the left hand of this group is an officer " embracing a milk-woman, but her greatest mis- " fortune is, not her being hugged by a young ca- " valier, but in having one of her milk pails seized " by a wag, who pours her milk into a hat while " he is pretending to defend her; near them " is a pieman, who is mightily rejoiced at this " roguery, while a soldier, who is fleering in his " face, slily steals the pies he carries on his head. " The humour of this group is greatly heightened " by a chimney-sweeper's boy, who comes laugh- " ing to receive some of the milk into his hat, " which he carries in his hand.

" On the right hand of the principal group " is a *Frenchman*, who to give him a more ri- " diculous appearance, is represented as a man " of some importance; he is speaking to a very " odd person, to whom he seems communicating

" the contents of some letters relative to the " event which is the cause of this march.

" Behind the Frenchman, just mentioned, is seen " an old sutler, who carries her child at her back, " and is smoking a short pipe. In the front, at a " small distance, is a drummer, who by the noise " of his drum, seems to endeavour to stun all " thoughts of the fate of his family, who seek in " vain to soften him by taking a tender leave.

" One of the young pipers, whom the Duke of " *Cumberland* has introduced into several regi- " ments, joins his noise to that of the drum, and " by the agreeable appearance of his little person, " is a contrast to the rudeness of the objects who " are near him.

" There are, in several parts of this excellent " print, objects that are perhaps more fit for " painting than description; because, in a picture " we may see certain things and at the same time " feign not to see them, while a description of the " same object would appear too determinate.*—

" In another group even with that of the drum- " mer, is a soldier very drunk, to whom his com- " rade offers water, while a kind of sutler, with " better success, presents him with a glass of ge-

* This remark affords an excuse for Hogarth having in some of his plates introduced objects which the laws of delicacy, I had almost said decency, condemn, and it must be my apology for not having noticed those parts of his prints with the minute exactness which it may be thought the plan demands.

"neva.* A child she carries on her back, who "seems to have made too much use of this per- "nicious liquor, endeavours to reach the glass.

"Near the last mentioned group, a soldier is "imperfectly discovered playing with a young "woman, who is mounted up to take down some "linen that hangs on a line: the action with which "she defends herself, raises a suspicion that the "soldier carries things a little too far. This is "transacted at the door of a public house, which "is three stories high; the windows of which are "filled with women of pleasure, whose different "state of fortune is pointed out by their dress, and "all agreeably distinguished by the stories in which "the painter has placed them: to one of these an "officer is reaching a letter fastened to the point "of his pike.

"Besides these, there are two men fighting, and "several other objects which contribute to diver- "sify and heighten the humour of the whole."

The print was thus announced in the General Advertiser, April 14, 1750.

"Mr. *Hogarth* is publishing by subscription, a "print representing *The March to Finchley*, in "the year 1746, engraved on a copperplate 22 "inches by 17, the price 7s. 6d.

"Subscriptions are taken in at the Golden "Head, in Leicester-Fields, till the 30th of this

* Mr. *Thornton* conjectures, and I think with good reason, that this *sutler* is his *wife*.

" instant, and not longer, to the end that the en-
" graving may not be retarded.

" Note. Each print will be half a guinea after
" the subscription is over.

" In the subscription book are the particulars
" of a proposal, whereby each subscriber of three
" shillings, over and above the said seven shillings
" and sixpence for the print, will in consideration
" thereof be entitled to a chance of having the
" original picture, which shall be delivered to the
" winning subscriber as soon as the engraving is
" finished."

General Advertiser, May 1, 1750.

" Yesterday Mr. *Hogarth*'s subscription was
" closed; 1843 chances being subscribed for, Mr.
" *Hogarth* gave the remaining 167 chances to the
" Foundling Hospital, and the same night deliver-
" ed the picture to the governors."

Soon after this lottery, Mr. *Hogarth* waited on the treasurer of the *Foundling Hospital*, acquainting him that the trustees were at liberty to dispose of the picture by auction. Scarce, however, was the message delivered, before he changed his mind, and would never afterwards consent to the measure he had originally proposed. The late *Duke of Ancaster* once proffered the trustees three hundred pounds for it, and I believe a much larger sum was since bid by another gentleman.

Notwithstanding this, it is by no means a pleasing picture. It is washy without being transpa-

rent, and heavy without solidity. To its *dramatic effect*, Mr. *Murphy*, whose taste and talents give credit to his praise, bears the following honourable testimony, in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, vol. i. No. 20.

" The *æra* may arrive when, through the instability of the English language, the style of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, shall be obliterated, when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages which the manner-painting hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvas; and that admirable *picturesque comedy*, *The March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert posterity as long as the Foundling Hospital shall do honour to the British nation."



MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM